

THE CANADIAN WOMAN'S MAGAZINE

STILL 10¢

Chatelaine

MARCH 1944



Her Majesty
The Queen
A Camera Study
by Karah

"What can you do for a girl with 5 thumbs?"

this ambitious young woman asked her Singer Sewing Center

"I'M THE CLUMSIEST girl with a needle that ever lived! But this year I'm buying Victory Bonds and have got to save money! And I *can*, too — if you'll teach me how to remodel the clothes I have — and make up a few new ones. Please — could you?" Could we? We certainly could!



"Learning to alter or make a dress is **EASY** — with Singer help," we said. And we told her about our lessons in make-over and alteration, and in home dress-making. (We also teach cutting and fitting, and home decoration. \$1.50 for two hours or \$10 for the complete 8-lesson course.)



"Oh, and I can get my sewing notions **here** — this is wonderful!" Our Notions Counter had caught her eye. Shoulder pads, thread, shields, bindings — all sewing needs are handily collected in one spot. Trimming tricks, too — rickrack braid, ruffling, peasant embroideries — all at pleasantly low prices.



"Look, you have collars! Dickies! Jabots! Sweet ones!" she exclaimed. "I can make old dresses seem new, just by adding these!" "Right!" we said. "And don't forget that we can take troublesome finishing jobs off your hands — making buttonholes, covering buttons and buckles, pinking seams, making belts—"



"I'm certainly glad I took the Singer course," she rejoiced a few days later. "Here I am, saving money by making and altering things myself." Yes, she saves money and buys Victory Bonds . . . and she also helps Canada and all the United Nations by saving materials and labor.



"How About a Sewing Machine?"

We explained that Singer is making war weapons now, not sewing machines. Fortunately, however, we still have some machines on hand. "Here are your choices," we said—

NEW MACHINES are available, in limited supply. (You may have to wait your turn.)

RECONDITIONED MACHINES may be had, in good running order.

RENTAL MACHINES may be had by the hour at your Singer Sewing Center, or by the month at home.



Have you an idle Singer? We'll buy it—for cash! Someone needs it! And Singers are scarce in wartime! Ask for details at your Singer Sewing Center.

SINGER SEWING CENTERS

Singer Sewing Machine Company

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All Singer Factories are engaged in vital war work

Fascinating **FAST-COLOUR** *Wabasso Prints*

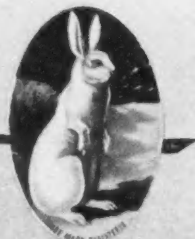


Fascinating, because there is such a profusion of attractive patterns from which to choose . . . dainty dots, colourful stripes and beautiful floral designs; stylish, and created exclusively for Wabasso; serviceable, for every Wabasso trade-marked print is absolutely sun-fast and tub-fast.

The Wabasso white rabbit trade-mark is your assurance that repeated launderings and exposure to strong light will not fade the colours—they will last as long as the Sturdi-Cloth itself. Ask to see these lovely Wabasso prints at your favourite store.

Always ask for Trade-Marked

WABASSO *Cottons*



Think Big

... when you plan for Canada's future



MAKE no little plans when you think of Canada's future. Think of fine, gracious, healthy cities... of a smiling, prosperous countryside... think of new highways, broad and straight... of modernized railroads... of new airways. Think of new centres of recreation and culture... of enlarged universities and new schools... new libraries... new parks and arenas. Think of a greater, a worthier nation.

For Canada, when this war is ended, will stand on the threshold of a splendid and challenging opportunity. The need will be there, the time will be ripe, for vast, unprecedented development. Willing hands will be there a-plenty, accumulated wealth will be there, national resources and the power to convert them to the general good will be there. Let us plan courageously when we figure out Canada's future.

Let us plan for lovelier, more labour-saving homes... plan for spacious and beautiful towns. Let us plan for wider, safer highways, well-

graded and well-lit... for modernized railroads, for greater electrification... for new bridges, new clover-leaves. Let us plan the spread of rural electrification until its benefits reach every farm and every hamlet.

Let us plan with vision for a richer cultural life. Let us plan new centres of science and art... colleges, laboratories, dramatic-centres, galleries. Let us plan, for leisure and health, new open spaces in our cities and towns... new sports bowls... new swimming pools. Let us plan the modernization of our factories, offices and stores—by re-equipment and reorganization... let us plan for lighter work yet

greater productivity... for increased speed yet greater safety. Let us plan for fuller living, greater opportunity, economic security.

While there must not be the slightest relaxation of our all-out efforts to win the war—we must plan and we must start planning now. We have had our lesson in unpreparedness. We must not gamble with peace as we gambled with war.

Many governmental, municipal and industrial groups already are planning. Many individuals are planning. But not enough. More planning, much more planning is needed. Whether we are homeowners, business operators, farmers, civic leaders—let us *all* plan for Canada's postwar future... let us plan with confidence, with courage—

For by planning today, we prepare ready-made markets for tomorrow, markets which will absorb our fullest productive effort and thus create gainful employment for everyone.



CANADIAN GENERAL ELECTRIC CO. LIMITED



Old Friends are Best when colds and sore throats threaten

That's the time you appreciate your old stand-by, Listerine Antiseptic, more than ever. So often it can be such a help in fighting the bacteria related to colds.

Used early and frequently as a gargle it may help head off a cold entirely or keep it from getting serious. That goes, too, for simple sore throat which so often accompanies a cold.

Fewer Colds, Fewer Sore Throats for Listerine Antiseptic Users In Tests

There's an impressive lot of evidence to back this statement up. Over and over again, in tests made over a period of twelve years, those who gargled Listerine Antiseptic regularly every day had fewer colds and usually had milder ones than those who did not gargle.

Perhaps you wonder why. The explanation, we believe, is simple:

Listerine Antiseptic kills millions of the Secondary Invaders, those potentially troublesome germs that can set up housekeeping in almost everybody's mouth.

Many a noted nose and throat specialist holds them responsible for the complications of a cold, much of its discomfort, misery and trouble. They can stage a "mass invasion" of the

throat tissues when wet feet, cold feet, drafts, fatigue or sudden temperature changes put you under par.

Germs Reduced in Tests

It is wise to attack these trouble-makers to forestall, if possible, such a "mass invasion". And that, apparently, is what Listerine Antiseptic so often does.

In actual tests this cool, refreshing antiseptic accomplished reductions of germs on mouth and throat surfaces ranging up to 96.7% fifteen minutes after a gargle. One hour later the same tests showed reductions up to 80%.

Surely, when you feel a cold coming on, this delightful precaution is well worth taking.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO. (Canada), Ltd.
Toronto, Ont.

for
countless little emergencies

**LISTERINE
ANTISEPTIC**

(MADE IN CANADA)

FOREWORD & FOOTNOTES



ONE OF the world's most renowned hostesses, Elsa Maxwell writes a breezy and gossipy story of entertaining in Hollywood. Born in Keokuk, Iowa, she began her career in an unusual way . . . she arrived while her mother was attending the opera. At the age of eight Elsa decided to dedicate herself to party giving. Here are a few rules of thumb for successful entertaining à la Maxwell. (1) Always try to invite twice as many men as women and seat the dull guests together in a group. (2) If you owe a bore a dinner, send it to him but don't go yourself. (3) To be a good hostess you must be ruthless about weeding out uncongenial people. Elsa says her theory is to treat serious things lightly and light things seriously . . . Among her many successes she is credited with discovering and launching Charlie McCarthy and Bergen on their radio career.



YOU'VE LISTENED to them, we're sure, those pink tea diplomats, described by Mary Lowrey Ross in "The Bad Neighbor Policy," who talk of our friends across the border with smug patronage. In spite of these amateur policy-makers, however, Americans and Canadians continue to live happily together.

One of our most sought-after Canadian writers, Mary Lowrey Ross shares honors with Stephen Leacock in the art of crusading through the medium of humor. Her wit, sharp and crisp, is entirely lacking in acerbity.



Dorothy Stevens, O.S.A., A.R.C.A., who illustrates the story, "Love Has Iron In It Too," is a well-known etcher and portrait painter. She has studied in London and Paris and also won a scholarship which entitled her to a year in Spain. At the present time she is specializing in children's portraits. When war ends,

Dorothy intends to make tracks for Mexico where, in her opinion, native art is most vital and picturesque.



THE QUEEN IN WARTIME

by Mary-Etta Macpherson

MENTION the Queen to any citizen of Britain today—anyone from eight to eighty, anyone anywhere, from a Clydeside shipbuilder to a Southampton housewife—and you'll get the same immediate response: "She's a wonderful woman." Four out of five times you'll hear personal reminiscences that bear out that conviction. There was the day, for instance, when she visited the wartime nursery and discovered that sheets for the cots were in short supply. Forty-eight hours later the matron received a parcel of two dozen direct from Buckingham Palace.

Or it's quite possible you might run into some of the WAAFS who manage those enormous barrage balloons which float like silver sausages high above London. The girls would tell you about the cold foggy morning when they were busy at their routine of checking pressure and tying ropes and all of a sudden-like a pleasant voice behind them said, "Good morning," and there was the Queen, alone, walking across the park from her car. She wanted to know if the battledress they were wearing was sufficient to keep out the cold.

If the answer had been "No," it is safe to predict that some change in clothing regulations would have resulted, for H. M. Queen Elizabeth in her gentle feminine way has tremendous influence. She uses it in the way a woman knows best: to make those small practical improvements which mean so much to the person on the job. Almost everybody in Britain today belongs to that category—and one might say, without any risk of lese majesty, that the Queen herself is no exception. She has a wartime job for which her own remarkable talents, her womanly genius, have uniquely fitted her; she is turning in a magnificent record for history.

ROYAL LIFE has undergone the same drastic changes as peer's and commoner's. There are no more courts or garden parties or grand balls. In recent months the most notable formal occasion at Buckingham Palace was the

dinner given in honor of the King of Iraq; there were 20 covers, and the menu consisted of soup, an entree of vegetables, a roasted bird (unrationed) and a pudding. Such simplification has the enthusiastic approval of both the King and the Queen; they have several times remarked that they hope never to go back to the old custom of three-hour dinners of ten courses. When they dine alone, as frequently happens these days, they have perhaps one hot dish, such as fish or a ragout made from the weekly joint ration, a vegetable, and cheese and biscuits or a simple sweet course.

War service has reduced royal household staffs, and this curtailment, along with the fuel shortage, has meant the closing off of unused rooms and wings in the various residences. There is a "Plimsoll" mark for hot water in the bathtubs. And like other victims of Nazi bombs, the King and Queen are waiting till after the war to have the damaged portion of their London home rebuilt. The blitzed pillars and chunks of masonry have been piled at one side of Buckingham Palace courtyard, covered with tarpaulin to make a neater appearance, but still visible when the wind whips through St. James's Park and lifts the corners of the fabric. One glimpse is sufficient to remind Londoners yet again of the Nazis' failure to understand British psychology, for those enemy bombs on the royal residence produced an even closer sympathy between sovereign and citizen, and the sort of understanding that can only come through shared experience.

Clothes rationing, admitted by British women to be among the hardest trials of wartime life, is strictly observed by the Queen both for herself and the Princesses. During the whole 12 months of 1943 Her Majesty had just two new dresses made—a simple summer frock and a purple evening gown. But in the past four years favorite costumes from her wardrobe have been made over as many as three times, generally by way of deft new trimming touches rather than elaborate remodelling. The beautiful blue ensembles and ♦ Continued on page 61





THE NEED GROWS AS VICTORY NEARS

\$10,000,000 needed NOW!

This is the year of supreme effort, the year Red Cross will be needed as never before. And as our all-out victory drive gains momentum, as casualty lists mount, as the horrors of war spread wider and sink deeper, this need will grow.

We must see them through: the fighting men on every front, the gallant Merchant Navy, the wounded and maimed in British and Canadian hospitals, Prisoners of War, the homeless war orphans of Britain and allied lands, the suffering millions of Europe.

Only the Red Cross meets this call for vital life saving food for Prisoners of War parcels, medicines, comforts, blood serum that spell survival for so many. There is no one else to do the job.

That is why we cannot fail: why we ask you to open your hearts and purses, giving to the limit of your ability.

Remember, Victory will not be cheap; the real need lies ahead.

CANADIAN + RED CROSS



It's a wise man
who can chart
the course of his
own emotional
rebound . . .

Andy caught her by the shoulders. "Are you saying you love me, Molly? Don't wait to think about it — answer me!"

say, "Do we have to go into anything like that now?" If you started to talk about anything that didn't interest her, she'd take out her makeup stuff and begin to do things to her face.

"And I was in love with her!" muttered Andy, with a scathing scorn of himself for such infatuation. But not any more—she'd washed that out. He wouldn't answer the letter; he'd tear it up. He'd hate her henceforth, as she'd suggested. He'd hate all girls. "Under their skins they're all alike!"

"You, over there!" He addressed it soundlessly, but no less grimly, to a girl who appeared to have materialized on a nearby bench that very instant. And he glared at her, feeling a very little better for finding someone of the sex at hand on which to direct his rising spate of hate.

Though she wasn't at all like Gwen. Her hair was dark and smooth on her head and Gwen's was bright and blowy. She wore a brown cotton dress, plain from collar to hem, and Gwen always wore gay ruffly things. But under the skin—

THEN THE girl did something that diverted him. She was holding a piece of paper under her hands, her hands spread flat on it and her eyes on her hands, as if she were thinking of what was under them. Suddenly she gave a little sound—Andy heard it—and lifted her hands and began to tear the thing crosswise

and up and down. Just as, in his mind, he'd torn Gwen's letter!

"I'll be darned!" thought Andy. "The two of us! Bet some fellow's given her an out!"

He found it a little exciting, even faintly comforting to think that that was so. He studied her with more interest. A brown-sparrow type; probably taught first grade somewhere. Didn't look very sophisticated.

At this point in his appraisal her glance turned and held in his direction and he shifted his own hastily.

Then he heard, "Andy, come here!" In a commanding but slightly tremulous voice, as if tears were mixed up in it.

He got to his feet and crossed the strip of grass to the bench where the girl sat. Thinking, "Good heavens, it's someone I've met! But who?" Thinking that that was what he'd let Gwen do to him. No girl had existed for him since that Sunday night, when he'd met her. When Gidney'd invited him to his apartment for supper and he'd met Gwen among the other guests there.

He reached the girl's side, smiled with extra pleasantness to cover the blank in his memory and said, genially, "Hello! Nice to see you again!"

The girl was small, but she drew instantly to an erectness that suggested formidable height; her eyes held tears but, even so, turned icy.

"I beg your pardon?"

Andy flushed, as much with anger as embarrassment. "You called me, didn't you?"

"I called my dog! He's over there, back of you, digging a hole."

"You called Andy!"

"His name is Andy!"

At that moment the dog trotted up to them. A Scottie, deliberate, like all Scotties. He stretched his muzzle a little way toward Andy, sniffed through his whiskers, then gave a low growl.

"Catching, isn't it?" observed Andy, witheringly.

"Well, dogs are discerning!" The girl rose to her feet and reached for the dog's collar, to snap the leash on it.

Either she had blinked the tears out of her eyes, or her indignation had dried them, for Andy could see that they were a deep grey. He saw a spatter of freckles across her nose—he hadn't seen freckles on a girl's nose since he'd left home. He saw that she still held the scraps that had been a letter wadded tight in one hand. All this summed up to a good reason for making peace.

"Say, I'm sorry you thought I was crashing an acquaintance. Fact is—"

"I quite understand. Come, Andy." She left no doubt now as to which one of them she spoke.

Andy put out a hand. "Don't go—I mean, I'll go, myself. Though—the park's big enough for the two of us! We could both sit down, the way we were, and go on brooding—"

Her grey eyes flashed. "I wasn't brooding!"

"No? Well, you were looking anything but happy! And I was down to where a worm crawls when you called me—I beg your pardon—when you called your dog. It happened I saw you tear up a letter. And I'd practically been doing the same thing. Deciding to charge it to experience and let it go. It struck me as darn funny for the two of us to be sitting here, almost elbow to elbow, doing it!"

The girl drew a quick breath, then seemed to swallow it. "My letter was from my cousin Amy, telling me the children had chicken pox and that she couldn't come next week, as she'd planned. I—I tore it up because I make it a practice never to save letters. They fill your desk so."

"You're lying," said Andy to himself. Those tears he'd seen weren't for any Cousin Amy. Aloud, "Mine was from a pal prospecting for gold in the Yukon. It said there wasn't any and we're both broke."

The girl laughed, a nice laugh that went up into her eyes. "I really do have a Cousin Amy!"

"You win then. For I'm not sure even where the Yukon is—Canada or the U. S.! What say we go across to the Spanish place and have a sherry. Or tea—" Suddenly, violently, he hoped she'd take tea. For he saw Gwen lifting her glass, her eyes seeking his, over it, no matter how many others were with them. "Love always—"

The girl hesitated, and he added, a little harshly, "It'd be kind, if you'd go. I was pretty sunk—I believe you can feel more lonesome in a big city than in the middle of the Sahara Desert!"

The girl nodded, a funny slow nod of her head. Then she said quickly, as if she made her decision quickly, "All right. I've a dinner engagement, but I guess there's time."

"Come on, Andy," said Andy to the dog.

THEY SAT at a little table under a violently colored mural of a harvest scene in Spain.

"Tea," said the girl to the waiter. "No sugar—just lemon."

Any ordered tea, too. Thinking of Gwen at Hide-away, lifting her glass to some other fellow. Beginning a new game—

He asked, abruptly, "Do you value honesty?"

"Well, I was brought up to think it was a virtue!" The girl's lightness failed her. She finished on a small sigh, "Though it hurts sometimes—when it's someone else handing it out to you!"

She was thinking about her letter, Andy was certain. He'd been right about what it contained. He had an impulse to put out his hand, say, "Shake, sister! We're in the same boat."

He didn't. He said, "I'd + Continued on page 22

Two women make for complications; add a Scottie and you have a maelstrom

His Name Was Andy

by JANE ABBOTT

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY TIMMINS

ANDY MITCHELL, pausing in the door of his roominghouse to view the world within his range of vision with a brooding eye, noticed that the triangle of park across the avenue was deserted. It was half-past five of a Saturday in June; the mothers had marched their charges home, women their dogs, the old men and the indigent had drifted to seats nearer to food. Andy crossed the street, went through the gate of the iron fence that enclosed the park and sat down on a bench.

He had a lot of thinking to do. He had to decide what he'd answer to that letter Gwen had sent him two days ago.

It still blazed in his brain. He propped his elbows on his knees and his head in his hands and read it again, word for word, as though he were holding the sheet of paper with Gwen's scrawling handwriting on it before his eyes.

"Andy, darling,

I've decided we must not play around together any more. We might get too close to the deep end. I'm crazy about you, but I know I'd be too terribly bored if we let ourselves go serious. I'd hate living in a two by four flat and budgeting and all that kind of thing. I hope you'll hate me for my honesty because then you'll be thanking your stars I gave you an out. Will you be nice and call Nita Carter up and tell her you can't get down to Hideaway this week end? It'd be difficult for both of us, wouldn't it?

Love always,

Gwen."

"Love always!" Andy's lips curled. What was the answer to that? A telegram of three quite simple words. No, the telegraph companies had some silly rules about such messages. Write it, perhaps? And sign it, "Love always, Andy."

She was in Hideaway now, the centre of a lively group gathered on the terrace over the swimming pool. Some other man had driven down with her—Nick Bowman perhaps.

Here Andy lifted his head with a sound of disgust. Why had he phoned Nita he couldn't make it? Why hadn't he taken a train down to Hideaway? Trains ran for such as he. Faced Gwen, laughed down what she'd written, dragged her off into Thew Carter's catboat and sailed away somewhere with her—

But no one carried Gwen Wilkins off anywhere, if she did not want to go. The knowledge flashed like a light in his brain. The wilfulness he'd thought part of her charm stood out for what it was.

"I'm crazy about you, Andy." And all this time it'd been a game with her and it wasn't in the rules she played to let it get serious. So she'd returned him—like something she'd tired of!

Red ran up to the edge of his sandy hair as he remembered he'd had some idea of asking her, this week end, to marry him. He'd considered he was earning enough, but now he knew it wasn't enough for Gwen's kind.

He had the prospect of getting into the National, too. Gidney, the junior partner of the firm, had hinted of it a few weeks ago. Why hadn't he told Gwen of it?

The answer to that was that you didn't talk about anything practical when you were with Gwen. She'd



Elsa Maxwell, tsarina of bright lights, brings you intimate glimpses into the private lives of favorite Hollywood stars



Elsa Maxwell, back in Hollywood as technical adviser on the new picture, "Weekend at the Waldorf," takes time off to visit Irene Dunne. With her is Evalyn Walsh McLean, Washington hostess and owner of the famous Hope diamond.

and as I watched him shake his head wonderingly, he looked more like the professor in "Ball of Fire" than any role I have ever seen him in.

I ASKED Orson Welles to come that night, for he is more interested in magic and performs it better than anyone except John Calvert. Orson was engaged at that time with his own tent show, which offered a free night's entertainment of magic for men in the armed forces. I never fully realized Orson's genius until I sat through an hour and a half while he, with the help of Joe Cotton, got so used to saving Rita Hayworth in half before an astonished and horrified audience, that he just had to go on being with her for the rest of his natural life, and subsequently married her. But he didn't come to the party. I think that perhaps he imagined that one magician at a time was quite enough for any hostess.

Orson, since his romantic friendship with Dolores del Rio, the beautiful Mexican actress who has gone back to her own country to produce pictures, trained down from a bearded, very heavy young man of 280 pounds, to a slim, handsome fellow with a personality more potent than punch. Of course I think he is the American + Continued on page 66



—Photo courtesy Paramount.
"Tall, lanky Gary Cooper and his lovely wife are examples of how successful a marriage can be—even in Hollywood . . ."



—Photo courtesy United Artists.
"My old and tried friend, Noel Coward, to me the greatest living genius in the theatre and films . . ."

Women Are Disappointing

by Wilfred Sanders

THIS LITTLE piece may make some *Chatelaine* readers mad. And I hope it does.

It's about the way women think. I know that quotation books already record so many comments by authors, profound and otherwise, on the functioning of the feminine brain, that it would be pointless to add to them unless one had something new and factual to contribute.

Take such snide remarks as Thomas Moore's

"Ask a woman's advice, and whate'er she advise

"Do the very reverse and you're sure to be wise."

Or Nietzsche's comment: "Man thinks woman profound—why? Because he can never fathom her. Woman is not even shallow."

Then there is that base little backstab of Samuel Hoffenstein's, who ends a deceptively flattering verse with the lines:

"Your little voice, so soft and kind,
"Your little soul, your little mind."

Shakespeare—but why go on? There are millions of such quotations, but they are all based on the observations and opinions of one person, and no matter how profound the person may be, they are still the opinions of one person. Whether or not you think them funny, they cannot be called scientific.

The following observations are not based on the opinion of one person, or two or three. They are based on the opinions of thousands and thousands of women—young women and old, short and tall, fat and thin, the Judy O'Grady's and the colonels' ladies, westerners and easterners.

USING WHAT has been proved the most scientific approach yet devised to measure public opinion, the Canadian Institute of Public Opinion, or Gallup Poll of Canada, has, for two years, been talking to many thousands of men and women. The American Institute has been doing the same thing for nearly eight years.

On the basis of the vast mass of material thus obtained, women have indicted themselves on three major counts.

But before naming the counts, it should be stressed very emphatically that it is not intended to compare women with men—that is, to set up Man as a sort of ideal standard, and measure Woman against this smirking yardstick. Men do not come into the scope of this article at all, except to point out that they might well be indicted on at least two of the three counts.

When I said that I hoped some *Chatelaine* readers would get "mad" at this article, it was in the sincere belief that when women get "mad," they + Continued on page 59



"A shimmering shock of red hair, large green eyes and unbelievably white skin," is Elsa Maxwell's description of Greer Garson. Above, Greer Garson and Dame May Whitty in a tender scene from M.G.M.'s "Madame Curie."



Clark Gable, now a captain in the Army Air Corps, has lost none of his popularity rating nor his special place in feminine hearts since he exchanged Hollywood glamour and make-believe adventure for the grim business of war in the skies.

HOLLYWOOD HOLIDAY

MOST of my trips to Hollywood have been for business rather than pleasure... I've gone out to work in the movies. And though you who see the finished product as you lounge comfortably in a plush seat at the local movie house may not believe it making movies is a full-time job (9-9 sometimes) and there's not much time for play. But the last time I went to Hollywood I "ran" there to get away from the gruelling job of turning out page after page of copy for my syndicated column... I went to Hollywood purely to play.

I've been going to Hollywood since the early days when little Fort Lee studios first went out to the land of perpetual sunshine. I've watched salaries mount from what seemed an incredible \$100 a week to several thousand a week for a star. I've watched cottages turn into fabulous palaces that rival those of an eastern potentate. I've watched the fabulous palaces turn into simple ranches and beach houses and desert homes.

And though the early Hollywooders were an improvident lot, and lived up to the last \$1,000 of their income... the stars of today seem better business men and women, and while in many cases they still live glamorously, in homes where a battalion might be quartered, they are not as wont as they once were to give stupendous parties in their homes. Not that there is no home entertaining—there is plenty—lunches, dinners and even large dinner parties and dances.

But just as throughout the rest of the country the younger set have turned to night clubs and cafés for their entertainment, so in Hollywood little clusters of stars have their favorite *boit de nuit* at which they may frequently be found.

From the outside these night spots are not glamorous, any more than any roadhouse on the way to Montreal or Quebec. The Trocadero, Romanoff's, the Mocambo and Chasen's are little two-story buildings that have no more allure in broad daylight than an amusement park on a winter morning.

But at night, stars of first, second and third magnitude, as well as all the little bit stars of the "milky way," come out in all their glory. Strangely enough, the inside of most of the Hollywood night spots is very dimly lighted, but the galaxy of stars that cross their threshold lend a luminosity that no electric company could provide.

THE FIRST night of my vacation in Hollywood I went to the Mocambo, and

once my eyes became used to the darkness I felt ready to meow with pleasure whenever I was able, catlike, to spot in the darkness one of my old friends—for even those who accompanied me were but dimly glamorous (but unglittering) shapes in the dusk. Claudette Colbert, looking as sparkling and gay as she does on the screen, sat across the table from me. She wore a simple black dress with three-quarter sleeves and a ruffle of white at the neck; and a close-fitting little black velvet cap that hid her ears... her bright brown bangs formed the brim. A jewelled pin and twin bracelets were her only jewels. At her side she was fortunate enough to have her husband, Lieutenant Commander Jack Pressman. I say fortunate for Dr. Pressman doesn't often get an evening leave.

Gary Cooper, whom I have known ever since he played his first part in pictures, was there with his tall and lovely wife—Sandra Shaw Cooper. I once had the pleasure of visiting Gary for three months at his Hollywood home that he had taken over furnished from Greta Garbo. Every woman on the continent envied me for that vacation, for Gary was then just a new star in the firmament, and hadn't yet met Miss Shaw. I glanced at him occasionally during the evening, and saw his eyes lovingly on Sandra. Gary is the same unspoiled person he was in the early days when he had just risen from the "extra" ranks.

Gary and Sandra came to one of the Saturday evening parties Mrs. Evalyn Walsh McLean and I gave during our vacation in Hollywood. That evening we had John Calvert with us. John is not only a very good actor, he is also a hypnotist and specializes in mental telepathy. We had decided to put him to the test, so Gary and I bandaged his eyes carefully. Cary Grant agreed to act as his subject, and went off into another room. The highlight of the experiment came when Gary Cooper concentrated on the serial numbers of his watch. Calvert, unable to see the numbers, read Gary's thought, and transferred it to Cary, who on request obligingly called out the correct numbers.

Gary, though he had had the watch in his pocket when Grant had been in the room, insisted on examining him carefully to see if he had any written slip of paper on him bearing the watch number. He was still puzzled when Calvert finally removed his bandages,

by ELSA MAXWELL

has IRON in it Too!

by MARIAN CASTLE

Illustrated by Dorothy Stevens

SARA MacFEE had never felt guilty or clandestine about seeing so much of the Major until the night her father-in-law walked in on them at her tiny new apartment. She had felt only sad about Mac, and their love of last year, and the war that pushed young people into marriages that couldn't possibly last. She had felt even a little noble, because she wasn't going to tell Mac their marriage had folded up until he got back from Italy, and of course that meant keeping the Major waiting too.

But the Major understood. He understood everything, even to her wearing her wedding ring whenever they went out together although she left it off during office hours, and why she would go only to the most proper places with him like this highbrow choral affair tonight.

So she wasn't prepared for this sudden rush of hot guilt as she looked up from the sofa and saw the tired, harassed-eyed man who was her father-in-law standing in the open door—they must have left it ajar when they came in—taking in everything without missing a prop. The pair of them, relaxed and companionable, Sara's evening wrap across a chair; the single lighted lamp, the restrained sophistication about it all, like a Noel Coward comedy where everybody speaks in clever, bitten-off fragments.

A moment before Sara had been rather proud of it all. She had come quite a way from the small-town girl who had been editor of her high school paper in 1937.

Now she could only get to her feet, her cheeks scorching, as she faced Timothy MacFee in his wrinkled pepper-and-salt suit, with the spear points of pencils and a draughtsman's compass poking out of his pocket. He must have come straight from his machine shop down by the tracks.

"Come right in, Dad MacFee. I want you to meet Major Brayton. He's my boss."

The Major held out his hand and said simply, "Sara has spoken of you often. You must be proud of your son. He makes those of us here at home look pretty soft and useless."

That was one of the nice things about the Major, thought Sara—his depreciation of his gold braid. "Just a reserve officer with bum vision," he'd sigh, "fighting on the swivel-chair front."

His words, in those first days on her new job, had helped take some of the sting out of his being a Major and Mac only a sergeant, of his having a cement-plant income while Mac still owed college debts, and of his living at the best club while Mac fought Nazis and mud and disease in Europe.

MAC'S FATHER shook hands in silence. Sara wondered what the Major thought of this worn-looking man whose hair needed trimming and whose sensitive inventor's hands were ingrained with mechanic's grease. Unbidden, a memory rushed back of Mac's young grin as he said, "You might as well realize, Sara, that regardless of a couple of engineering degrees, I'll always have black fingernails in a one-cylinder little business like Dad's and mine!" (He had been so proud of that half interest.) And how she had laughed and answered, "And a very good match you are, sir, for a small-town girl who's much better at mixing a meat loaf than making crepes suzettes!"

But everything was different now. Life and the Major had made her very urban and sophisticated and adult; but they had not prepared her for this awful sense of guilt and little-girlness as she confronted Mac's father.

Timothy MacFee apologized, "I just stopped by to

read you a letter I had from Mac. Oh, nothing serious—" he reassured the quick fright in her eyes.

She was chattering with relief. "Do come in, and the Major will excuse us while you read me the letter. Then I'll make some coffee—it's still early. We just got in from hearing St. Igor's a cappella choir."

She was talking too much and too fast. But she had to explain. She had to erase the tired questioning in her father-in-law's eyes. And a cappella choir sounded aloof and high-principled.

But Timothy MacFee shook his head. "The letter can wait. I've got to be getting back to the shop. We're working three shifts now to turn out those gun parts, and it seems as if I'm needed on every shift. Lost my secretary to the CWAC's, and I'm weeks behind on the paper work already. Mac was good in either the office or the shop. You don't happen to know a competent young mechanical engineer that could take Mac's place, do you?" he enquired with a quizzical grin as he turned to go.

"I don't know anyone who could take Mac's place!" said Sara earnestly. Then she reddened at her own vehemence. After all, hadn't she found exactly that?

She watched Mac's father disappear down the carpeted corridor. There was still that look in his eyes. She must make him see that she hadn't wanted her marriage to end like this. A year ago she had thought that it would be wonderful to have a father-in-law like Timothy MacFee, who was all the family Mac had, and so tall and lean and gentle. He could help her to know Mac. Why, just looking at him was like seeing Mac 25 years from now.

She had known Mac only a month from the time she met him at a canteen party until he was sent overseas. Just one month to fall in love and get married and be husband and wife and save up memories for all the aching emptiness ahead.

She had been the hungry one, the greedy one. Mac's very love had held him back. She had had to argue, "But, darling, we can't let life and love and everything pass us by just because we haven't had time to find out which one had measles and which weak ankles, and whether we were allergic to strawberries or geometry."

So they had their two weeks together. Two weeks with tears pressing up through all their little jokes, and every kiss saying good-bye. They found a funny little third-floor apartment with antique plumbing and a pygmy gas stove. It had a narrow window in the bedroom, where Sara could watch the streetcars stopping below. And when someone khaki-clad and hurrying got off, she'd run to the door to meet him, her arms and her lips and her heart eager for that strong wild embrace.

After they had turned the key in the lock for the last time and started down the stairs, Sara couldn't bring herself to go back for the bedroom slippers she had forgotten. Listlessly she returned to college. Her whole conscious being was focused on the destination to which she sent Mac's letters.

SHE WROTE every day at first. And being without him was as sharp as the pain in one's side from running too fast. Then the weeks dragged on, and the pain died away, as it always does. Ages later she got a censored letter that, like hers, tried to grope its way across the miles.

So many of Mac's letters were lost. It was hard to write when she received no answers. Finally, she couldn't remember the sound of his voice, or how he looked; until now the time apart seemed so long and their honeymoon so short. It was like a story she'd read long ago about a magazine boy and a magazine

girl and their magazine love, with some of the details already growing blurry.

She had tried, too. She had followed all the advice about throwing herself into war work. She had got herself a job in the Government offices and Major John Brayton—bachelor, thirtyish, nice-looking—for a boss.

At first he had been grave and impersonal, and Sara had been grave and impersonal. He had told her afterward that it was what had attracted him to her first. Oh, he'd liked a lot of other things about her too: her skin, as clean and shining clear as the inside of a seashell, her hair, brushed to the glinting red-brownness of sherry with a dash of port in it. But most of all he had liked her air of remoteness and busyness that were so much older than the pert little bows in her hair and her short flaring skirts, an air that frankly warned, "No nonsense, please!" . . . well, she had been like that at first, she thought defensively.

Often they worked late, after the buses stopped running, and he would take her home. They would stop in for coffee at an all-night diner along the road. With their legs twined about high stools, they talked about everything—what was right about Sibelius and wrong about the new civic statuary group and why she and Mac had had to rush headlong into marriage.

They talked about how young Mac was—only 24—and how brave, too, with the unthinking bravery of youth. Of course, Sara didn't tell him that Mac's letters were touchingly immature—the same silly pet names that had been so dear on their honeymoon, but that now, on paper, were embarrassing and even incredible; the same adolescent slang and griping about food and the mail service, but with never any depths or awareness. He was just a fine, brave, healthy cog in the war machine. Sara even felt maternal toward him, which was no way to feel toward a husband. Knowing John Brayton had made her see that.

LONG AFTER Mac's father had disappeared down the carpeted corridor lined with all those other doors leading into other "bachelor apartments," she stood there staring after him. At last she turned back into the room. The Major was watching her.

"Sit down, Sara. You look tired," he said quietly. "A decision is a difficult thing to make sometimes. But you've been running away, we've both been running away from it till now. You might as well tell Mac's father and get it over. It's the decent thing to do."

She looked at him gratefully and sank down beside him. His arm was along the back of the sofa. She rested tiredly against it. She'd been so divided, so torn.

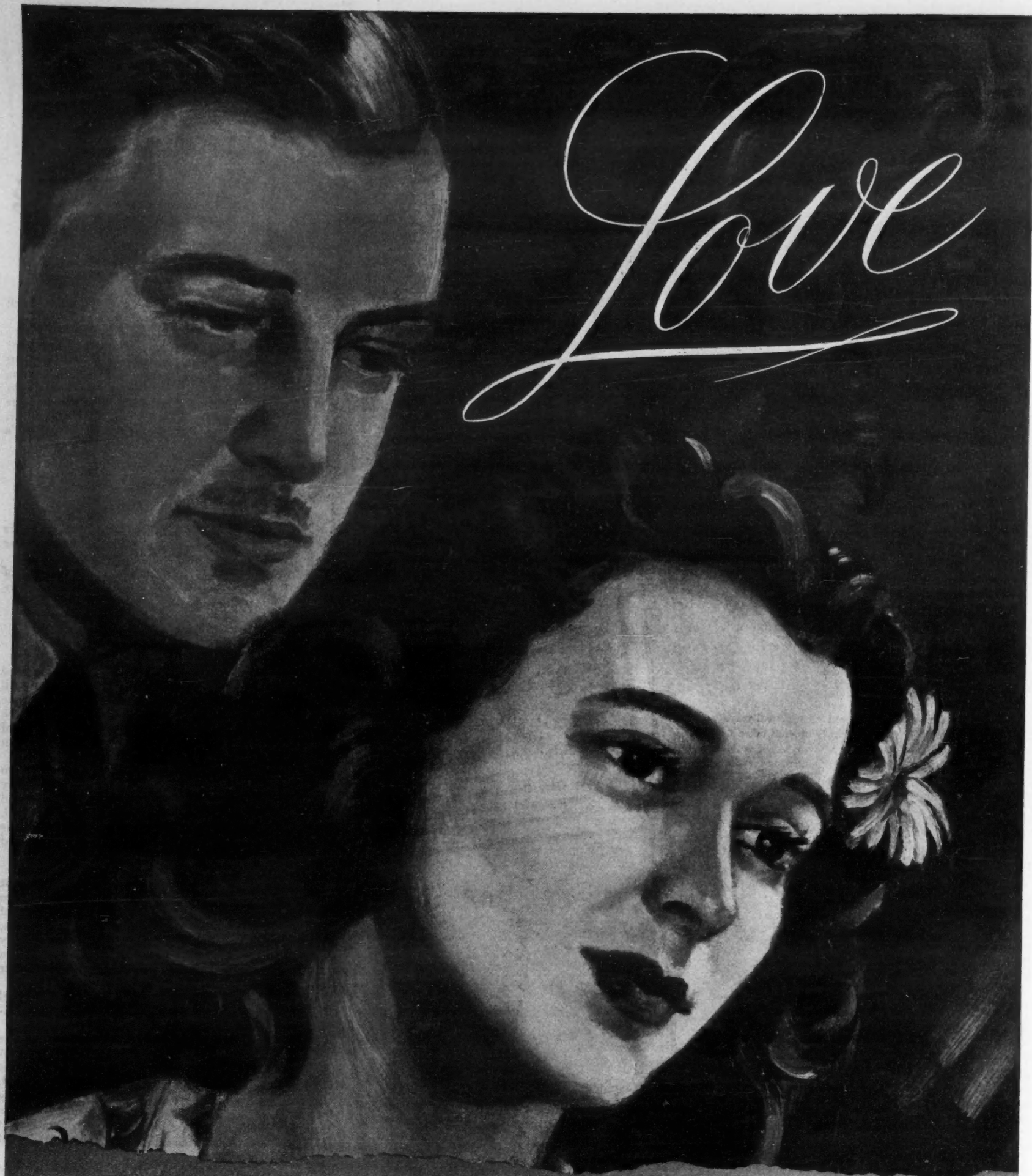
His voice went on. "You can't be blamed for growing up, any more than Mac can be blamed for staying the same fine, wholesome, thoughtless kid."

He made it clear and simple. You couldn't help things like this!

John Brayton's arm slid lower. Tightened. His shoulder was nice and firm. So was his voice. Then, all of a sudden, his voice wasn't firm, it was shaking and husky; it sent tremors of agitation through her. She lifted startled lashes. She was going to look away in a second. Then she couldn't.

Because he was kissing her. She closed her eyes and let him. It was wonderful just to lie back—to lean against someone older and wiser and more experienced, whose kisses were restful and yet exciting.

"Sara, you sweet thing! You do care—a little?"
Yes—if this slow draining + Continued on page 18



They had just one month to fall in love and get married . . to be husband and wife . . and to save up memories for all the aching emptiness ahead

BAD The Good Neighbor Policy

According to the author Mrs. Hixbee is a fictitious character and any resemblance to other Canadians, living or dead, is purely coincidental

MRS. J. Wellington Hixbee doesn't like the United States of America.

To be sure, the United States has never done anything to Mrs. Hixbee. No American bombs have ever dropped in Mrs. Hixbee's backyard, and no American armored tanks have ever rumbled up her street. If pressed, she will admit that there are certain advantages in living next door to a neighbor who doesn't try to rush your frontiers every 25 years. She is glad to be at peace with the United States, but just the same she can't bring herself to approve of it. You can be perfectly friendly with people, she likes to point out, without wanting to associate with them.

Mrs. Hixbee has spent very little time in the United States. Before the war she used to drop over to Buffalo once or twice a year on a shopping trip, but she always said on these occasions that she could hardly wait to get back on Canadian soil. And indeed she didn't wait any longer than was necessary to slip into the ladies' waiting room at the station and put most of her purchases on her person. She believes firmly that all customs regulations emanate from Washington and that it is her duty as a patriotic Canadian to circumvent them wherever possible.

She has any number of relatives living in the United States, but she has always disapproved of them for making the move. The United States, she points out, is a Melting Pot, and she can't imagine why anyone should want to take up permanent residence in a melting pot. "The trouble with Emily is she's becoming so Americanized," she said recently of a cousin who settled in Detroit in 1910.

MRS. HIXBEE spends a great deal of time deploring what she calls American Influences. These include divorce, the excessive use of cosmetics, deodorant advertising, semi-nude bathing, beauty contests, comics, coffee drinking, and the inexcusable habit of serving bread and butter at dinner. She claims that these are strictly American customs which every patriotic Canadian should resist. She is fond of describing the Youth of America as the sort of people who write their names in lipstick on public walls and monuments. If it is pointed out to her that most of the names on the stone parapet fronting Niagara Falls have Canadian addresses, she says that it is simply a bad habit that Canadians have copied from their American neighbors.

In the wider international field she finds that the United States is solely responsible for the failure of the League of Nations, the rise of Japan and the abdication of King Edward VIII. She

has never forgiven the Duchess of Windsor and still refers to her acidly as the Simpson woman.

Mrs. Hixbee rarely goes to the movies because she says that even the best of them present such a Hollywood, i.e. American, version of life. She hasn't seen a picture she really liked since George Arliss' "Disraeli."

Americans, Mrs. Hixbee claims, are extravagant, restless and inclined to rush to extremes. Look at the way they behave about the Dionne Quintuplets, she points out—turning our peaceful Northern Ontario into an American tourist resort. She is naturally proud of the Quintuplets because they were born in Callander, Ontario. If they had been born in Chicago, Mrs. Hixbee would undoubtedly have said that it was just another example of the American habit of carrying things too far.

SHE PARTICULARLY dislikes what she calls the American worship of Bigness. Among the things she regards as much too big are the Statue of Liberty, the Empire State Building, Rockefeller Center, and, of course, the postwar plans of American senators. Mrs. Hixbee regards all United States senators as isolationists. At the same time she is convinced that they are all determined to take over the postwar world and run it to suit themselves.

She admires President Roosevelt, but says regretfully that it is a pity he is not more typical. Among Americans whom Mrs. Hixbee regards as strongly typical are William Randolph Hearst, Colonel Charles Lindberg, Senator Burton K. Wheeler, and John L. Lewis.

Although she admires Winston Churchill, she is inclined to think he spends altogether too much time in Washington. Mrs. Hixbee finds it hard to believe that anyone can like the United States and be loyal to the British Empire at the same time. She is still fighting the American War of Independence and she is still on the losing side.

She deplores the American habit of celebration, particularly the celebration of the Fourth of July, which she thinks should now be quietly dropped in the interest of good taste and international friendship. She also deplores election celebrations, football celebrations and the celebration of Mother's Day—a beautiful idea in itself which has unfortunately been entirely taken over by (American) commercial interests.

She thinks of New York City entirely in terms of skyscrapers, subways and the Lower Type of foreigner. She says that the only reason people live in New York is to make money. She is convinced that this is the only reason

Americans ever do anything. She doesn't regard Lease-Lend as a typical American institution, but points it out as the necessary exception to the rule that all Americans are dollar chasers.

Mrs. Hixbee's prejudices are pure Early Colonial, handed down to her from past generations, and she never questions either their validity or their good taste. She is very proud of them and likes to display them on all occasions, particularly to American visitors. When she meets people from the United States, she usually warns them, "You will probably find things much quieter here than across the border." Everything is quieter in Canada than in the United States, she is fond of pointing out—our traffic, our manners, our Sundays, our headlines. She never hesitates to criticize where she feels criticism is due. "Why don't you people clean up your politics?" she has been heard to say to United States visitors, with the same genial candor she would use in saying to her own sister-in-law, "Why don't you ever clean out your lower hall cupboard?"

United States visitors have sometimes shown resentment of Mrs. Hixbee's frank criticism of their country. When this happens Mrs. Hixbee turns the awkward moment by saying laughingly, "Why I never suspected you were

Americans." She regards this as the highest tribute she can pay them. Encounters of this sort usually produce a high sense of strain both in the visitors and in more easily embarrassed Canadians who happen to be present. They never bother Mrs. Hixbee.

She was very bitter at the United States for not entering the war in 1939. When the news of Pearl Harbor came over the radio Mrs. Hixbee said grimly, "Well, I guess that will teach them!" Then when the United States roared suddenly into full-time war activity with shipyards booming, plane and munition plants springing up overnight and war-bond selling campaigns with speeches and massed bands coming in over the radio, Mrs. Hixbee said indignantly, "Americans always have to make such a fuss over everything!" She can't help feeling that this is Our war and that Americans should be glad to have a share in it without behaving as though they owned it.

Mrs. Hixbee is convinced that every American believes the United States won the last war. To be sure she has never heard an American make this claim, but she knows plenty of people who have and she only regrets that she wasn't present to straighten the matter out. She is sure that the opportunity

♦ Continued on page 41



Mrs. Hixbee would be shocked to know that she is a bad neighbor, doing her best to erect a spite fence along our two-thousand-mile unfortified border.

By MARY LOWREY ROSS

Of Course I Believe In *Discipline*

WHAT is discipline?

Inevitably one thinks of its negative aspects only, viz., how to prevent someone from doing what he wants to do, which, if done, would offend us. Invariably the term discipline calls to mind a scheme of punishment, duress, threats and humiliations. "I will knock some sense into him." "I will break his will." "I will make him obey."

These are the phrases that most readily come to mind, since most disciplinary procedures to date have been based on the negative philosophy of inhibition and restraints, with results that can readily be gauged by anyone, introspectively as well as objectively. The only way to obtain more satisfactory results is to stress the positive side of discipline, and it is this aspect which will be discussed here.

Positive discipline is employed to teach the child that conformity to natural, social and ethical laws yields a satisfactory return. The parents are responsible for surrounding the child with an atmosphere of affection so that the child feels that he belongs to a unit in the community within which unit he feels confident that he may make mistakes while he is learning, without anticipating cruelty or injustice. He may expect from his parents an understanding of his developmental difficulties; he may learn that his parents do not expect perfection in childhood, and will show patience while he is still unskilled. He should expect that he will be given privileges, not because he grows older each day (for which he expects no credit), but rather as he shows a willingness to accept responsibility under their tutelage. He enjoys strict discipline, provided it is consistent, and looks upon leniency with disdain. A parent is expected to be affectionate, but should never use affection as a disciplinary lever.

A Positive Plan of Discipline—There are rules for disciplinarians, but no rules of thumb. When one is in authority over children one does not deal as with a criminal or with a crime—one

deals with situations in which an individual is responding according to the influence of his past experiences. In the light of this one can suggest certain rules for guidance, but only through practice can a disciplinarian arrive at the goal of all discipline, namely justice.

First rule—The requirements of the disciplinarian must be made clear and concise. In other words, the child must know exactly what is expected of him. The standards of behavior must be meaningful and he must understand their implications. For example, since a two-year-old child has no concept of "politeness," it is unfair to require a child of this age to say "please" and "thank you" in certain circumstances. This standard of behavior is eliminated from the requirements.

The total standard should always be minimum. The adult should scrutinize his demand *before* obedience is requested. Is the issue worth while? Ofttimes a requirement is a whim of the adult, who gets a kick out of the resulting obedience. There are many such disciplinarians. Ofttimes it is better to ignore a seeming misdemeanor than to make an issue of it. Thus, if a young child has heard a vulgar expression and uses it ineptly, it is better to ignore than to scold him. In the latter case he discovers that he can create a sensation at a moment's notice and will, of course, be sure to choose the most embarrassing occasion for the adult.

When parents follow this rule, the child realizes that in disciplining him they are aiming at a positive goal. He grows to understand that they are not making senseless demands and that the standards which they approve are meaningful and useful. With such a positive goal there is no necessity for any added incentive in the way of bribery. Bribery (coaxing is verbal bribery) always indicates weakness in the adult's position, which weakness is usually appreciated by the child sooner or later.

Usually the adult is more interested in the negative aspect of discipline and ignores the positive, which in the long run is always more effective.

Second rule—When the adult finds it necessary to arrange consequences following upon the child's actions, such consequences are directed toward *teaching* the child, not *punishing* him. In order that these consequences may be effective they must have four characteristics. They must be immediate, inevitable, invariable and graduated. In every learning situation the adult must look for a relevant consequence, and the more relevant the consequence the more meaningful will it be. Thus, if a child dawdles over his food, there is a relevant consequence inherent in the situation. He has two choices: either to eat or not to eat. If he eats, the consequence will be that he is immediately satisfied with what he eats, he is inevitably satisfied, the satisfaction is invariably the same, namely a sense of fullness, and his satisfaction is according to the amount which he eats. If, on the other hand, he chooses not to eat, the consequence has again the same characteristics, but in the opposite direction. If the child is not interfered with at mealtimes, he learns to govern his behavior accordingly. If, on the other hand, bribery is introduced, the choice of the child is modified; it is no longer a choice between "eat and be satisfied" or "not eat and be unsatisfied," but rather "eat and so be satisfied in one respect" and "not eat and yet be satisfied in another." Sometimes the child is not particularly hungry and he finds bribery and coaxing very satisfying. If he is coaxed and bribed, he will, in the future, expect to be bribed to eat whether he is hungry or not.

In some situations there is no relevant consequence, in which case the parent arranges what may appear to be an irrelevant consequence. In the past this has been in the form of scolding, nagging and spanking; now we use isolation. A child who is interfering with another is immediately isolated from him. Thus he has to choose whether (a) it is worth inhibiting his aggressive behavior to have the companionship of his pal, or whether (b) he is better satisfied alone. There is no hint of punishment but rather a logical deprivation. + *Continued on page 50*



by **W. E. BLATZ, M.A., M.B., Ph.D.**

Dr. Blatz, well-known Canadian psychologist and Director of the Institute of Child Study, University of Toronto, is the author of many books, pamphlets and articles on child development and parent education. Everything that concerns the child is of vital interest to him. He once said, "I've given up trying to change adults, but with their understanding we can change a whole generation before it is five; and then we can change history."

A day to Remember

By Eleanor Coates

Illustrated by Jack Keay

get ready for the concert. This is the day—isn't it?"

Isobel nodded. Yes this was the day of the school concert. This was the day Betty was to recite the lines which she had practiced endlessly for weeks.

"Put on your clothes except for your dress," Isobel said. "It has to be shortened. You'll have to try it on—"

"But what if I'm late?" Betty worried.

"You won't be late. It only takes a minute—"

She spoke with more confidence than she felt. It was a big day with many hazards and duties. This school concert to attend. Otherwise Betty would be heart-broken. Could she get everything done in time? Could she get Sally to come and sit with Jamie and Mary Lou?

Betty turned to her, remembering with quick disappointment.

"Mother—Daddy's ship didn't come in. Daddy won't hear me recite."

"You will say it just for him," Isobel soothed her. "Perhaps he will be here this evening."

SHE GLANCED at the calendar. He'd been expected since the 25th. At cross purposes with herself she thought it was just as well he hadn't arrived. She hadn't had time to clean the house or do any extra cooking. And this time everything must be done just right. Because last time—

She put on the coffeepot, put the baby's bottle into a pan of hot water, and turned on the heat under the cereal which had been made the night before. Then she tied bibs on the children, and took the cod-liver oil from the refrigerator. It was Betty's turn to have it first. Isobel never ceased to marvel at the way the children competed for the first dose of cod-liver oil. Even the baby opened her mouth wide for the spoon.

Mechanically she did the hundred and one small tasks which had become a pleasant ritual. Isobel liked doing housework, liked taking care of her children, liked scheduling her days so that it was a game which she either won or lost as the clock ticked the hours away. Of course, life was never quite in harmony while Johnny was away. It went on like a prelude, often monotonous, then excitedly building up to his presence. Then, while he was in, the melody came out, as in a symphony, briefly blending into heart-warming, satisfying expression. From the time Johnny had joined the Navy she had been particularly careful of these melodic stretches in their lives. No jarring note could enter. They must be perfect for him to remember during his weeks at sea, and perfect for her and for the children too. In wartime you never knew when one of these brief interludes might be the climax to an unfinished symphony.

"Why don't you say your recitation to Jamie?" Isobel suggested, and Betty began in her high mechanical little voice.

"I planted a garden for Victory
With radishes and beans—"

Isobel was spooning cereal into Mary Lou's mouth. She was grateful to her for always opening her mouth with such enthusiasm for food. "I wonder if a third child is always so good," she thought with one part of her mind while another still dwelt with vague dissatisfaction on Johnny's last visit home. Should they have discussed the peculiar disharmony which had arisen? Undeniably it had been there, and with her it had remained, a tantalizing, disquieting memory.

"Jamie, you aren't eating."

He was playing with his spoon, mixing porridge into the milk.

"I don't want any," he said, as though he might burst into tears.

"Eat a little—like a good boy," coaxed Isobel. "Well, then, go in the sunroom and lie down on the couch."

She didn't want to ask him about the pain. She didn't want to remind him of it. Quickly she spread a blanket over his pyjamaed figure, and went to the telephone, picking up Betty's costume on the way.

She got Sally's mother at last, after many rings.

"Well, I don't know, Mrs. Warren," the older woman hesitated. "Sally doesn't want to keep house for people so much now. She's going to get a job any day now in the fish plant—"

"I simply have to go out," Isobel pleaded. "If she could just come and sit with the children. There's nothing else I'd expect her to do, and I'll be back in an hour and a half."

"All right then," agreed Sally's mother at last. "I'll make her go, but you know what young girls are nowadays—" Isobel stopped her quickly with thanks and good-by, and turned from the telephone.

Somehow she got the hem stitched on Betty's costume and took a few minutes from her own dressing time to run an iron over the bouffant skirt. Then she got Betty into it and started her off up the street, walking stiffly in the red, white and blue sateen.

"Mother, you won't be late for my recitation," Betty begged.

"I'll catch you, darling," Isobel told her, kissing the eager polished face.

Sally arrived looking sullen, but she had stayed with the children before and they were used to her. Isobel explained hurriedly about the baby's orange juice, and ran upstairs to dress. She put on her black suit with the pencil-slim skirt and the white organdie collar and cuffs, and tucked a brilliant red handkerchief into her pocket. Children like bright colors, she reflected, and they'll never notice that this suit makes me look too thin. She couldn't let Betty down. It meant a lot to a little girl to have her mother appear slim and pretty before her schoolmates.

Her hair needed washing. She'd like to try some sort of new shampoo or rinse, something to make her appear more glamorous in Johnny's eyes. Or could a mother of three children possibly look glamorous in the face of so many wartime complications? Could it be that Johnny was tired of her and the children?

So many of the officers were unmarried, or at least childless. And of course when they were in port they celebrated. Dances, parties, gay week ends. Did Johnny sometimes feel he was missing a lot being a family man? He'd always preferred quiet evenings and family vacations, and he loved the children. He was just restless. He had come home from the sea in body and left his spirit behind him. He had kept going out to the garden and coming back in again, as though hoping each time that he would pick up that other part

of himself that would make him feel at home.

Isobel dashed downstairs and looked at Jamie. He was half asleep on the couch with his eyes closed. She tucked the blanket around him, not because he might be cold, but to demonstrate that she was loath to leave him, even for an hour, without her motherly attention.

"Feel better, son?" she asked.

Jamie smiled at her and reached out his hand to touch the bright handkerchief. "Yes, Mother, I'm better," he said. She wondered if he really was better. Sometimes she had discovered in her five-year-old son an unexpectedly mature consideration for her. Wartime children have a way of growing up too quickly.

SHE WAS unable to catch Betty, but she arrived at the school before the concert began. Betty was in one of the front seats, and was craning her neck, and watching the door, her face, framed in its straight brown Dutch cut, looking small and anxious.

It lit up when she saw her mother, and Isobel knew from the broad smile that now everything was right in her little-girl world. Now she could say her recitation before all the grown-up people, assured of her mother's appreciation and love.

The children went through their exercises, their little songs and their drills, and Isobel sat among the mothers, applauding, murmuring, commending, congratulating. A few years ago she would have been bored at a concert put on by school children. Now she had more than mere pleasure, more than vicarious amusement. With Betty in the group she lived through each act, watching each child, comparing, speculating. Like every mother there her own child's performance was the *pièce de résistance*. Each in turn held her breath while her own child mounted the platform, and when it was over there was a sigh of relief and an expression of satisfaction. There were many pauses, many palpitations before it was over, and Isobel noticed with alarm that it was nearly noon. She had wanted to speak to the teacher, but already her mind had jumped back to its problems, and she was planning how best she could use every moment when she got home.

Sally would have done nothing, and there were the dishes, the baby's bath, the dinner, the house to clean up, and Jamie. If he went back to bed he would want her to read to him. Perhaps Betty could tell him about the concert, and repeat her recitation for the hundredth time.

And Johnny! Come what may she would make a shortcake, or a strawberry pie. Johnny loved strawberries.

She told herself that this time things would come right again. They simply must. It wouldn't be like last time. But what had gone wrong last time?

HE HAD come home on a Sunday and she had cooked a big dinner, and they + Continued on page 37

Johnny might get home today. There must be no jarring note to mar his leave . . . but suddenly she remembered the last time . . .

Johnny took her into his arms and gratefully she transferred all the responsibilities and fears of the day to him. Bert and Evanel tiptoed out, waving good-by.



ISOBEL reached for the alarm clock, turning it off before its strident voice could crash in on the morning peace of the house. She liked to start the day with a hush, to whisper good morning to the children, to greet the baby with a kiss, a touch on the soft hair. From the nursery there was no sound and she lay back luxuriating in the comfort of the big bed.

Tuesday. The twenty-seventh. *Johnny might get home today.* Almost her heart took up the refrain, its usual joyous performance when the ship was due. But suddenly she remembered. The refrain ceased as though someone had cut the switch on an electric

phonograph, the words going on for a second, and dying dolefully away. Today—Johnny...

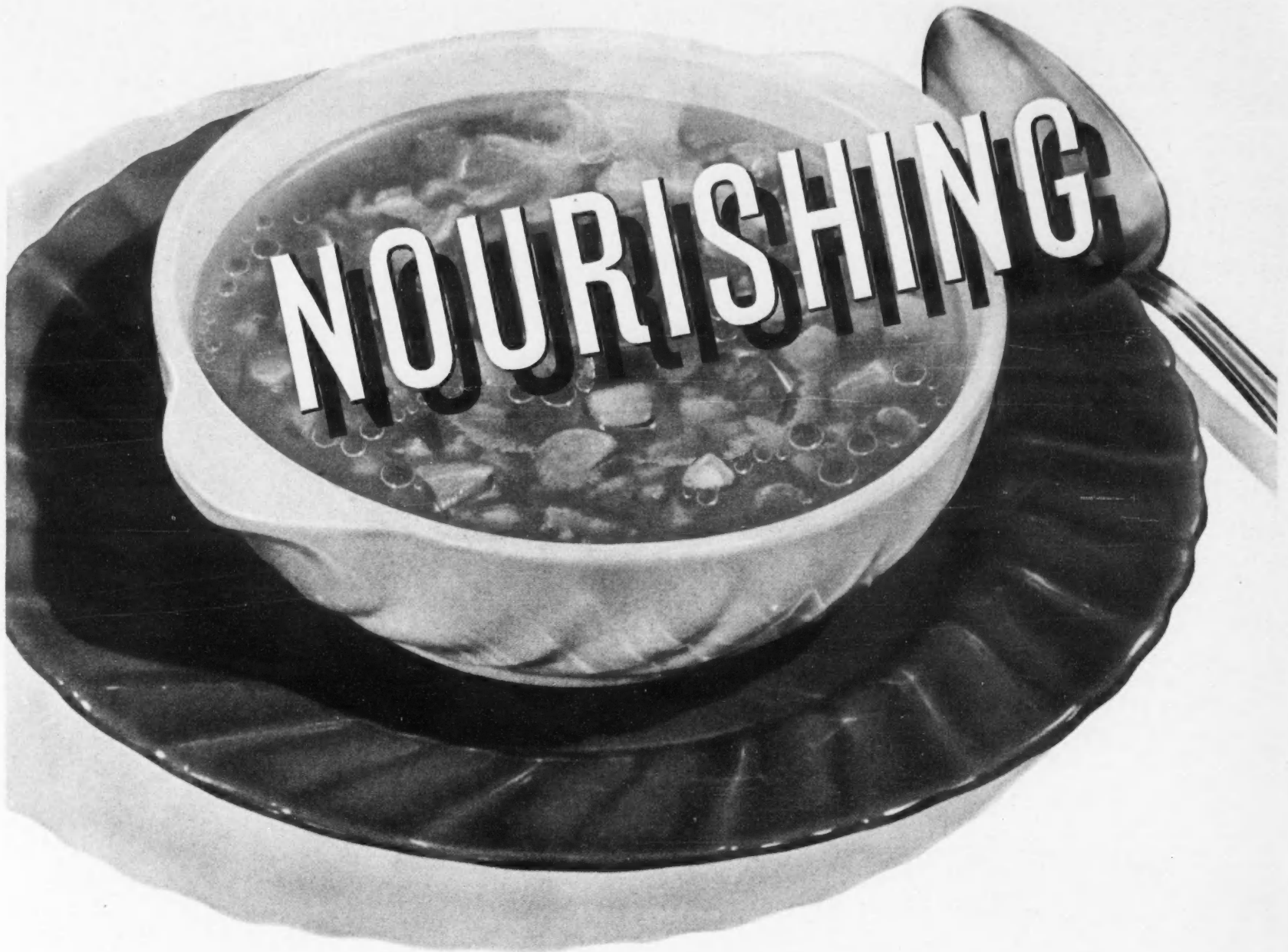
She slid into the flowered housecoat, and put her feet into scarlet slippers. Mary Lou was kicking and banging her feet against the sides of the crib, and Isobel bent over her for a second to get the full benefit of the baby's morning laugh. She turned to the mirror, ran a comb through her brown hair, rolling it up in a knot on her head and pinning a red bow in the soft brown mass.

The red bow was important. It was her declaration of youth and spirit to a world that might tire her and threaten discouragement and defeat. It was her badge

of courage and her symbol of gaiety and hope. She gathered up the baby and went down the hall. Betty and Jamie sat up in their cots as she opened the nursery door.

"Hi, mummy," they said in unison, and Isobel looked a little anxiously at Jamie. He was pale, with circles under his eyes. Twice during the night he had awakened with the pain in his stomach. At three o'clock she had given him a sedative and he had fallen into a heavy, weary sleep.

"I have to hurry, Mother," shouted Betty, bounding out of bed full of six-year-old enthusiasm. "I have to



rich BEEF STOCK and many vegetables
make this a main-dish soup



LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

These war days, when you can't give your family all the different foods they need and like, it's a great satisfaction to be able to count on the sound NOURISHMENT and good eating in Campbell's Vegetable Soup.

Families everywhere have always delighted in this delicious dish. And wise mothers, who've always known it as "almost a meal in itself", say that today they serve it more and more. Now, when food values are so important and meat and fresh vegetables harder to get . . . many women are finding that Campbell's Vegetable Soup is even more useful than ever in the planning of soundly nutritious meals.

Just think of all the good things that go into it: first a rugged-tasting stock carefully simmered from plenty of fine beef . . . then an almost endless array of luscious garden vegetables . . . green peas, asparagus, turnips, potatoes, celery, tomatoes, onions, parsley, sweet golden corn, cabbage, pimentos, carrots and green beans.

All these good things make Campbell's Vegetable Soup such a help with wartime meal plans. Ladle out steaming bowls full soon and discover how they bolster up a meatless supper or turn a casserole of leftovers into a satisfying meal.



I'm pretty spry
 As you can see,
 'Cause there's good soup
 Inside of me!

Campbell's VEGETABLE SOUP

MADE IN CAMPBELL'S MODERN CANADIAN KITCHENS

The Question of This Month

What's Wrong with our Educational System?

Are our children being well educated? If not, what should be done about it? Chatelaine brings you a variety of opinions and some radical suggestions from outstanding authorities

"We shall not have better schools till we have better homes . . ."



Canon H. J. Cody, president of the University of Toronto:

"The aim of education is to teach how to make a living, to build a life, and to influence a world. If our system is not realizing these aims it is so far faulty. All systems that are devised and worked by human beings and that deal with human beings will be imperfect. Our system in Canada works fairly well. These points, however, I would note: (1) We shall not have better schools till we have better homes. Parents cannot devolve all responsibility for their children's training on the school. (2) The teachers are the most important factor in the system. The better our teachers the better will the system work. We should give our teachers a higher status and larger salaries if we really wish to get better results. (3) Education should mature all sides of our nature. We have been in serious danger of neglecting the moral and religious side of the training of our youth. The right content of education is more important than the right system. What sort of human beings are we producing? This is the ultimate question. (4) Learning and life must be linked together."



Miss Irene Baird, well-known author, who is now working with the National Film Board in Ottawa:

"Education is family business on a national scale. All of us are concerned with its future. Among the ways in which we can raise the standard of that future are (1) Pay adequate salaries and attract the best men and women to the teaching profession. At present the median salary in Canadian schools is \$700. (2) Wider civic interest in and responsibility for local educational needs. (3) More co-ordination between school, university and adult education program with increased public support for adult education.

(4) Greater recognition of films and radio as modern teaching aids. (5) More emphasis on vocational guidance. (6) Modernize rural school system. (7) Make possible the entrance of more than 5% of students to Canadian universities. (8) Study and support the report of the Survey Commission of the Canada and Newfoundland Education Association, published March 19, 1943."

"Nothing wrong with Canadian education that progressive leadership cannot cure . . ."

Hon. S. E. Low, Minister of Education, Alberta:

"There is nothing wrong with Canadian education that progressive leadership and more generous financial support cannot cure. Too many Canadians think of educational cost in terms of narrow academic programs of 30 years ago. Specifically we need: (1) Sufficient money to provide educational services for rural children comparable to the best now being given urban centres; (2) More money for teachers' salaries that they may consider it worth while to secure first-class education; (3) A full-time health unit in every school division; (4) A greatly increased number of well-equipped composite high schools; (5) An extensive building program designed to replace worn-out and inadequate buildings with new ones planned to meet the modern needs of both the pupils and the community; (6) A modern library service."



"Education must be available irrespective of financial status"

Dr. R. C. Wallace, president of Queen's University and ex-President of the University of Alberta, knows both the West and the East. He believes strongly that there should be more scholarships and more freedom for brilliant students, regardless of their financial standing.

"There is not adequate recognition of the fact that teachers have a responsibility function for which they must be carefully selected, well trained and generously remunerated. It is not fully realized that there is no easy way to education. It can come only through hard work. Interest must be stimulated, but real effort is necessary.

"The special capacities of all young people must be accurately ascertained in order that they may be educated for the work for which they are suited. This education must be available irrespective of financial status."

"Education is a lifelong process; schooling a temporary episode"



Mrs. Adelaide Plumptre, Supervisor of the Prisoners of War Bureau in Ottawa, who has for many years been a crusader and tireless worker for better education:

1. Should we lightly assume that a system is "wrong" which is producing the young men and women now carrying the burden of the war? 2. We have no one "educational system in Canada"—We have nine provincial educational systems—The evolution of one educational system is part of the evolution of Canadian unity. The Rowell-Sirois report and its dependent submissions point to the path of development—a gradual crystallization of the best elements common to all nine systems as a basis of unity—not the compulsory imposition of a tenth "super-system." 3. Education—as a function of the state—should not be isolated from state responsibilities for (1) Health; (2) Choice of and preparation for professions or occupations; (3) Use of leisure time or recreation.

"Education" should be distinguished from "schooling." "Education" (as defined above) is a lifelong process. "Schooling" is a temporary episode. 4. The state should recognize the necessity of linking "schooling" with actual life—the "education" development should be closely linked with labor, agriculture, fisheries, sea service, etc., so that the student could get experience of actual conditions while still protected from exploitation by the guardianship of the school.

"Vocational education" is a very costly and not-altogether-satisfactory effort to meet this necessity by bringing trade conditions into the schools—wartime emergencies have already begun the experiment of taking the students out into industry. 5. The state should recognize "education" as one of its most important functions, and the teaching profession as one of its most important agents, which should both require high qualifications and be assured of adequate financial support and security of tenure.

"Let us teach our future citizens to love liberty"

Dr. Arthur Ham of the University of Toronto:

"We cannot be too pessimistic about the fate of our country if we do not pay more attention to education for citizenship. A democracy is at the mercy of 51% of its population. It is therefore imperative that the majority of future citizens should be made + Continued on page 68



H.M.C.S. Iroquois

One of Canada's new Tribal Class destroyers — displacement 2,000 tons, twin 4.7 gun mountings reinforced by numerous anti-aircraft weapons, torpedo tubes and depth charges. Complement: 14 officers and about 250 men.

Painted by Gordon Grant for the makers of PLAYER'S NAVY CUT CIGARETTES

*this One Complete Cream
is all you need!*



MARJORIE REYNOLDS
featured in
"MINISTRY OF FEAR"
a Paramount Picture

So little time! So much to do! No wonder more
and more Hollywood stars turn to Woodbury Cold Cream!

This one cream does *everything* for your skin—simply, surely,
swiftly. Gives you *complete* skin care in just 3 minutes...

... see your lovelier, lovable skin!



EVERY NIGHT take this 3-minute Beauty
Night Cap: Cleanse with Woodbury Cold
Cream. Pat on more. Leave a film of it on
all night. Use it for daytime cleansings, too.

Marvelous, the many ways this one cream
helps your skin: *Cleanses thoroughly.
Freshens. Softens and smooths delectably.
Gives a velvet finish for powder. Acts
as a night cream. Relieves dryness, helps
smooth away tiny dry-skin lines.*

There's extra beauty magic in Woodbury
Cold Cream, because of 4 special softening,
smoothing ingredients. An exclusive
ingredient, *Stericin*, acts constantly to purify
the cream in the jar, helping guard against
blemish-causing germs from dust. Try this
all-in-one cream *today*. Jars 50¢ and 25¢.

Woodbury Cold Cream

THE COMPLETE BEAUTY CREAM
(Made in Canada)

Love Has Iron In It Too :: Continued from page 10

away of her strength and her resolves,
this lovely lethargy, was caring—It
wasn't the hot, tense oneness of loving
Mac, where every shared act, from
bringing in the milk bottle before break-
fast to watching a sunset, cheek to
cheek, through their narrow bedroom
window, was enchantment. This was
safe and dear and the answer to all her
questions. Belonging to John Brayton
would be just that. She didn't want to
have to answer any more questions. She
wanted just to rest.

But the Major was not a rest cure; he
was a man. Sara stirred uneasily. For
his kisses were not restful now; they
were hard—and demanding. She felt a
chill door opening upon her soul.

"John, you—we—mustn't!"
He almost pushed her away. His face
was taut. "You're too lovely, Sara. I've
tried not to be a heel. I'll clear out until
you've told Mac's father—"

He had been decent. He wasn't a
heel.

"I'll tell him right away," she
promised quietly.

When he had gone, she stood there,
her hand on the doorknob. He was
right; things couldn't go on like this.
The sooner she told Mac's father, the
better. He had said he was going
straight back to the shop. Why not
follow him and tell him now—and get
it off her heart and her conscience?

She was mentally rehearsing as she
undid the jewelled buttons of her frock
and stepped into her plaid skirt.
"Sometimes life changes people—and
makes them older," she'd say. She pulled
on a yellow sweater and reached for her
keys.

It was midnight when she reached the
street; but the cars ran all night, now
that so many plants were working three
shifts. A half-hour later she swung down
off the rocking car and made her way
gingerly toward the viaduct. This was a
new world of noisy plants and hurrying
workmen carrying lunch pails and
kerchief-turbaned girls in slacks. She
had never seen Mac's and his father's
shop. She had always meant to come.
But during their honeymoon, Mac had
been out at the Field all day; and after-
ward she had been so busy with college
and then her job.

She saw the sign, MacFee and Son,
Metal Products. It was over a ram-
shackle old building, bursting at every
seam with light and noise.

SHE OPENED the grubby door marked
"Office." Timothy MacFee looked up at
her with a distraught air from the
mountainous clutter on his desk as
though he had difficulty placing her.
Then he smiled—Mac's smile—and
pushed a pile of government forms off a
chair so she could sit down.

Sara's office-trained eyes winced.
She'd bet he hadn't answered a letter in
a month. Invoices, bills, time cards,
letters, blanks to be filled out—her
fingers itched.

He apologized. "Never can seem to
get to this unholy mess! Always some-
thing else I've got to do first. Some-
times I wish the government would
make up its mind which it wants the
worst—precision gun parts or filled-out
forms!" He had the put-upon air of a
man who can be hectored just so far.

Sara was sympathetic and touched.
As Mac had said, his father was a good
shop man, but a helpless infant in an
office.

"I came—about Mac's letter," she
explained.

He pulled out a creased sheet from
his pocket and began to read aloud to
her.

Dear Dad: I haven't written for a
few weeks because I've been laid
up with a bum shoulder. Only a
scratch, but the wound isn't healing
fast enough. The Nazis came over
and peppered everything in sight,
including me. But I'm up and
around now, and anxious to be back
patching up cannon again. Nobody
understands those babies like me.
And we've still got a lot of shooting
to do before we can dust off our
hands and come home. I haven't
written Sara yet about my being
banged up. She's such a kid. I
didn't want to worry her about my
not being able to use my arm, till I
was sure I could—

Sara looked up quickly, tears in her
eyes. What days he must have had—
and nights—before he found out! Mac,
who could ride a horse, or pan gold, or
carry a surveyor's outfit all day without
getting tired.

But Timothy MacFee did not notice
her tears. At some sound, or lack of
sound, from the shop beyond he had
gone to the door to look out. He said
over his shoulder in exasperation, "That
dumb foreman! He tells me he was
really good at selling sewing machines.
I'll be back in a minute."

He fumed out, slamming the door.
Sara glanced down, saw the open letter
on his desk and picked it up. She found
the place and went on reading.

And now, Dad, I'm going to ask
you something personal. When you
were in France during the other
war, did you sometimes use to
wonder about Mom? I mean about
how it would be when you got
back? Of course, she was a little
older than Sara, and I was on the
way, but weren't you ever afraid
of all the things the war *had* done to
you and *badn't* done to her? Sara's
letters sound so young—

Sara stared at the words. Her letters
sounded young! She read on.

She just writes about canteen
parties and how will she manage
with sugar coupons and I must
bring her back a souvenir. To her,
I guess, I'm just a happy-go-lucky
Joe Army in a nice, clean uniform,
righting the world's wrongs. And
by gosh, I *am* righting a few of
them, but as for the rest, she
doesn't have any idea what it's like.
That nightmarish fear (you told
me you had it in France too) that
comes over you in the dark when
you're afraid you'll be a coward
when the real test comes, or—if you
aren't—that you'll be crippled, or
blinded, or take a long time dying.
I feel a thousand years old some
days. I wondered if you used to
be afraid of life as well as death? Of
coming back to find that—I don't
know how to say it—that the glass
you'd left had stood so long all the
bubbles had gone out of it?

Sara laid down the letter in blank
astonishment. No wonder Mac's father
had not handed the letter over to her to
read! It had never occurred to her that
Mac's love might waver. Hers, yes.

◆ Continued on page 21

But not Mac's. Mac, who had held her in his hard young arms and loved her tempestuously and tenderly and irrevocably.

She had to read the rest of the letter.

I've been thinking. You say that fellow Gormley still wants to buy into the firm. Of course, I kind of hate to see the sign read "MacFee and Gormley" instead of "MacFee and Son." But this war's pretty uncertain. I might not get back at all (of course I'll get back!) but as I was saying, since you've got my power of attorney, why don't you sell my interest and turn the proceeds over to Sara? She might need it.

Now don't get me wrong, Dad. I aim to stick by my guns. You and I agreed when I enlisted that anything worth having carried an obligation with it.

Yours as ever, Mac.

Sara's whole being was one vast wounded ego. So she was an "obligation," was she? But Mac would "stick by his guns"—meaning her—even though she now seemed shallow and childish to him—even though life with her would have lost all its fizz and sparkle.

She held on hard to the scarred arms of the old office chair. She was dizzy, faint with shock. But something honest inside her made her answer, "He's only thought your own thoughts and been tormented by your own doubts. What hurts your pride is to have him find you wanting!" A reluctant sympathy for him began to well up inside her. Suddenly she felt nearer to Mac than at any time since he had kissed her good-by.

And then her soul hung its head. For she had had Mac's doubts but not his scruples. It was that old word, duty. If you were Mac, you had it—toward a country—toward a marriage. You stuck by your guns. You paid for the fine things of life by accepting the obligations that went with them.

She folded the letter and fitted it shakily back into the envelope. Blankly she stared down at the clutter of papers in front of her and began to straighten them with punch-drunk carefulness.

Her father-in-law returned. "Trouble was with a metal lathe," he explained sheepishly, "due, I suppose, to the fact that I forgot to mail a letter ordering some new parts—it's probably right there in that pile somewhere—the letter, I mean." He ran a hand over eyes that were haggard from lack of sleep. "It's late, Sara. I'll take you home now. Then I'll come back and hoe out that mess till I locate the letter."

"No," said Sara with sudden sharp-

ness. "I'm staying right here. I'll hoe out the mess myself. Then in the morning you can take me home, and stop and have breakfast at my apartment."

"But, Sara, you can't. Lord knows, I need someone. But you've got a job with the Major—"

"I'm giving it up—my job. I'm planning to apply for another, one even more essential."

She wanted him to say, "Where?" but he only stared at her, so she went on as though he had. "Right here. You're the boss, aren't you? Honest, I'm a dandy office person. Just ask the Major. I could free you of all this so you could just work on gun parts." She was pleading, as though she must try very hard to prove something to him.

The strength seemed to go out of his knees. He sat down. "You mean that? Sara, do you want to know how you look to me at this minute? Ever see one of those old-fashioned Sunday School cards with little beams of light shooting out from around the angel's head? Well, that's you. But what makes you want to take it on?"

"We can't have Mac coming home and finding a mess like this, can we?" she asked belligerently. "I'll bet you're late with your last quarter's income tax and probably you've got Unpaid Bills filed under New Accounts!"

"I shouldn't wonder," he agreed meekly and contentedly.

"You know, Dad MacFee"—her voice broke—"I've just begun to find out what it means to be a war wife. And with Mac 'way off there, lying awake nights, wondering—" She had no pride now nor any shame for having read Mac's letter. "Can't you see how hard I've got to try, if I'm to match up to him? I've been leaving everything for him to do, all the fighting and working and sacrificing—and even—loving. Now I'm going to do my share—"

She heard a little understanding chuckle. "You mean you've just found out what's duty for the gander is duty for the goose, eh?" Then he added gravely, "But you needn't worry about not matching up, Sara. Mac would be proud of you tonight."

Sara leaned down and began to scoop up a pile of papers from off the floor. It was a full minute before she could manage to say in a muffled voice, "The very idea! Not having 'MacFee and Son' on the sign. When some day Mac might want it for—for his son—"

The two sat very still in this room, surrounded by the clank and roar of a world at work and at war. Then Timothy MacFee got up, saying briskly, "Well, Sara, guess I better get to work. But I'll be back in time for us to have breakfast together . . . daughter."

He had never called her that before. +

Description of Patterns on pages 30 and 31

4704—Infants' Set in One Size: Style I, Long dress: 1½ of 35"; 1½ of 39". Style II, Short Dress: 1½ of 35"; ¾ yard of 39". Lace Edging: 1¼ yards of ¾". Style III, Long Coat: 1¼ of 35"; 1½ of 39"; ¾ yard of 54". Coat lining (optional): 1½ of 35"; ¾ of 39". Style IV, Short Coat with Bonnet: 1½ of 35"; 1 of 39"; ¾ of 54". Coat and Bonnet Lining: ¾ of 35" or 39". Bonnet: ¾ yard of 35" or 39". Style V, Long Slip: 1 of 35"; ¾ of 39". Style VI, Short Slip: ¾ yard of 35" or 39". Lace Edging: 3 yards. Style VII, Booties: 17" x 9" of

leather, cotton or felt. Ribbon: 1 yard of ¾". Price 20 cents.

4886—"Simple to Make" Maternity Housecoat in sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20. Size 16: 5½ of 35"; 4¾ of 39"; 4¾ of 41". Price 20 cents.

4635—Junior-Size Maternity Pinafore in sizes 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 18. Size 15: 3¾ of 35"; 3¾ of 39". "Simple to Make." Price 20 cents.

4421—Maternity Slack Suit in sizes 14, 16, 18, 20, 40, 42. Size 16: 5½ of 35"; 5 of 39". Price 20 cents.

LI'L ABNER^{by} AL CAPP

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



MAKE MEAT GO FURTHER by cooking s-l-o-w-l-y



MAKE THE MOST OF EVERY OUNCE by cooking your meat *slowly*. Actual tests in Swift's Home Economics kitchen show that a 4-lb. beef roast shrinks approx. 1½ lbs. in a 450° oven but only ¾ lb. in an oven at 325°.

USE THE RIGHT COOKING METHOD. Only the tenderest cuts should be cooked by dry heat. Other cuts should be water cooked or braised (browned, then cooked *slowly* in a small amount of liquid in a covered pan).



Meat is material of war!

For most of us nothing can beat the flavour of meat. Meat, too, contains in easily assimilable form so many of the nutritive elements our bodies need. But meat is a vital material of war, too. We Canadians are going to need every ounce of meat we can produce if we are to fulfill our wartime obligations to our allies and armed forces and supply the basic needs of our civilian population.

That is why Canadian housewives are urged to make the wisest possible use of the meat they buy.

In this series of advertisements prepared under the supervision of Martha Logan, Swift's famed home economist, we deal one by one with five cardinal points of meat conservation. This time the subject is cooking. Next month, we'll be giving you some useful tips on carving.



MARTHA LOGAN says:

"Watch these five points to make meat go further:"

- 1 Buy wisely:** Plan your meals well ahead but be open-minded when you shop. Buy only what you need.
- 2 Store carefully:** Don't risk spoilage. Wrap uncooked meat loosely and store in coldest part of refrigerator. Remember ground meat should be cooked as soon as possible.
- 3 Cook correctly:** The subject of this month's article. Read it carefully.
- 4 Carve properly:** Proper carving makes meat stretch. Next month Martha Logan will give you helpful hints on this important subject.
- 5 Use up completely:** Here is the test of a good cook. Famous French chefs owe their fame to savoury ragouts and fricassees (in plain English, stews), because the French have learned never to waste food.

Time Table for ROASTING MEATS

Oven temperature: 325° F.—(moderately low)

	Minutes Per Pound 3 to 5 lbs.	Minutes Per Pound 6 to 8 lbs.	Internal Tempera- tures (Meat Thermometer)
BEEF			
Standing Ribs, rare	26 min.	22 min.	140° F.
medium	30 min.	26 min.	160° F.
well done	35 min.	33 min.	170° F.
Rolled Ribs—add 5 to 10 min. per pound.			
PORK			
Leg	45-50 min.	40 min.	185° F.
Rib and Loin	35-40 min.	35 min.	185° F.
Shoulder	40 min.	35 min.	185° F.
Boston Butt	50-55 min.	185° F.
LAMB			
Leg—medium	35 min.	30 min.	175° F.
well done	40 min.	35 min.	182° F.
Crown—well done	45 min.	182° F.
Shoulder, well done	35 min.	182° F.
Boneless Roll, well done	40 min.	182° F.
VEAL			
Leg	35-40 min.	30 min.	180° F.
Loin	35 min.	30 min.	180° F.
Shoulder	40 min.	35 min.	180° F.
Boneless Shoulder Roll	45 min.	40 min.	180° F.

CLIP THIS TIME TABLE
and use it whenever you roast meat.

SWIFT CANADIAN CO. LIMITED

... Dominion-wide organization devoted to the conservation
and efficient distribution of Canada's food resources



HELP YOURSELF TO **BREAD**

1/4 of Canada's food energy comes from bread!

TODAY you're burning up more energy—and you need more energy food. Two slices of bread a meal are *not enough*. You can't work longer hours, do heavier wartime jobs on your peacetime energy quota.

If you are a spot-welder now—or if you're still doing your old job—but with more overtime added, if you are keeping house on a wartime schedule, you're standing more, walking more, lifting more.

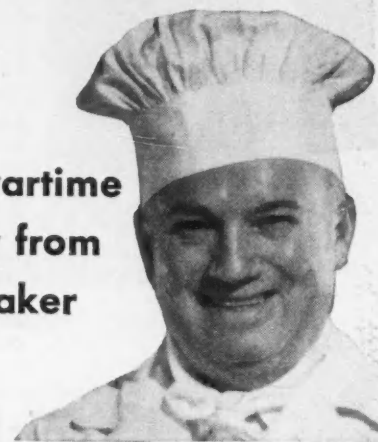
You need a *higher energy diet*—with plenty of *extra bread*—at least three slices a meal.

Bread is the best and cheapest source of energy there is. And the bread your baker makes, unlike other carbohydrates, provides the *lasting energy* that you can bank on to “stay” with you.

Bakers' bread comes to your table fresh and delicious. It's rich and nutritious, filled with wholesome energy—easy to digest—easy to assimilate. No roughage left over for the body to get rid of. Every crumb is used.

In wartime you're energy-hungry—you need more bread—so reach for one more slice each meal.

Buy wartime energy from your baker



The bread your local baker supplies takes on added importance in wartime. It is your richest and cheapest source of food-energy. And made with milk, or eaten with milk, it is an important source of protein for building and repairing muscle.

Prepared by the makers of Fleischmann's Yeast as a contribution to the advancement of Canadian National Health.

*** IN WARTIME EAT ONE MORE SLICE OF BREAD EACH MEAL ***



"Twice as important...now that I'm working twice as hard!"

No wonder busy women turn to Bon Ami when they clean sinks and stoves, bathtubs and refrigerators. It's so quick, convenient, easy to use. Wipes away dirt and grease in a jiffy... But there's another important reason why Bon Ami is such a favorite today. *It doesn't rely on coarse grit or strong alkalis for its quick-cleaning qualities. Instead of making tiny scratches that catch and hold the dirt—Bon Ami polishes as it cleans!* To keep your hard-to-replace kitchen and bathroom equipment always looking its best—use Bon Ami regularly!



Bon Ami
for all your cleaning

"So pleasant to use..."

You don't "ruin your hands" when you use Bon Ami. Because Bon Ami is soft and fine—free from the grit and strong alkalis that redden and roughen hands. In fact, you couldn't ask for a purer, safer cleanser—or one that's more pleasant to use. It's even odorless!



His Name Was Andy :: Continued from page 7

like to put a bet—five to nothing—that you didn't grow up here."

She laughed, "You win! I didn't. I've only been here two years. Now I'll bet—you haven't been here long yourself!"

"Two years, next January eleventh. But how'd you know? Do I look a hick?"

She answered this seriously. "You know, somehow, with some people. They keep something—I know a man from the West. He's lived here 20 years and he's still a westerner."

The chap who wrote that letter, Andy surmised from her tone.

He said, "I know a girl who was born just off Rosedale. She's always Rosedale. She'd be it no matter where she was!" He let all the bitterness he felt into his tone.

If the girl noticed it she gave no sign. She said, "Would you—ever go back? I mean, to the place where you came from?"

"Why—no!" He was surprised at even the suggestion of it. "Would you?"

The girl shook her head, but so sadly that Andy was curious.

If he told her something about himself—

"The place I come from has some odd 4,000 in it, by the last census. And you know every one of 'em and they know everything about you. You can imagine a big city after that! It's a pretty place, though. Sort of in a valley. Old trees and old houses and big yards around them—lots of flowers. And quiet—no one hurries about anything. There's a creek runs through it, big enough to be on the map as a river—and an island, down a mile or so, where the kids picnic and swim and paddle and sail and all that." He paused, grinning. "Don't I sound like a booster, selling my home town for the next convention?"

She put her cup down in its saucer. "You make it"—a deep wistfulness touched her face—"nice!"

"Oh, it's that, all right. Upton. Ever hear of it?"

The girl did not answer. She got up from her chair with some abruptness. "I must go. Thanks for my tea."

Andy sprang to his feet. "Wait till I pay. I'll walk along with you."

"No. It's only a step. Come, Andy."

The dog came out from under the table.

Andy put out a hand. "Just a minute—let me introduce myself. I'm Andy Mitchell. Glad to meet you, Miss—"

The girl's lips smiled, but now it wasn't in her eyes. She put her hand in his. "Let's leave it like that!"

Then she turned and walked away from the table.

Andy sat down again feeling, oddly, more deserted than he had a half-hour before in the park. He gave what he thought as a snort of derision. "Wonder who she thinks she is, to be so darn careful!" But for all his scorn his loneliness crawled along his spine. "Hi, waiter! Check, please."

Outside, he found himself looking up and down the street for a possible glimpse of a black Scottie and a slim girl in a brown dress. Instantly he reminded himself that he was forever through with women.

"I'm crazy about you, Andy, but—"

HE SPENT the evening in his room, reading a mystery story from its first chapter to its last, though, when he put it down, he couldn't have said what it was all about.

The next day was Sunday. He called Jim Carey who worked in his department. "What say we go down to the beach?" It was diverting, and Carey was a congenial enough companion, but back in his room, tired and sunburned, he saw it a cheap substitute for the Sundays he'd had with Gwen.

Almost every one since that night he'd gone to Gidney's and, before anyone had had time to introduce them, Gwen had crossed the room to him, tilted her bright head backward and said with gay impudence, "Darling, I've been looking for you everywhere!" Week ends at Hideaway, even in winter, with others of her crowd or driving in her bright blue convertible and supper, somewhere, just the two of them.

This summer—more jaunts like this, today, with Carey. That—or loneliness.

He could fill the evenings of the week all right. He'd recently bought some books on advertising. Gidney'd suggested them and to study them was a step toward the coveted promotion into National.

So on Monday evening he unwrapped them and chose one of them and sat down with it.

His telephone rang.

"Andy? I simply had to call you!" It was Gwen's voice, half-drawl, half a lilting.

He felt his muscles stiffening, as if, on their own, they fell in to guard the feeling part of him.

"Nice of you."

"I worried about you, over the week end, Andy. What did you do?"

Worried!

"I went to the beach."

"Oh!" Gwen's tone refused to believe it. "With whom, Andy?"

"Well—not alone."

"Oh-h. What's she like, Andy? Do I know her?"

"No, you wouldn't know her." Andy's hand relaxed on the receiver a little. "She's from the sticks. Dependable—drinks tea."

"You're making that up, Andy. And if you're not—well, she sounds too, too dull! Andy, darling, what I didn't write in that letter—we can do things together after we're used to the idea that we're just good friends. We'll go down to Hideaway—"

Andy's fingers gripped the receiver again.

"—and I'll call you every now and then, darling. You see, I feel so sort of responsible for you!"

He banged the receiver into its cradle. So she felt responsible for him! Oh, no, it was simply that she hadn't intended to return him to himself whole. Keep a little to play with, when she was so inclined—

He strode out of the room, ran down the stairs to the street, needing air, needing darkness, needing to walk until he got this newly kindled fury out of his system.

He swung around the corner almost to fall headlong over a small black dog.

"You!" he said furiously to the girl holding the leash.

"We're sorry! Still—there's the whole sidewalk."

She wore green now, cool green and a green ribbon around her smooth hair.

Andy caught his breath. "Nice evening, isn't it?"

"Lovely. Come on, Andy."

"Meaning me?"

"No. My dog."

She smiled and turned into the wide door just behind them.

FASHION

*A Department of Style,
Home Sewing and Needlecraft*



Dress For the PART

by CAROLYN DAMON

Fabrics and dressmaking courtesy the T. Eaton Company, Toronto. Simplicity Patterns 4140 (with jacket) Price, 25 cents; and 4472, Price, 20 cents. Sizes 12-20.

LIKE ALL beautiful dreams that really matter, that lovely one about having a baby slips rapidly from the realm of shadow to that of substance. And first thing you know you are thinking not only about dear little blue and pink thisses and thatses for the breath-taking one to be, but rather more practically about wider belt lines and less figure-featuring clothes for the harder-breathing you!

To come right down to earth, you need some new and different clothes for the last months before the baby comes. When to start wearing them?

When the present hooks and eyes refuse to co-operate one single more time . . . when the familiar lines you've treasured so and slaved to keep begin to blur and fan out a bit, when the hem of your dress seems to have taken a noticeable hoik out from centre front.

But if you're a wise woman and adept with your needle, you'll be prepared for this time, and have chosen your patterns and materials for at least two pretty and comfortable maternity outfits.

Here, for instance, are two of the prettiest and most useful dresses you could make. Both

Are You in the Know?



Are these Lindy Hoppers doing—

- ☐ A Boogie
- ☐ A Shorty George
- ☐ A Tip

"Know how" is what makes the difference between a smooth rug-cutter and a dud! So lady, be hep to this "shine" step. It's a *Tip*—and here's another: Know how to *stay in the fun* regardless of what time of the month it is! It's simple, for Kotex sanitary napkins are more comfortable—and that special safety centre keeps you protected—poise-perfect. So save your "jitters" for a jive session.

This Hair-do's for you—if

- ☐ Your face is long
- ☐ Heart-shaped
- ☐ Round

Down with pompadours—up with sweeping manes! Newest locks have a flat-topped look. They're shorter, sleek, often centre-parted. Vary this hair style to suit your face-type, but if your face is long, take the short hair-do shown here—flat crowned, and fluffed a bit at the sides. The "flat" look's a grooming commandment when "certain" outlines threaten a sleek costume. That's when you thank Kotex for those flat pressed ends. Because they're not stubby, no one will guess your secret.



How would you introduce them?

- ☐ "Capt. Smith, this is Lieut. Brown"
- ☐ "Miss Brown, may I present Capt. Smith"
- ☐ "Lieut. Brown, Capt. Smith"

Learn your military P's and Q's! When introducing army officers, mention the one with higher rank *first*—even if the other is a woman. "Captain Smith, this is Lieutenant Brown" is correct (and don't address the Cwac as "Miss"). Knowing your army etiquette is a social must, these wartime days. On difficult days, too, you can preserve your "social security". Just depend on the comfort Kotex gives, for Kotex stays soft while wearing. You'll learn that comfort, confidence and Kotex go together!



Girls in the know choose KOTEX*

Yes, more girls choose KOTEX than all other brands of pads put together.

☐ Check here if you're teen age and want free the newly-edited booklet "As One Girl To Another." You'll learn do's and don'ts for difficult days... the lowdown on grooming, sports, social contacts.

☐ Check here if you're a war worker and want free the new booklet "That Day Is Here Again." Full of facts on diet, cramps, exercise, lifting. It tells how to stay on the job, even on "problem" days.

Send name and address to Canadian Cellulose Products Co. Ltd., Dept. K4-2, 330 University Ave., Toronto 1, Ont.

Andy stared after her.

"So this is where you live!" It was a pseudo-smart new apartment building. Deeply scalloped awnings, rococo foyer and penthouses. A pretty gilded cage for a brown sparrow, reflected Andy.

That reminded him of what he'd told Gwen on the phone, and he grinned out of a sudden deep satisfaction and went back to his room.

The Grosvenor was the name of the apartment house into which the girl had gone. It was across the park from Andy's third-floor front room, and the next few evenings he found himself looking over its windows from his own, wondering which belonged to the girl, what her apartment was like—he bet aloud it wasn't like Gwen's mother's! She changed what she called her background every month or so. It was Gwen's joke that you never knew when you went into its door whether you were going to find the living room done in French Empire or old Colonial or new Mexican. Gwen laughed at it, but she liked that way of living. No chance of getting bored.

He looked for the girl and her dog every evening when he passed the door of the Grosvenor, on his way to the restaurant where he ate dinner. But he did not see her. Perhaps she'd gone on her vacation. Schools were out, if she taught. And if she were in some office, say secretary to that westerner, she might be taking her time off along now.

Andy was not aware of this frequent speculation of his. If charged with it, he would have said stoutly that he wasn't giving the girl a thought. Why should he? He was through with all of them.

THE WEEK passed and wasn't too bad; he'd finished his book on mental equivalents in advertising; he'd written a long-due letter to his father, in Upton, gone twice to a movie. He felt rather pleased with himself; he wasn't letting Gwen's faithlessness lick him. When on Friday Jim Carey suggested going golfing on the coming Sunday, and spoke of two girls he'd bring along, Andy turned it down firmly and on the instant.

Yet on Saturday, there he was, lonely, and facing an empty week end. A perfect June day and Gwen driving to Hideaway or some place like it.

He knew no one in town but Gwen's friends. And if he joined up with any of them there'd be the question in their eyes if not on their lips, "Where's Gwen?"

At five o'clock he left his room, with no more definite purpose than to find a movie and then go somewhere fairly cool for dinner. He looked over into the little triangle of park and he saw the girl on the bench. He crossed the street, went through the gate and straight up to her.

"I thought you'd gone on your vacation!"

She was reading; she hadn't seen him coming. She looked up, startled.

"You!"

But she smiled as she said it, the nice slow smile that warmed her eyes, and Andy knew she was only giving back to him what she'd taken from him.

"May I?" He sat down on the bench without waiting for her consent. "I was heading for nowhere in particular when I saw you over here. Looks as if you and I were the only ones in the city who didn't have any place but a measly park like this to go to."

She gave her funny little nod, her grey eyes sober, then she said, hastily, as if she were sorry she'd agreed with

✦ Continued on page 28

Which Deodorant wins your vote?

- ☐ CREAM?
- ☐ POWDER?
- ☐ LIQUID?

For ordinary uses, you may prefer one type of deodorant, your neighbor another. But for *one* purpose—important to you and to every woman—there's no room for argument.

Use Powder for Sanitary Napkins

For while creams and liquids are suitable for general use, a powder is best for sanitary napkins. That's because a powder has no moisture-resistant base; doesn't retard napkin absorption.

There is ONE Powder

... created especially for this purpose —QUEST* POWDER—soft, soothing, safe. It's the Kotex* Deodorant, approved by the Kotex laboratories. Being unscented, it doesn't merely cover up one odor with another. Quest Powder destroys napkin odor completely. It's your sure way to avoid offending. Many months' supply, only 35c.



QUEST POWDER

The Kotex Deodorant

*T.M. Reg. Can. Pat. Off.

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

CRAMPS?

Curb them each month with...



COMPOUNDED ESPECIALLY FOR THIS USE! Take KURB tablets only as directed on the package and see how KURB can help you!

Makes Comfort Complete

Kotex Wonderform belt makes Kotex comfort complete. It's so dainty, light, self-balancing, adjustable, pinless—holds Kotex secure with special patented clasps that are flat, inconspicuous—only 25c

KOTEX WONDERFORM BELT

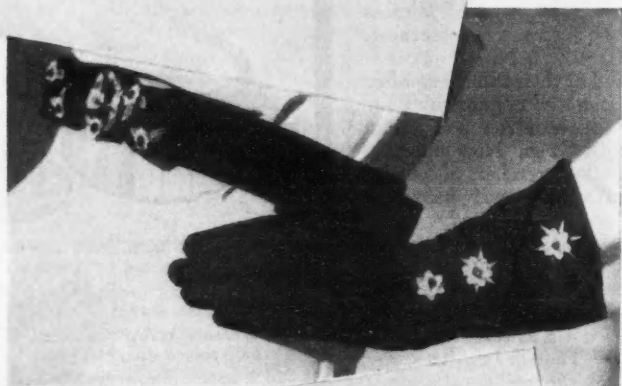
Make Your Own Costume Builders



S20—Shoe-shiners that will give a new lift to your pumps. A selection of six different types of shoe bows and buckles that you can make out of old gloves, ribbon, curtain rings, cuff links, etc. Exclusive Chatelaine pattern, price, ten cents.



S21—Fringed belt. A gay staccato note for a winter-weary dress... made with ribbon and wool and brilliant buttons. You'll find "fringing" simple and useful for other things, too. Chatelaine pattern, five cents.



S22—Velvet belt with cut-out trim and matching gloves. Here is one of those ultra-smart glove and belt sets that marks the new and belt sets that marks the new spring fashions. Another make-yourself marvel — an exclusive Chatelaine design. Price, ten cents.

These are all exclusive Chatelaine needlecraft patterns, and may be obtained by writing to Chatelaine Fashion Department, 481 University Avenue, Toronto 2. Order by number.



Service with a smile . . . Feeding hungry war workers is a mighty important job, I think. And these days, a sunny disposition's mighty important, too. It's not always easy, though, to whizz along with a non-slip smile. Take yesterday now . . . *there was a day.*



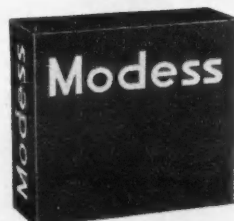
Raining cats and dogs when I started out—and cold. No fun when you're feeling "not so good." But Anne was off with grippe—and Tim was coming in from camp—and jeepers, what about my hair? Certainly no time to pamper myself. Thank heaven for soft-as-down Modess . . . and no more chafing worries.

Well, the noon rush was something you wouldn't believe. The safety shield on Modess that prevents "accident" worries certainly gets my vote. In my rest period I salvaged a few seconds to weep "emergency" all over my hairdresser. Like an angel she squeezed me in—so I just had time to finish up and run. Without the *comfort* and *confidence* that Modess gives, I'd never have got that far.



Had a wonderful evening. Tim is the crazy, though—wanted to know what a "creampuffy" glamour girl like me could see in a tough sergeant like him. "Creampuffy" indeed—but I didn't say anything—just breathed a sigh of thanks for Modess that gets me safely through the toughest days.

Hustle with a Smile! Switch to



Modess



Government standards
for his washables are . . .

**"99%
SHRINK-RESISTANT"**

**"SANFORIZED" MEANS MORE
THAN 99% SHRINK-RESISTANCE**

To members of the Canadian Armed Forces goes the best equipment available. Government tests control the quality standards of everything they wear. To insure lasting fit in all washables, 99% shrink-resistance is one of the specifications.

BUY YOUR WASHABLES LABELED "SANFORIZED"

You can specify the same amount of shrink-resistance in all your washables. Simply say "Sanforized" when buying summer frocks, men's shirts, pyjamas, shorts, or children's clothes. Then you can be sure they will not shrink more than 1%. Always insist on the "Sanforized" label and buy by government standards.

•SANFORIZED•
Reg. trade-mark

BUY
VICTORY
BONDS

Checked standard of the trade-mark owner
The "Sanforized" trade-mark is used by manufacturers on "Compressive Pre-Shrunk" fabrics only when tests for residual shrinkage are regularly checked, through the service of the owners of the trade-mark, to insure maintenance of its established standard by licensed users of the mark.
Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.

are smart and becoming enough to be desirable as ordinary any-time patterns, and we're betting there'll be requests, especially for the "different" looking one-piecer, from a lot of people who aren't having babies at all. It's a tailored summer dress (Simplicity Pattern 4472) made in this case out of crease-resisting spun rayon in a firm, linenlike weave, but light and airy. It's extremely simple to make, and that drawstring waistline is as attractive as it is useful and adjustable.

The other dress (Simplicity Pattern 4140) is a two-piecer which you would find invaluable for shopping, going to business, to meetings, to dinner downtown, shows, etc. And yet you'll find the under-dress as interesting as anything you could get for wear indoors alone.

Incidentally, you are one of the few people—you who are wearing maternity clothes—whom the Wartime Prices Board allows to have extra yardage and a jacket over a dress. (Cloth over cloth is not allowed except for mothers-to-be.)

This dress was made from a rayon crepe with a jersey-like weave and although it is soft to handle it has good body to it. It's done in a lovely soft shade of Mexican gold with the attractive south-of-the-border print (Mexican cacti, flowers, sombreros, etc.) in white. The jacket, lined with the print and reversible, is of the lovely caramel brown tone. These two dresses, we decided, would see you through a lot.



Make the jacket reversible so that you can turn it inside out when you tire of the two-color combinations.

And by "we" I mean your fashion editor, and Simplicity Pattern designers, who arranged to have them made up so you could see them completed. We chose them from the new Simplicity leaflet of maternity clothes as selected by Chatelaine's fashion editor. (We'll send it along for a stamped addressed envelope.)

The styles of these dresses are young and simple, because so many of our maternity clothes today are being worn by very young mothers; but they would adapt to the more mature mother-to-be too.

Incidentally, maternity patterns are easier to make than any other type of clothes, because their "interest" doesn't depend on the exacting fit-to-line that ordinary dresses do. ♦



**Where'd you get the
Smart Hair-do?"**

Compliments fly thick and fast when you wear colorful "Goody" Barrettes . . . for these smart, plastic barrettes "do things" for your hair. And "Goody" Barrettes are practical, too—hold hair securely and neatly in place.

Look for "Goody" Barrettes at notions counters everywhere. The name "Goody" is on the card.

**"Goody"
BARRETTEs**
Made in Canada by the makers of
"Goody" Curlers, Wave Clips, Rollers,
Kant-Slip Combs.

HAND-WOVEN HARRIS TWEED



EVERY yard of these superb fabrics is hand woven by the crofters from 100% pure Scottish wool in their own homes on the islands of the Outer Hebrides. Noted for style, quality and long wear.

LOOK FOR THE TRADE MARK ON THE CLOTH
LOOK FOR THE LABEL ON THE GARMENT



Issued by The
HARRIS TWEED ASSOCIATION Ltd.
10 Old Jewry, London, E.C.2, England.

Andy was too delighted at her kindness to think it an odd way for them to start off. "We'll go somewhere for dinner afterward."

"I'm going to a band concert in the afternoon. There's one at half-past three."

"Any reason I can't listen to it?"

She hesitated, and Andy thought impatiently, "Good heavens, does she have to think every time before she speaks?"

Then, "If you want to." She said it in the same tone she'd said she'd go to dinner with him.

ON MONDAY evening Gwen called him again. He grinned, taking down the receiver.

"Andy, darling, are you all right?"

"Fit as a fiddle!"

"What did you do yesterday? I drove up to Twin Farms."

"I went to church."

"Church!"

Andy's grin broadened. "With that girl—the brown one."

"Oh-h!"

"So, you see, you needn't worry about me. Just forget me."

"You mean — forget everything, Andy? All the fun we've had together? I don't intend to. Anyway I don't believe there's a brown girl or that you went to a church! I'll be seeing you some day, soon, darling—"

He did not bolt out to the street this time. He went back quite calmly to the second of his books on advertising.

He had a date with Mary Groben on the coming Saturday. Or sort of one. He'd said, "I'll see you in the park next Saturday?" He'd felt much like a high-school student saying it. And she'd said, after a moment, "I have to take Andy there. He hasn't finished digging his hole." It was in Andy's plan that they'd go, afterward, to the Swiss place and eat again in the garden.

They went. They went on the next Saturday and the next and the next. On Sundays they did things together. Mary Groben did not hesitate now before she agreed to some suggestion he made. Sometimes she made the suggestions. These were very different from anything he and Gwen had ever thought of doing. Get Gwen to enjoy a prow around the art gallery? Or watch the gulls from a bench on the lake front?

The things he and Mary Groben talked about were as different, too. He told her of the studying he was doing evenings, of the chance he might get into

the National, and while he was telling her, he thought of the bored look Gwen's face would have taken, if it were she, listening. Mary Groben's had had a glow of pleasure on it.

One night, at a table in the garden of the Swiss restaurant, Mary Groben had said, "Tell me more about Upton." And he had told her a lot more, had somehow enjoyed it, for she had listened with a far-off look in her eyes, as if she were seeing it all. Tell Gwen about Upton?

Gwen hadn't called him again. That was ended. He didn't feel anything about it now, hurt or anger or any other emotion. And he was wiser by a long way, for the experience. He wouldn't fall like that again.

So he believed, until one Sunday night in August. A hot night, with not a breath of air stirring. He and Mary Groben had gone to an open-air concert, and Andy had suggested they sit awhile in the little park.

They had it to themselves, except for an old man slouched on a nearby bench and seeming part of the dim shadows thrown by the trees.

They did not try to talk. It was too hot for even that much effort. They had sat silent through the program of music. Once during it Gwen had come into Andy's mind—"Catch Gwen in a crowd like this!" But only once.

Now, relaxed on the bench, his coat off and thrown across the back of the bench, Andy thought of the complete pleasantness of the evening. Of all the evenings he'd spent with Mary Groben. Why, she'd been the cure—knowing a girl like her, seeing Gwen in contrast. He'd tell her how much he appreciated it, what a swell companion she'd been. He straightened, smiling, to speak.

But at that moment the old man got up and moved off with a dragging step and Mary Groben cried softly, in a sudden passion of pity, "Poor thing!"

"You see a lot of 'em here," observed Andy, but without the girl's compassion. "Pretty tough to be licked like that when you're old."

"At—any age!" cried Mary Groben, a queer tightness in her voice. And Andy remembered what she'd said, the first night in the garden of the Swiss restaurant. "I'm not anything!" It had left him only curious then, but now he felt something quite different, a real and intimate concern.

"What's beating you, Molly?" He put his hand over one of hers.

✦ Continued on page 44

"For the years that are 'round the corner"

"When Dad comes home are we going to move into that place in the country and raise chickens the way he said, Mum?"

"He may not feel the same when he gets back. But whatever happens, Ralph, he has things fixed so that you'll have a good start in life, at any rate."

"How, Mum?"

"Well, your father was always one to plan. He was earning pretty small money when we were married, but he always insisted on putting some of it away . . . 'for the years that are 'round the corner', he used to say."

"Round the corner? What does that mean?"

"He just meant that you can't look straight through to the future the way you look down a street. We didn't know, for instance, that we would have a little boy like you. But by being careful your Dad has provided for both of us, whatever happens to him. He's a great believer in life insurance. You will be, too, when you're old enough to understand it. It's the people's own way of protecting themselves."



Life Insurance Guardian of Canadian Homes

A Message from the Life Insurance Companies in Canada



Early to Bed

523. Those wonderful homing evenings when you turn in right after dinner, with a stack of magazines or a new novel, can be greatly enhanced by the right bed jacket. We chose this pattern especially, and had it crocheted and photographed, because it was one of the first ones we had seen that comes snugly up to the throat with a pretty tailored-looking tie, and has nice warm long sleeves. Isn't it gay and smart? It's easy to make from an exclusive Chatelaine pattern, No. 23. Price ten cents. Send your order to the Fashion Department, Chatelaine Magazine, 481 University Avenue, Toronto, Ont.



To be LOVELIER
...keep your hair LUSTROUS!

WATCH your hair! Keep it radiant with clean, bright lustre! For nothing detracts more from beauty than dull, drab hair.

To keep your hair lustrous—without trouble, and without wasting a moment of today's treasured time—just use Danderine. It's easy, for you merely sprinkle this active formula on comb or brush before arranging your hair. Do this

daily and see what happens! How Danderine removes ugly loose dandruff. How it takes away dull film and adds glorious lustre. See how much easier your hair is to arrange, too, when Danderine is used every day—how much longer waves last!

Danderine is a short-cut to lovelier hair and a lovelier you. Get a bottle today. See how far it goes, and how much it helps!

Danderine

Danderine is for men, too. Thousands use it every day. At all drug and department stores.

THE MODERN, TIME-SAVING WAY TO LOVELIER HAIR

a Hosiery Secret
WORTH KNOWING!

- "High-twist" knitting helps protect HOLEPROOF Lux-sheer Rayons from snags. Makes them luxuriously dull and sheer.

Holeproof also makes Men's Distinctive Socks

HOLEPROOF
A Leading Store
HOLEPROOF HOSIERY CO. OF CANADA

Fine Stockings Everywhere
LIMITED • LONDON, ONTARIO

His Name Was Andy

Continued from page 24

him, "This little spot isn't measly! It's quite sweet. I like to come here with Andy."

"Andy, the dog?"

"Yes, Andy the dog."

But she had not rebuffed him. He said, "I know a place where we could take him for dinner. There's a handkerchief-size garden back of it with tables. If we're early enough we'll get one."

He'd gone there with Gwen. Just once. He'd liked it, but Gwen hadn't.

"The man who runs it is a Swiss. Quite a character. Comes and fusses over whether you like your dinner, all in French. Let's go."

Not a chance, he thought, when the girl did not answer at once. There was a funny expression on her face, half wistful, half strongly reluctant.

Then she said, as if she were yielding to herself rather than to him, "I don't know why not!"

"There's a taxi—come on, pooch!" He caught up Andy's leash.

And in the taxi, "Don't you think I might be trusted now to know who you are?"

The color swept up into her face. She said quickly, "It wasn't that I didn't trust you. It was—" She paused, let out a little breath, "I'm Mary Groben." She looked at him, waiting for what he would say, her eyes defiant.

Andy didn't see it. He was daring himself to go farther. "Anyone ever call you Molly?"

"Why—yes!" She laughed, and some tension in her seemed to ease.

"Then—as they say in Upton, pleased to meet you, Molly."

The little breathless catch was in her voice again. "Well—pleased to meet you, Andy!"

They got a table in the garden. The garden smelled of young green leaves and earth, and Mary Groben said, "It's nice, here, isn't it? A little bit of what June is."

"Make you homesick for the old homestead?" laughed Andy, but with curiosity behind it. He'd given her practically his life history; in all fairness she should come across with something. But she only shook her head.

They lingered at their table long after twilight filled the well of garden. They were gay but with a quieter gaiety than he'd known with Gwen. Now and then there were little stretches of silence between them which never happened with Gwen and which Andy found singularly pleasant.

He used them to openly study Mary Groben's expressive face.

He said, "You know, first time I saw you, I put you down as a teacher. I'm not so sure now. Though I can't see you a model or in any shop—"

"I'm not—anything!" Mary Groben answered with a flash of bitterness.

She did not say any more. She spoke at once of something quite different.

He asked, when they stood on the curb waiting for a taxi to cruise up, "What do you do on Sundays?"

"Oh—wash out some things, mend—go to church sometimes. I thought I'd go tomorrow morning."

"May I go along with you?"

He was immensely grateful that a taxi veered to the curb at that moment. He had gone a bit too far—a good bit. To presume she was going alone. Red covered even his ears.

"If you want to go," said Mary Groben when he sat down beside her in the taxi, "I'll meet you in the park at ten-thirty."

IF SINUS PAIN OR Acute CATARRH

Makes You Miserable



Specialized Medication
Works Where
Trouble Is...

If sinus trouble, or stuffiness of acute catarrh, clogs up your nose, hinders breathing, keeps you from getting to sleep at night, do this... Put a few drops of Vicks Va-tro-nol up each nostril. This special Vicks medicine for the nose shrinks swollen membranes—soothes irritation—relieves congestion—and brings greater breathing comfort. TRY IT!... Tonight! Follow directions in the package.

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VA-TRO-NOL**

New Cream Deodorant *Safely helps* Stop Perspiration



1. Does not harm dresses, or men's shirts. Does not irritate skin.
2. No waiting to dry. Can be used right after shaving.
3. Prevents under-arm odor. Helps stop perspiration safely.
4. A pure white, antiseptic, stainless vanishing cream.
5. Arrid has been awarded the Seal of Approval of the American Institute of Laundering, for being harmless to fabrics. Use Arrid regularly.



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4886



Simplicity 4635

4886. HAPPY HOUSECOAT — Your downtown togs for this time before the baby comes will be quiet and inconspicuous . . . but you can have gay and colorful things for around the house. Make this pretty housecoat-dressing gown in a gay and lively pattern, and you'll feel better even on dull days. It's daintily ruffle-edged.

Make Yourself These Pretty Slacks, Apron and Housecoat . . . all especially designed for the needs of the mother-to-be

MATERNITY CLOTHES LEAFLET

Would you like to look over, in the privacy of your own home, a selection of styles to wear before the baby comes . . . along with some of the coming heir's most important wearables?

Chatelaine's Fashion Editor, Carolyn Damon, has just selected a group of pretty, comfortable, maternity styles chosen from Simplicity Patterns. They include everything from slips to street clothes.

You may obtain the Simplicity Maternity Leaflet, as compiled by Chatelaine, by sending a stamped addressed envelope to Carolyn Damon, Fashion Editor, Chatelaine, 481 University Avenue, Toronto. Simply cut out this paragraph and enclose it with your envelope and the leaflet will be sent to you immediately.



Simplicity
4421

4421. MATERNITY SLACKS — A practical slack suit that can be used right until you go to hospital is something we've been looking for for a long time. Here it is, with pleasant big pockets and nice easy lines. You'll live in them around the house.

4635. ADJUSTABLE APRON — Dainty, yet adjustable and therefore properly fitted at all times, is this easy-to-make pattern. You'll love the pockets and dainty bodice ruffles. Nice to make for that baby-shower for your friend.

Pattern Descriptions on page 21.

Pre-Baby Fashions and Fixings

"To Wrap the Baby Bunting In"

Baby's clothes today are as simple, pretty and scientifically designed as his mother's.

You'll love making pretty things like these while you wait, especially if you get together with other mothers-to-be for afternoons of sewing.

The whole of this attractive layette is contained in a single envelope, Simplicity Pattern No. 4704. It includes two coats, two dresses, two slips, a bonnet and a pair of booties.

Pattern Descriptions on page 21.

Simplicity Patterns may be obtained from your local dealer, or by writing to 481 University Avenue, Toronto, Canada.



Even new-minted rosebuds need diapers, bonnets and booties. Here is a Chatelaine Simplicity selection of need-ables for the fresh arrival



4704



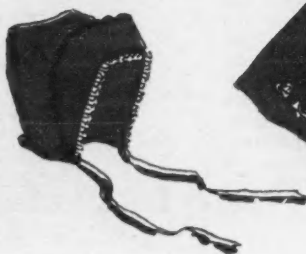
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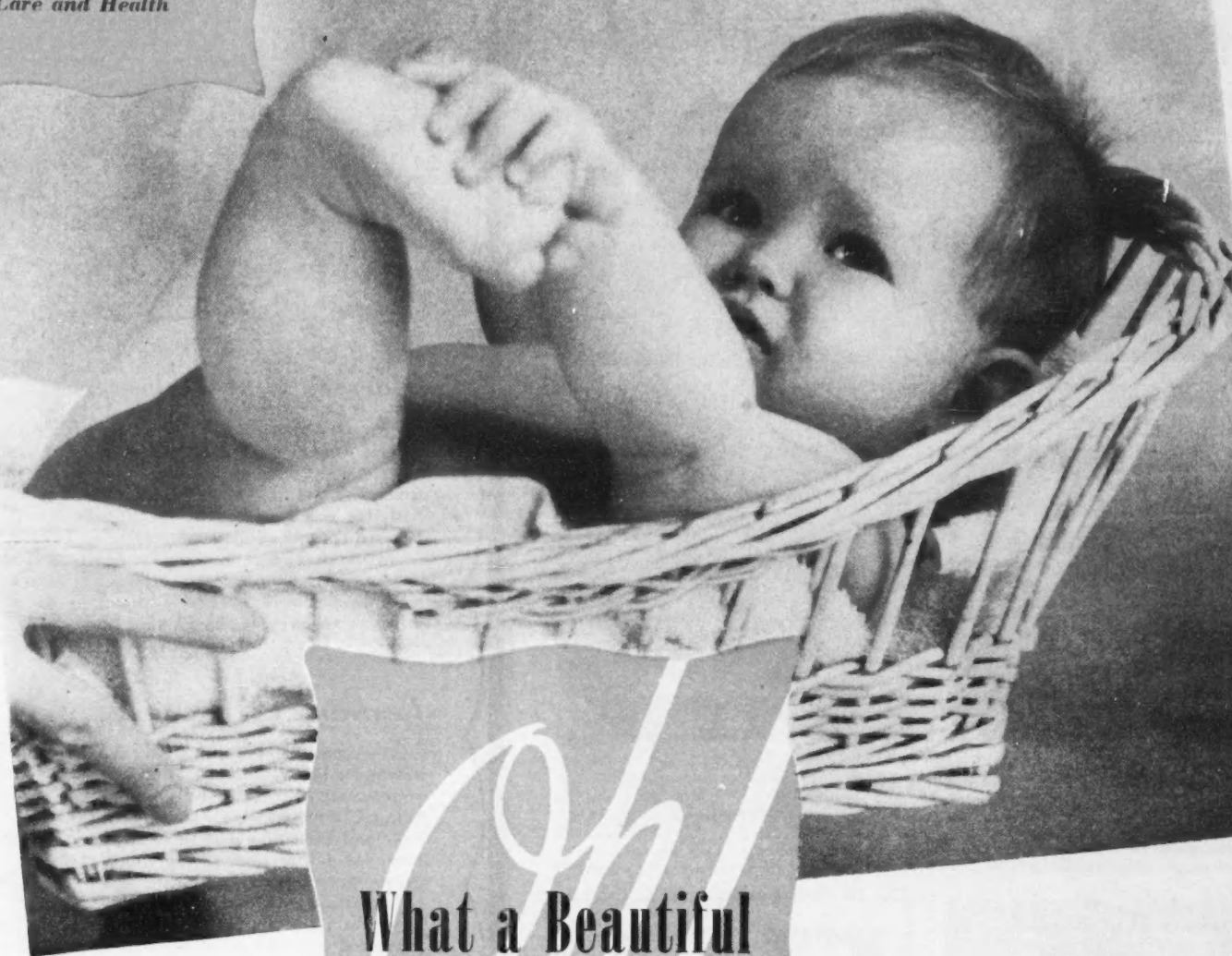


4704



BEAUTY CULTURE

*A Department of
Personal Care and Health*



What a Beautiful BABY!

by Adele White, Beauty Editor

YOU HAVE a lovely little girl." A smiling nurse holding a bundle which emits strange squalling noises will probably be your first introduction to a brand-new daughter.

Perhaps you've been secretly hoping for a son and heir. You may have seen older women shake their heads and say that girls are much harder to raise than boys. That idea gets round just because girls require more planning and more watchful guidance over the period of years when your beautiful baby grows into a beautiful lady.

Getting off to a good start in health and beauty will be pretty important to this daughter of yours, so she'll be able to sail through the growing-up stages with flying colors. In the following sketches we hit some of the high spots of her career, between the ages of six weeks and 16 years.

That First Year

Of course she's the greatest miracle ever happened—and we'll bet you won't believe she really belongs to you until your sojourn in the hospital is over and you have the little widgin safely tucked in her own crib or bassinet. Here's where the fun begins, when the efficient sure-handed nurse does a fade-out and leaves you in full control. We know how you'll feel, happy and proud, but scared—and how!

Your baby doctor will, of course, give you a thorough coaching in care and feeding of infants. We'll just add a few hints on beauty routine for babies, because, as one wise guy put it, "With dames, you can't start too young."



A clean, sweet-smelling baby inspires the tenderest words of endearment—even from your husband's bachelor friends.

The job of keeping her fresh and clean will keep you on the hop. It's a good idea to practice bathing a big doll during the months you're infant-icipating so you'll get used to clinches and holds when your small daughter seems to develop as many legs and arms as a centipede. A sweet-smelling baby inspires tenderest words of endearment even from your husband's bachelor friend who's hard-boiled as a picnic egg—on the other hand, a messy baby is a little horror.

Because a baby's skin is so finely textured and sensitive, dryness will probably be a plague. An oil rub after her morning bath will help prevent this and don't neglect to rub the oil into her scalp to encourage her thatch to blossom. When the first fuzz appears, start training it into curls by dampening and twisting the hair around your finger. Even if she's inherited straight-as-string locks, it's remarkable what persistence will do to coax a few curls.

If it's at all practical, do try to arrange it so she'll have a room of her own, even if it's jeep-sized. Then you can start right off making her surroundings pretty and feminine and just-for-her.

Watch any tendency to thumb-sucking right from the beginning so it won't get a head start and form a bad habit which will be hard to break later on because thumb-sucking is one of the chief causes of buck teeth, and may spoil the shape of her mouth.

Diaper rash can be avoided by hanging diapers in the sun after they're laundered and by boiling them at least three times a week. Prickly heat comes from overheating—in your efforts to prevent sneezes and wheezes you go to the other extreme and bundle her up too much, which may cause a rash to break out on her body. +

Continued on next page

MAKE-UP FOUNDATIONS

*and other beauty accessories
as individual as your face*

Glamorous? Sophisticated? Youthful? Whichever you may be, Helena Rubinstein has created thrilling beauty aids to accentuate your special loveliness. *Make-up Foundations* — **Town & Country** Make-up Film for mat finish glamour 1.25, 2.00. **Snow** Lotion to combat the oiliness and skin blemishes of the teens 1.25. *Face Powders* — Gossamer-light and fragrant, **Apple Blossom** 1.25, **Flower Petal** 1.25, **Water Lily** 2.00.

Town & Country 3.75 — in alluring shades, including Peachbloom, Mauresque, Sporting Pink, Opalescent. *Lipstick* — Smooth texture and lasting freshness — **Apple Red**, **Red Velvet**, **Red Coral**, **Red Raspberry** .95, 1.25. *Rouge* — Warm subtle colours superbly blended to match Helena Rubinstein lipsticks. **Dry Rouge** 1.25. **Refills** .75. **Cream Rouge**

1.25, 2.50. *Waterproof Mascara* — For longer, darker, silkier-looking eyelashes.

In Black, **Brown**, **Blue**. 1.25.

126 Bloor St. W., Toronto



HELENA RUBINSTEIN

Nothing Better to Do?

Have you ever scolded your daughter for being vain because she gazes at herself in the mirror? Have you ever said, "It's a pity you have nothing better to do than admire yourself!" If so, just remember that mirror gazing can be very profitable, if she learns to look at herself appraisingly—if she learns to know her good and her bad points. It's much better for her to discover for herself just what are her assets and her liabilities. It will develop her critical faculties and lay the basis for that nebulous thing called "good taste."



Bend and Stretch

Lots of exercise, outdoor games whenever possible and gym classes several times a week will help ward off that unfortunate stage called the awkward age. With regular P. T. she'll grow straight and slim as a sapling. If she has any special figure problems, now's the time to work on them. If she's a little too pudgy, teach her to count her calories without cutting down on her vitamin intake. A "fatty" comes in for lots of painful teasing and is quite apt to become introvertish over it.

To Curl or Not to Curl



When she's going on 14 and the pigtail age is over, and if she isn't blessed with curly hair, it may be a very good idea to let her have a permanent wave just for the ends of her hair. A long glamour bob with curled-under ends is a most becoming style for teen-agers. We know it's bad psychology to introduce your daughter to beauty salons at too early an age, but sometimes it nips an inferiority complex right in the bud. Her youth and health, combined with daily care of the hair, should be enough to guarantee clean, shining, alive-looking locks.

Teen-Age Make-Up

First make-up, in a very mild form, will come with her first party dress. For evening wear a whisk of face powder, a light shade of lipstick and nail polish to match, will make her feel pretty sophisticated without casting reflections on her good upbringing. Polish will make her conscious of her nails—there'll be a surprising metamorphosis from grubby schoolgirl mitts to pretty feminine hands; from sloppy-joe clothes to a carefully planned wardrobe. At this stage you'll need lots of tact, understanding and tolerance because little Missy is now beginning to take her life into her own hands and Make Decisions.



Your own Home Test can bring you New Skin Beauty in 14 days!

36 DOCTORS AND OVER 1000 CANADIAN WOMEN
PROVE SECRET IS PALMOLIVE BEAUTY MASSAGE



How often a woman wishes . . . that her face looked as young as her shoulders. Compare *your* shoulders with your face. Isn't it true they look years younger? You see, shoulders stay smooth, soft, elastic—while faces have pores clogged with make-up, unable to breathe for hours at a time. And when pores can't breathe, skin becomes lifeless, wrinkled and prematurely aged. But this needn't happen to *your* complexion. For Palmolive offers a simple, easy way to keep it young and lovely—the *proved* Palmolive Beauty Massage!



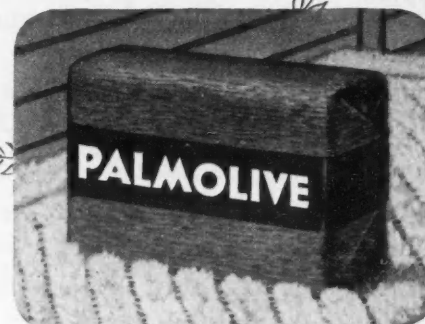
At home, prove how you can look younger in 14 days!

Each time you wash, with a face cloth, massage warm, rich vitalizing Palmolive lather thoroughly into your skin *for one full minute*. Now a quick rinse and pat dry. Remember, it takes only a minute, but it is that extra 60-second massage with Palmolive's gentle lather, that activates your skin's circulation, clears the pores and lets them breathe. Oily or dry skin becomes elastic . . . young again.



Palmolive offers you believable proof! Palmolive's 60-second beauty massage has been scientifically tested on 1285 women by 36 doctors. And 1016 Canadian women have tested it in their own homes. Their reports prove conclusively that Palmolive's 60-second Beauty Massage brings lovelier complexions—in just 14 days! Try it yourself for two weeks starting today. Let it make your skin as soft, smooth and as young-looking as your shoulders.

NEW
IMPROVED



KEEP THAT LOVELY
SCHOOLGIRL
COMPLEXION

"You're stealing my husband!"



1. It was a terrible thing to say—to my best friend. But I couldn't understand why Paul had become so indifferent—so cold to me. And when I saw him being nice to Eileen, I guess I lost my head...



2. Instead of getting mad, Eileen simply said, "You're upset and imagining things. Let's talk this over sensibly." Then I sobbed out our whole sad story—suspicions, fears, fights. "Darling," she said "it may be your fault. There's one neglect most husbands can't forgive—carelessness about feminine hygiene."



3. "The doctor I work for," Eileen went on "advises Lysol disinfectant for feminine hygiene." Then she told me how Lysol solution cleanses thoroughly and deodorizes, and won't harm sensitive tissues. "Just follow the directions," she said. "It's so easy, many modern women use Lysol for this purpose."



4. Paul and I are so happy now. Eileen was right about Lysol. I've learned that it's easy and economical to use—and it works. But I still blush when I think how unjustly I accused Eileen—and how grand she was to me!



GUARD YOUR FAMILY AGAINST INFECTION
Lysol is Ideal Antiseptic for Cuts, Burns, All Minor Injuries

Deadly infection often starts from the smallest cut or bruise. Be careful—use Lysol early, in proper dilution as directed. Lysol recommended and used by doctors and hospitals everywhere is concentrated; used diluted it's amazingly economical. Keep Lysol in your home—always!

Lysol
Disinfectant
FOR FEMINE HYGIENE



Check this with your Doctor

Lysol is **Non-caustic**—gentle and efficient in proper dilution. Contains no free alkali. It is not carbolic acid. **Effective**—a powerful germicide, active in presence of organic matter (such as mucus, serum, etc.). **Spreading**—Lysol solutions spread and thus virtually search out germs. **Economical**—small bottle makes almost 4 gallons of solution for feminine hygiene. **Cleanly odour**—disappears after use. **Lasting**—Lysol keeps full strength, no matter how often it is uncorked.

For **FREE** booklet about Feminine Hygiene and other "Lysol" uses, send postcard to Lysol Ltd., Dept. 1115, 9 Davies Ave., Toronto 8, Ont.

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Are girls harder to raise than boys? Perhaps. But in lots of ways they're more fun. Here are high spots in your daughter's career between the ages of six weeks and sixteen years



Nursery School Days

First contact with other children, when she's out from under your protective wing even for a few hours each day, should be watched with lively interest. Does she fit into her group or does she hang back like the little tot in the picture, unhappy and forlorn? It's something to be discussed with her teacher who'll probably talk in terms of emotional stability, integration and adjustment. Here's a simple but practical thought—when you're choosing her wardrobe just think back to your own childhood—how you suffered if you arrived at school dressed differently from the other children. There's something about uniformity which gives protective coloring to timid little souls.

Learning by Example

As soon as she's old enough to take notice, let her watch you go through your beauty routine—brush your hair, cream your face, manicure your nails and even take a bath to show how you lather and scrub. She'll learn more about personal care by imitating you than from any lectures on the subject. Give her a pint-sized manicure set all her own—little girls love pretty boxes with "things" in them.



At this particular age her most becoming beauty aid will be a well-scrubbed look plus alert, shining eyes and rosy cheeks, which comes from proper diet and plenty of rest.



One-Two-Three Point

Early lessons in dancing will help develop grace and a feeling of self-confidence which come in mighty handy as the years go by. And speaking of self-confidence, that old admonition, "Children should be seen and not heard," should really be relegated to the stern Victorian era. These days it's best not to teach your daughter to be tongue-tied—much better for her to develop a talent for conversation. But don't go to the opposite extreme and make a show-off of her. She may be head of her class in dancing, or a wow at tinkling little tunes on the piano—you may be bursting with pride, but do keep her talents a family affair and don't hold your friends spellbound listening to her perform—we're not thinking of the friends, we're thinking of the effect on her youthful ego.

A Day to Remember :: Continued from page 14

had eaten it. Then Johnny had offered to help with the dishes.

"I'll do them alone," she said gaily. "You go in and sit down with the baby. I have a system, you know."

So Johnny had gone in and picked up Mary Lou, and the child had taken that moment to be shy. She had cried and Isobel had rushed in to take her off to bed, and when she came downstairs again Johnny was going out.

"I'll take a stroll over to the Officers' Club," he said casually, standing in the hall and filling his pipe. Isobel was disappointed, because she knew that he would probably get involved in a game of cards, and they would miss most of the evening together. But on the other hand, she was so tired. She had worked so hard getting things in order for his few days at home. She went to bed and started to read, but when Johnny came home she was asleep.

"You looked so tired," he told her the next morning, "I hadn't the heart to wake you."

With Betty skipping beside her Isobel walked home. It was lunchtime already, but with careful planning she could manage everything and be through by evening. If only Jamie could be feeling himself when she got home! She opened the front door and threw hat, gloves and purse on the hall seat. Sally was sitting by the radio in the living room, Jamie was wrapped in his blanket on the chesterfield, and the baby was playing happily in her carriage.

Sally said peevishly, indicating Jamie's flushed face, "That one's been crying all the time you were gone."

Isobel looked at his swollen eyes and his tear-stained cheeks and put her hand on his forehead. It was hot to touch. She felt panicky. He was no better obviously. It couldn't have been the strawberries then. It might be... it might be... but no! One didn't jump to conclusions. One called the doctor. She knew the number by heart, and, going into the hall, she dialed feverishly. The line was busy. That gave her time to go to the kitchen and open a can of baby food for Mary Lou, and to put an egg on to boil. She transferred the baby to her high chair. Sally was waiting for her money, but Isobel ignored her. The first thing to do was call the doctor. She went back to the telephone. This time the mechanical voice of the doctor's assistant answered.

"He hasn't come in for lunch yet." "This is Mrs. Warren," said Isobel. "When the doctor arrives, will you ask him to come right over?"

The girl sounded doubtful. "He has to have his lunch," she said, "and his office hours are from two to four. He might go over late in the afternoon—"

Isobel said desperately, "My little boy has had a pain all night. And this morning he's been getting worse. Feverish, too."

"I see," said the doctor's assistant. "Well, just keep him quiet, Mrs. Warren, and I'll tell the doctor." Isobel was not reassured. She could picture the waiting room crowded with patients, mothers with babies fretting in their arms. She knew the pressure under which the pediatrician worked. She could not chance it. Something must be done.

She cracked open the egg, opened the can of vegetables and tied a bib around the baby's neck.

Jamie was calling from the living room.

Isobel ran in and picked him up.

"Betty," she called, "you feed Mary Lou. You pretend you're the mother and you feed the baby."

"Goody," said Betty with alacrity, sitting down in front of the high chair. Mary Lou would allow anyone to feed her, and Betty importantly started spooning the food into the eager mouth.

Isobel counted the hours since Jamie had spoken first of the pain, and as she carried him downstairs she came to a swift decision. She wrapped him again in his blanket and picked up her purse. She would take him to the doctor's office now, immediately, before the busy doctor could go in to his lunch, before the other patients could claim his attention. He couldn't refuse when he saw Jamie's flushed face. She wouldn't even wait for a taxi. She'd use Mary Lou's stroller. Walking fast, she could be there in fifteen minutes.

Sally came after her.

"But, Mrs. Warren, I don't know as I can stay any longer. My mother said you wouldn't want me but two hours, and it's going on three now."

"You'll have to stay," said Isobel, firmly. "I—I'll pay you an extra dollar, and I won't be gone long. I have to take Jamie to the doctor. There's a meat pie in the refrigerator—perhaps you could warm it up for yourself and Betty. And there's a custard."

She walked off without paying Sally for the morning. If I don't pay her she'll surely stay until I get back, she thought, and on that bulwark she was to lean whenever her thoughts turned homeward all that long afternoon.

The five blocks to the doctor's office had never been so long. She walked fast, pushing the stroller, oblivious to the noonday sun and the questioning glances of passers-by. Ordinarily she might have felt conspicuous pushing the five-year-old boy in the baby's go-cart, but this was another wartime emergency, when appearances mattered not at all.

It was the doctor's wife who opened the door, and Isobel was grateful for her mature sympathy.

"Why, the poor little fellow," she said, helping Isobel up the steps, and looking at Jamie's burning cheeks.

"I'm so afraid," Isobel began. "You see it's this pain in his stomach, since yesterday. And he seems worse now. Do you think it might be—"

"Oh, no," said the doctor's wife, professionally calm, as only a woman with nursing experience could be. "Now you just sit here, and I'll see if I can locate the doctor for you. He may be on his way home now. You won't have long to wait."

She went out, closing the door behind her. Isobel felt reassured as she listened to the faint sound of the telephone. Jamie was quiet in her arms, and she was sure that she had done the right thing in bringing him to the doctor's office.

Mrs. Craigie came back and sat down for a moment.

"How are your other children?" she enquired, "and your husband, the lieutenant?"

"He's away," said Isobel with a trace of anxiety in her voice. "The other children are well, thank you. Betty's school concert was this morning—"

IT WAS a matter of minutes before the doctor bustled in.

It was past his lunch hour, but the shade of annoyance that crossed his face when he saw her was quickly

Why Cheryl Walker wears Woodbury Flesh Shade ...



CHERYL WALKER, IN SOL LESSER'S MOTION PICTURE, "STAGE DOOR CANTEN"

✓ "I look blonder," she says ...

It works a beauty miracle for fair skin ... Gives an exquisite cameo tone ... But of course! Hollywood directors helped Woodbury create THE perfect shade for each skin-type.

✓ "it lends baby-skin clearness"

Yes! Your Woodbury shade stays color-clear and fresh every moment on your skin! For Color Control, exclusive Woodbury blending process, means no streaking, no smearing ... ever!

✓ "my skin seems extra smooth"

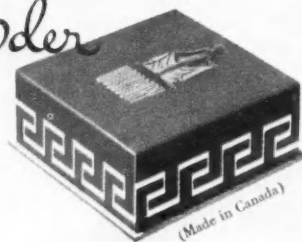
Because Color Control makes Woodbury Powder texture dreamy-fine ... it stays lovely, lovely, lovely for hours!

Girls! See the "love me" look your very own Woodbury shade gives you. Today, choose from the luscious Woodbury shades: *Flesh, Rachel, Brunette, Windsor Rose.*

Woodbury COLOR CONTROL Powder

YOUR MATCHED MAKE-UP! ... A Hollywood type chart in every box of Woodbury Powder tells your right shades of Woodbury lipstick and rouge. Get your Woodbury glamour make-up today.

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CONSTANCE LUFT HUHN
A Portrait by Maria de Kammerer

A Tangee Satin-Finish Lipstick will help you

Be Alert...and Alluring!

By CONSTANCE LUFT HUHN
HEAD OF THE HOUSE OF TANGEE

You needn't take off your attractiveness when you put on a uniform! That's a suggestion I pass along to you from the many women with whom a Tangee Satin-Finish Lipstick is always "regulation."

Here, at last, is a lipstick that combines rich, natural coloring with a softness and smoothness of texture never before achieved. Whether you choose Tangee Red-Red, Tangee Theatrical Red, Tangee Medium-Red, or Tangee Natural... you can trust it to keep that satin-y

sheen despite hours on duty in all kinds of weather!

And whether you're "on the alert" ...or frankly alluring...don't forget to match your complexion with your own right shade of the new Tangee PETAL-FINISH Face Powder and the companion rouge to your Tangee SATIN-FINISH Lipstick!

TANGEE Lipsticks
with the new Satin-Finish

TANGEE Face Powder
with the new Petal-Finish

NEEDLE HITLER WITH YOUR PIN MONEY—BUY WAR SAVINGS CERTIFICATES

Beauty Brevities

YOU MAY be punctual as a time clock in keeping dates, but if you have stringy oily locks or hay-dry hair, you're a "straggler" of a different sort. These days smart gals learn as much as possible about home care of their hair—to save time and pennies. There are excellent preparations on the market which will cleanse dust and dandruff from your hair in between shampoos. Because, if you shampoo more than once every 10 days, you'll wash out the natural oils from your scalp.

If your hair is overdry you should brush your hair from the scalp downward to the hair ends, thus pulling the natural hair oil down the length of the hair where it is most needed. If, on the other hand, your hair is too oily, just reverse the proceeding and brush the hair upward away from your scalp.

If you set your hair at home, be sure to make the process easier for yourself by working in a good light, with the aid of a front and back mirror, so you won't lose track of difficult pin curls. After your wave is set, try rubbing a little brilliantine in the palms of your hands and smoothing it over your hair while it is still damp. It will give a much-to-be-envied luxuriosheen and make your locks ever so much more manageable.

For further details of home care of your hair, write for our bulletin No. 16 which contains all kinds of useful information and hints.

We're been collecting SOS calls on ways and means of removing superfluous hairs from upper lip and chin. This kind of hair growth is positively lethal to feminine charm—so, notebook in hand, we've done the rounds of experts to find the answer. If there is only an occasional hair it can be tweezed out; otherwise this is painful and tedious. For temporary removal we recommend depilatory wax. For permanent removal the electric needle is the best method—but here is a serious word of warning—go to an expert. Electrolysis (electric needle) removes the hairs one at a time. It is a delicate and precise operation and should only be undertaken by a specially trained operator. Also, it does not ensure that new hairs will not grow in for the same reason that the first ones appeared. These must be removed when they become visible. Sometimes it happens that a few hairs are not completely destroyed in the first treatment so they have to be done over again. This is much less likely to happen at the hands of an expert.

To be really immaculate, you'll keep your powder puff just as clean and fresh as your hankie and your lingerie. It's astonishing how many women become positively devoted to the same old powder puff even after it becomes unattractively grimy and grey. These same gals would be horrified at the thought of carrying round a mussy handkerchief or soiled gloves—yet how much more important that your puff be clean when it comes in such close contact to your face. These days, there's a shortage of powder puffs so here are some tips for conserving yours. Wipe your face with a tissue to remove dust, etc., before you powder your face with your puff. Wash your puff frequently in lukewarm water with mild soap. Slish it around in the lather and then squeeze it out until it looks as fresh as new. ♦

**WHY PICK
ON WOMEN?**

MEN HAVE BAD BREATH TOO!



76% of all adults have bad breath! Play safe—use

COLGATE'S TOOTH POWDER

Scientific tests prove conclusively that in seven out of ten cases COLGATE'S TOOTH POWDER instantly stops oral bad breath.

SAVES YOU MONEY! Compared to other leading brands, a large tin of Colgate's gives you up to 30 more brushings, a giant tin up to 46 more brushings—for not a penny more!

TIP TO SMOKERS! Colgate's Tooth Powder is one of the quickest, easiest ways to guard against tobacco stain and tobacco breath! Get Colgate's today.

**COLGATE'S
TOOTH POWDER**
25c 40c

CLEANS YOUR BREATH AS
IT CLEANS YOUR TEETH



Colgate's Nylon Toothbrush

Cleans those "Hard-to-get-at" places. Nylon bristles can't get soggy. SPECIAL VALUE **29¢**

**BRUSH AWAY
GRAY
HAIR
...AND LOOK 10
YEARS YOUNGER**

Now, at home, you can quickly and easily tint telltale streaks of gray to natural appearing shades—from lightest blonde to darkest black. Brownatone and a small brush does it—or your money back. Used for 30 years by thousands of women (men, too)—Brownatone is guaranteed harmless. No skin test needed, active coloring agent is purely vegetable. Cannot affect waving of hair. Lasting—does not wash out. Just brush or comb it in. One application imparts desired color. Simply retouch as new gray appears. Easy to prove by tinting a test lock of your hair. 50¢ at drug or toilet counters on a money-back guarantee. Retain your youthful charm. Get BROWNATONE today.



**VASSAR
WAVERS**

Smart women who always have that well groomed look, use these popular curlers. Soft, no irritating metal to hurt hair or head. Easy to use and to sleep on. Vassar Waves make smart curls or sophisticated waves. At notion counters or order direct from: W. J. Caley & Co., Dept. ma3, 21 King St. E., Toronto, Ont.

How soon will peace come?

- Canadian women can help hasten the day . . . hasten it by taking their places on the home front where they are urgently needed as never before.
- With so many of our men off fighting, there's a great shortage of help here in Canada . . . a shortage for those extra wartime jobs which spell Victory . . . Peace.
- Canadian women can well be proud . . . in welfare centres . . . at blood donor clinics . . . in day nurseries . . . at war plants . . . in necessary civilian work, they have applied their talents well, but still the call goes out for more. Somewhere in the lineup there's a vital job you can do. Is lack of time holding you back? You can learn to save it . . . others have.
- To help you even in a small way, Richard Hudnut has prepared a series of beauty time-savers from the DuBarry Success School so that you can work for Victory and still stay as lovely as you are.

CANADA NEEDS MORE WOMEN FOR VICTORY. APPLY TO YOUR NEAREST EMPLOYMENT AND SELECTIVE SERVICE OFFICE.



QUICK CLEAR-UP FOR SKINS THAT LOOK GREY!



For the face. The secret is to use a dry cleansing meal at bedtimes. Make a paste with water. Apply to face and throat like a mask. Allow to dry. Rub off with a dry wash-cloth, removing flaking cuticle and grime. Follow with lubricating cream.



For arms and hands. Using the same special cleansing preparation, sprinkle a spoonful on a lathery wash-cloth and scrub elbows, arms and hands thoroughly. (Use a nail brush if you wish.) Rinse and dry. Rub in a softening lotion.



For legs and feet. Calloused heels, grimy knees and legs with bumpy skin come out like new this way. Make a paste with water of the dry cleansing meal and spread it on. Remove with a dry wash-cloth. Rinse. Dry. Apply softening lotion.

NUMBER FOUR OF A SERIES OF
BEAUTY SHORT-CUTS PUBLISHED
FOR

DuBarry

BEAUTY PREPARATIONS
BY RICHARD HUDNUT

Featured in the Richard Hudnut
Salon and DuBarry Success School,
693 Fifth Avenue, New York . . . and
at cosmetic counters everywhere.

"This couldn't mean ME!"



Kay: Jeepers, Peg—who does that sign mean? It can't be me! Or is it? Bob has been making himself sort of scarce lately.

Peg: Look, Kay! I don't want your ro-

mance to come to grief—so I'll leap to the rescue. You bathe every morning, yes! But did you know that bath-freshness can vanish on the way to work? Well—it can!



Kay: You mean I am the office pest, Peg?

Peg: Kay, any girl can slip up on charm—and not know it. But here's an easy answer—every day, after every bath, use Mum.



I'll see Bob at the company dance tonight. Now, with my bath to take care of past perspiration and Mum for the future, I'll be nice to dance with all evening long!



MUM

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION
Product of Bristol-Myers

Why let underarm odor hamper success? Guard charm—use Mum every day, after every bath!

It's quick—Takes only 30 seconds to use Mum!

It's safe—Mum won't irritate your skin, won't injure fabrics.

It's sure—Mum prevents underarm odor without stopping perspiration—protects your charm.

For Sanitary Napkins—Gentle, safe Mum is a dependable deodorant—ideal for this important purpose, too.

replaced by interest when he saw Jamie. Isobel explained the details while she watched the physician's sensitive fingers explore the abdomen and side where the pain seemed concentrated.

"Do you think," she began hesitantly, "perhaps I should have waited until office hours, but I thought—"

"I think you did exactly right to bring him right along," said the doctor decisively. "Any further delay might have been dangerous."

"Then, it's... appendicitis," Isobel said. She felt curiously relieved, as though the realization was less than the dread and anxiety.

Doctor Craigie went to the telephone and Isobel realized that he was calling the hospital, making arrangements to take Jamie in.

The little boy was whimpering, "Mother, stay with me."

"It's all right now, son," she whispered into his tousled hair. "We're going over to the hospital, and see all the nice nurses."

"I don't want to go to the hospital," Jamie whispered piteously. "I just want to go home with you."

"Pretty soon, darling," she told him. "Pretty soon. But we want to see about the nasty pain first. I'll stay with you as long as you need me." Anything to keep him from getting panicky. If she could only keep her voice calm. Keep on saying the superficial things that covered the upheaval in her breast as she listened to the doctor speaking first to a nurse and then to an operating room attendant.

At last he turned to them, his whole person radiating confidence. "Now we'll take our young man for a car ride, and see what we can do for him."

Isobel was remembering with shame that sometimes she had disliked this busy abrupt doctor's way of dealing with his patients, his lack of bedside manner in his busy wartime schedule. Now she was grateful for his matter-of-fact way of dealing with both herself and Jamie. They went out and got into the car.

"Your lunch, doctor," she said. "I'm afraid you're going to miss it." Why had she said that? she wondered. Certainly she didn't want to wait any longer with Jamie in her arms. Perhaps it was a momentary feeling of emptiness in her own stomach. She thought of Betty and the baby. Would Sally think to put them to bed for a nap? Or would the baby fall asleep sitting up in her carriage?

Isobel wondered to whom she might phone. Perhaps one of the Navy wives. Perhaps Evanel Douglas whose husband was with Johnny at sea. She might ask Evanel to drop in.

She hadn't called Evanel since the night she and Bert had dropped in. That was the second evening Johnny was home. Evanel and Bert arrived before the children were settled for the night, and so for Isobel the evening had got off to a bad start. Evanel had been shining and beautiful as usual—rather more than usual. She too spent long weeks at home waiting for her Navy husband, and when Bert was in she seemed always to have a special and lovely glow. Isobel was conscious of her mussed housedress, and her hair combed and tied with a ribbon but needing to be brushed. Even after she had dressed in the little turquoise jersey Johnny liked so much she felt that she was plain Jane, a functional, drab sort of person, beside Evanel's flashing beauty.

After they went, Johnny said admiringly, "Pretty girl that. Bert picked himself a looker."

And Isobel had been half surprised to

hear herself replying, "Of course—and she hasn't a thing to do but fix her face. That hair of hers must take hours every day."

She was conscious and resentful of Johnny's puzzled look, and was a little ashamed but unrelenting. "I have four faces to wash, and four hair-brushings—to say nothing of tying shoelaces, sewing on buttons..."

Somehow from that moment Evanel Douglas had become a symbol of her own struggle which she felt she was losing fast. Her struggle to be an efficient loving mother and an attractive, amusing wife. Johnny was tired of her—that was it!

Somehow she had never called Evanel again.

THINGS HAPPENED fast at the hospital, so fast Isobel didn't have time to look up a telephone. The nurse prepared Jamie for the operating room. The interne gave him a hypodermic needle, and Jamie clung desperately, his eyes on her face for some intangible assurance.

Then there was the card the nurse was filling out. "Name: John James Warren. Age: Nearly five. Father: John Christopher Warren, Naval Lieutenant, somewhere on the north Atlantic." The nurse wrote the brief answers while Isobel's thoughts zigzagged over the events in her own life, Johnny's life, and Jamie's brief span. "No, we never called him Johnny, because that was his father's nickname." Not very dignified for a grown man, but nothing you called Johnny would make him one whit less than all male, all strength, and, she had always believed, all dependability—"Religion? Well, Betty and Jamie go to St. Andrews Sunday School because it is near and they have to go alone—" "Health? Robust generally," and so surely, surely, late as it is, Jamie will rally his young strength after the operation is over. He's never been sick, and I've always seen that he had everything, everything. She seldom thought of Jamie in a way that set him apart from her other children, but now suddenly she was conscious of the mother's special instinct toward her male child.

"Now we're ready for the operating room. Want to go up in the elevator, Jamie?" the nurse asked cheerfully.

Isobel's eyes met those of the nurse questioning. *Don't make me leave him if he wants me. Don't make him go down into unconsciousness alone. Don't add loneliness to his little-boy fears.*

"I think it will be all right," the nurse murmured, and went out to consult with some higher authority.

She came back in a moment. "Doctor Craigie says you may stay until he's under the anaesthetic," she said reassuringly. "We don't want him to get excited."

The operating room seemed unnaturally white and glaring, and Isobel felt a wave of nausea as the heavy odor of iodoform assailed her. Then her attention came back to Jamie. The effect of the hypo was strong, but still his eyes clung to her face. Isobel was glad that all her life she had made a conscious effort to control her features. Almost automatically now the serenity of expression remained, making her face a sort of strength to her small son. As long as his mother showed confidence Jamie knew nothing untoward could possibly happen to him.

"Now breathe deeply," said the anaesthetist, and Isobel echoed his words.

"Breathe deeply, darling—through your nose." ♦ Continued on page 41

A Day to Remember :: Continued from page 38

In a moment his hand relaxed and Isobel's own breath was painful in her chest.

She whispered to the young interne, "Do they—do they always breathe so heavily? He sounds as though he might be choking."

"Perfectly normal," he replied in ordinary tones. "He's quite unconscious now, and so perhaps you could step outside—"

"You're sure—you're sure he's unconscious—"

The nurse put out her hand, and pressed the lid of Jamie's eye back to show the pupil, glazed and frighteningly still. It was conclusive proof that he was beyond physical pain.

Isobel turned and went out, and Doctor Craigie came in, his attention already on the still form on the operating table. His voice barked orders to the nurse. Isobel stumbled in the comparative darkness of the corridor, and another white-capped nurse took her arm and guided her to a waiting room.

Then ensued time that could not be measured in minutes. It was an eternity and it was an instant. There was no telephone in the waiting room, but she realized that if things were not going well at home there was nothing on earth she could do. Her mind could not take on any additional burden. Her thoughts refused to move from the operating room. In some way it was her duty to concentrate on that, as though in some way she could transfer some of her own strength to the little lad whose white inert body lay helplessly beneath the surgeon's scalpel. Isobel thought of stories she had heard of appendixes bursting. Of children whose frail lives had burned out in the flame of post-operation fever.

A nurse came down the hall. She paused and spoke to Isobel. "Is it your little boy?" she asked kindly.

Isobel nodded. "I remember you," said the nurse, looking at Isobel's finely chiselled features, now drawn with anxiety. "I was taking my maternity training when you had your baby."

"Of course," Isobel assented. She did not remember the girl, but she was thankful for the small island of friendliness and recognition in her vast sea of lonely worry. "Isn't the operation taking a long time?" she asked, hoping that for once the nurse would relax her professional manner and give an honest answer, free from the "as-well-as-can-be-expected" manner of hospitals.

The nurse looked at her watch. "It is rather long," she admitted cautiously. "But you needn't worry. Doctor Craigie is so wonderful in these cases."

The door of the operating room opened. Disappointedly Isobel saw that it was not Doctor Craigie but the young interne. He stopped when he saw her.

"Everything is going nicely," he reported. "It's taking a little time, but it will be over before long, and your boy should be right as ever."

Isobel's thin shoulders drew together as she steeled herself for more waiting.

"Doctor Craigie would like you to go home," the young man told her. "He will be busy for some time yet, and the boy will be asleep for hours after we are through. You can do no possible good by waiting longer."

"You must think of your other children and yourself," said the nurse. "Dr. Craigie will phone you the moment he is through."

Isobel got to her feet as though hypnotized and went toward the door. They were right, of course, and she could not conscientiously stay longer away from Betty and Mary Lou. It had been hours already. And Jamie—it could not possibly benefit him.

She walked across the circular lawn, and down the boulevard. At first she was only physically going toward home, leaving her thoughts and her very soul in the hospital, but as the familiar street came in view she reluctantly forced herself to think of her household, relegating Jamie to the back of her mind.

Fitting her latchkey into the lock with some difficulty, she opened her own front door. There were two naval caps on the hall tree. Johnny was home!

JOHNNY WAS home, and he had brought someone with him. She went to the end of the hall and opened the kitchen door.

The small kitchen was a hive of activity, and it was moments before anyone saw her. Johnny was in his shirtsleeves, administering orange juice to Mary Lou. The owner of the second naval hat was Bert Douglas, and he was drying dishes. Evanel, with shiny nose, and a big flour smooch across her skirt, was washing them. Sally was nowhere to be seen.

Betty spied her standing in the doorway, and squealed, "Mother, Daddy's home, and Mrs. Douglas bathed Mary Lou."

Evanel Douglas turned from the sink, her face flushed and smiling.

"I happened to phone just as Sally was leaving," she said in explanation, "and so I came right over."

"Then came the Navy," said Bert Douglas with his big smile. The Douglasses, man and wife, radiated

✦ Continued on next page



ANOTHER WOODBURY DEB *Finds Romance*

CCLIMAXING a gay debutante romance, the former Drusilla Roxane Johnson becomes the brand new Mrs. Harold Carson Firstbrook. One of Toronto's loveliest brides, adorable "Drue" attributes the petal-softness of her skin to faithful Woodbury Facial Soap care. Woodbury contains a costly ingredient for *extra* mildness—is made for *skin* alone.



1. On a "leave date," Hal proposes. Introduced at a dance, he fell at first sight for the beguiling softness of her radiant complexion.



2. "Mr. Chips," Drue's pet terrier, says goodbye as the pretty-as-a-picture bride leaves for the church on the Great Day.



3. "For his sake I take my Woodbury Facial Cocktail. Plenty of rich lather and massage; and then clear warm water and cold."



4. Follow the "marrying debs" to romance. Take a glamorizing Woodbury Facial Cocktail every day—for smoother, clearer skin!

The Bad Neighbor Policy :: Continued from page 13

will arise again when this war is over, and is looking forward to putting a lot of people in their places.

She regards herself proudly as a Good Canadian. She would be deeply shocked if she were told that in the international sense she is a Bad Neighbor doing her best at every opportunity to erect a spite fence along our two-thousand-mile unfortified border. As a private citizen Mrs. Hixbee would never dream of breaking her neighbor's windows or throwing dead cats into his Victory Garden. But she isn't above spreading unflattering stories about him through the neighborhood or making

faces at him from behind the window curtains.

It is impossible at this stage to shake Mrs. Hixbee's opinions, which are securely rooted in prejudice, suspicion and the teachings of a few antique school histories. The only thing to do is to divert her as far as possible from United States visitors who may be misled into thinking that Mrs. Hixbee represents the Canadian point of view.

It only remains to be added that Mrs. Hixbee is a fictitious character and that any resemblance to other Canadians, living or dead, is purely coincidental. ✦

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If you must Buy--be wiser, buy Kayser
Gloves, Hosiery, Underwear, Lingerie--
--But Buy, Buy BONDS

FASHION SHORTS

From New York

GABARDINE SUITS and coats pop into the spring in the bravest colors you ever saw—aqua, gold, pistachio and of course red all on parade. Gabardine, because of its rugged quality, holds up well under the pressure of these busy days. So if you are planning a spring suit or coat, look up the gabardine possibilities.

Collarless coats and suits another news item in Easter 1944 fashion report. While some women are scared of the collarless theme, thinking it "hardens" the neckline, you'll find many ways to overcome that "bare" look. Like one navy gabardine coat I saw was minus a collar, but a dashing black satin ribbon was threaded through the neckline, ending up in a large bow. Very feminine and "different."



Frilled double pockets give this print a very feminine look. A Joseph Halpert original.

Instead of Buttons in the new suits, many have cute little bows—a black suit looked much the prettier for black and white check tying bows. A navy suit jacket, which fastened with hooks and eyes, had white piqué bows with dome fasteners down the front (which you could remove for quick washing).

Again the Collarless theme in dresses—but instead of the usual "white collar" we are seeing vivid scarves which are called, for want of a better name, "Scarf Collars." Surprising how a sequined scarf can make a dress look dressy—and a bright woollen scarf make it look sportsy.

The Half-hat Going Places and doing many bright

things! Ofttimes it is a bandeau type affair that you hang with flowers, veiling—just about anything! The saying down here is that "half of it is twice as smart."

Two Colors continue their merry pace in suits, sportswear and dresses. Lilac skirt with chartreuse top is an exciting color scheme. London started the vogue, and here on Fifth Avenue you see it going to brave new extremes—like a sports suit with the formalized cardigan top one half red, one half green, over a brown skirt; a royal blue jacket over a pale rose skirt; a black + Continued on next page

by Kay Murphy

Which is your one worst skin trouble?

OILY SKIN

FLAKY SKIN

TINY LINES

DRY SKIN

BIG PORES

BLACKHEADS

?



Read How My New 4-Purpose Face Cream Brings Back Your Smooth "Baby Skin"!

by Lady Esther

Look at your skin closely in the mirror. Touch it gently with the tips of your fingers.

Is it a soft, fresh, young-looking skin? Does it feel satiny and smooth to your touch? Or is it dry and coarse—a bit flaky—perhaps marred by blackheads and an occasional big pore?

The cause of many skin troubles is an accumulation of dirt, stale make-up, dead skin cells—lodged firmly in the mouths of the pores. My 4-Purpose Face Cream is scientifically designed to clean out the mouths of the pores—remove the rancid accumulations—cream away the dry, dead skin-flakes.

My face cream serves not one, but four vital needs of your skin. That's why it seems to end skin troubles like magic.

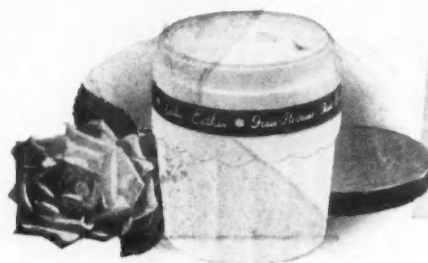
You see, the skin is a living, reproducing organ. Under the surface layer, a new,

fresher layer is constantly growing. This is your newborn skin, your "baby skin." By softening and removing clogging tissue, Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream gives this soft new "baby skin" a better chance to show itself!

My 4-Purpose Face Cream keeps your skin looking its cleanest and loveliest at all times. It does all these four vital things for your skin every time you apply it. (1) It thoroughly, but gently, cleanses your skin. (2) It softens your skin, relieves dryness, flaking. (3) It refines the pores of your skin. (4) It smooths your skin, prepares it beautifully for powder and for make-up.

Try Lady Esther Face Cream Today

Seeing is believing. Get a jar of Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream and try it today. See for yourself, in your own mirror, how much clearer, fresher and smoother this one scientific cream leaves your skin after the very first application. See if any other face cream you have ever used can even compare with it.



Lady Esther
4-PURPOSE
FACE CREAM

Hands Chapped?

HERE'S NOT ONLY SOOTHING RELIEF

—but **FASTER HEALING**



Extra work, more exposure! See how quickly Noxzema helps heal weather-beaten hands and chapped lips.



Scores of war workers praise Noxzema; it's so effective in helping heal work-roughened hands.



War is tough on hands! Scores of servicemen write home for Noxzema. For this greaseless, medicated cream not only brings quick relief, but helps heal the painful "cracks" and rough irritation of chapped hands.



Keep a jar of Noxzema in the kitchen. Use it regularly after washing dishes, and especially for minor "kitchen" burns. See how it soothes—seems to take the pain right out. And it promotes quicker healing, too!

NOXZEMA SKIN CREAM



SLEEK LINES

Secret of those slim new lines . . . a faultlessly designed Flexees. Whether you require a hip-controlling, waist-whittling Flexees Girdle, accompanied by a superbly styled Flexaire Bra; or a Flexees Combination for a lovely, unbroken, slender silhouette—your corsetiere knows just the right Flexees for your individual figure type.



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friendliness, and Isobel felt warmed by the atmosphere of the kitchen. She turned to Johnny, her heart flooding with relief that he was there. He took her in his arms, and gratefully, wholeheartedly, she transferred her responsibilities and fears of the day to him. Quietly, hand in hand, Bert and Evanel Douglas withdrew and Isobel began to tell him about Jamie.

"I know," he said, running his hand over her hair. "I called the hospital after you had left. They said Doctor Craigie would phone us."

Betty was tugging at her skirt. "Mother," she put in, "Mrs. Douglas made shortcake for supper."

The phone behind Isobel rang sharply, and she turned quickly and lifted the receiver. She held her breath, and Johnny heard her say, "Thank you, oh, thank you, doctor."

She turned from the telephone. "Doctor Craigie says Jamie will be all right. It was close, but he's going to be all right." Johnny guided her to a chair, as the reaction to the intensity of the day set in, and Isobel tremblingly began to weep great rending sobs.

"And you," he said, "you're done in completely. Here, sit down at the table while I pour you some coffee." Dear practical Johnny, with his good solid, male reactions. "I don't suppose you ate any lunch."

"Coffee—this morning," Isobel remembered.

Johnny turned to the stove. "I don't know what you'd do if I didn't come home sometimes and take care of you. I'll make you the famous Warren Club Sandwich in a jiffy." He began peeling bacon strips from a package.

"Johnny," Isobel said recovering herself in the face of his practicality, "darling, what a time for you to come home! Nothing cooked—nothing clean—"

"Sweetheart," he said, lightly but somehow honestly, "I've never been more pleased to get home in my life. There have been times lately when I've thought you didn't need me or want me very much, but this time I'm sure you do. Usually you've been so busy organizing and running things. I admired you for it, but it sort of left me out in the cold."

His voice went on explaining, but sudden realization had come to Isobel. She had been making a stranger of him in his own home, when all he had wanted was to be husband and father. Gone was the tense restraint of his last visit. Gone was her preoccupied desire to have everything perfect, so perfect that Johnny had felt like a casual caller.

"Everything was under control when I got here," he said. "Sally had gone, but Evanel was at the helm. She even insisted on mopping the kitchen floor."

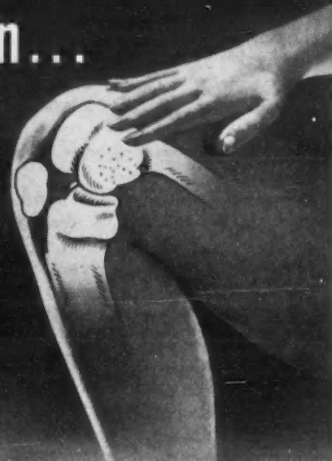
"People are kind," said Isobel. "I must call her right away. I must thank her."

She started to eat the big sandwich Johnny had prepared. She thought of Jamie sleeping soundly in his hospital bed, already on the road to recovery. She looked at Johnny lifting an ecstatic Mary Lou from her high chair, and at Betty climbing up to sit beside her. She sighed and smiled and Johnny looked at them all paternally.

"What can I get you?" he asked anxiously. "What do you need?"

"Not a thing," Isobel said happily. Then she thought better of it, and said hastily, "Oh, yes I do—just stand right there and—hold my hand."

Rub your Absorbine Jr. in...



a little goes a long way

Suffering from "Cold Weather Joints?"

Absorbine Jr. may really help you. Apply a few drops—rub it in! As your circulation increases, Nature releases certain lubricating fluids in the joints—they seem to limber up—feel "easy." Always keep a bottle of Absorbine Jr. handy. \$1.25 a bottle at all drugstores. W. F. Young, Inc., Lyman House, Montreal, Canada.

MEN on active service..and Prisoners of war will welcome some VITAMIN A and D TABLETS...

Canadian soldiers overseas may be stationed where the winter is bleak, damp and dark. They can profitably use some extra vitamins A and D in their diet. Any man can be helped to maintain good physical condition and better resistance during the winter months by getting all the vitamins A and D he needs. So send your men...in the Navy or Army...some ONE-A-DAY brand, Vitamin A and D Tablets. They cannot leak or let. They cannot be squashed—will keep for many months. As the dose is only one tablet per day, a small package will hold several month's supply. 30 tablets 45c, 90 tablets \$1.00, 180 tablets \$1.80.

Made by Miles Laboratories Toronto

ONE A DAY VITAMIN A and D TABLETS



to face her—she sat only a little apart from him but that was too far, as if, already, he were losing her. He threw his arm around her and drew her against him, a little roughly. "You can't go, Molly! Why, I've just found you! I didn't know there was a girl like you!"

FOR JUST an instant she yielded to his hold; for that instant he felt her heart-beat against his own. Then she pulled back, away from him, got to her feet. He could see her eyes dark with alarm.

She said, almost sternly, "Andy, not—that!"

"I'm sorry, Molly!" He had been thoughtless; a public park was no place for such advances. But the urgency in him swept his remorse away. "No, I'm not sorry! And I meant what I said, a moment ago. I—"

She threw out one hand, as if she were pushing something away from her. "You and I—you don't know, Andy!" Her voice, scarcely more than a whisper, failed her. She turned and walked swiftly away from him, her step almost a run.

Andy frowned after her, growling under his breath. "What the heck does she mean? What don't I know?"

Plenty, he answered himself. To be angry, to trump up suspicion would steady the strange rocking feeling inside him. There was that trick of hers of steering the talk to some general topic whenever it approached her own affairs. Her custom of meeting him here in the park, when they were going somewhere, instead of at her apartment. She'd said, once, "It gives Andy a few minutes to work at his hole." And he'd let it go at that. Now it suggested . . .

The ache under his ribs was intolerable and the more so because it was a different sensation than he'd ever experienced.

Back in his room he paused in the process of stripping off his clothes to stop before his mirror and call the reflection in it a particular kind of a fool. To stick its neck out again! Well, maybe two lessons would teach the weak organ that passed as his heart that they, women, were all alike under the skin.

He repeated this to himself frequently during the week that followed. But on Saturday he found himself in the park waiting for Mary Groben to come.

She did not come. Andy sat on a bench, read the afternoon paper from its first page to its last without sensing a word of it, lighted one cigarette from another, and at half-past six went to the neighborhood restaurant and ate a lonely dinner.

She did not come on Sunday.

Now Andy told himself that it wasn't anything in his young life if he never saw Mary Groben again.

On Friday of the following week Gidney called him into his office. He left it, after a half-hour, with the coveted promotion and some very flattering

things about his work ringing in his ears. It meant a substantial raise, too.

He did not think of Gwen. He thought instantly of Mary Groben. He had to tell her, share his satisfaction with her. See hers on her face. He sat down at his desk and dashed off a brief letter. "I've some pretty swell news to tell you. Will you meet me tomorrow, four o'clock, for at least ten minutes? We'll take part of it to get things straight between us, too." He mailed it to the Grosvenor by special delivery.

But she did not come.

Andy was bitterly disappointed, deeply hurt—she might have given him ten minutes! He covered his feelings by expressing voluble scorn of himself for asking her to come. *He didn't care if he never saw her again.*

He picked up a quick dinner, dropped into a movie, walked out in the middle of the feature and returned to his room. He'd read for an hour or so and then go to bed. He congratulated himself that he had his emotional reflexes in hand.

But, when his telephone rang, he leaped to it, every pulse in him jumping. Mary Groben, perhaps. To tell him she'd been busy this afternoon.

"Andy, darling! Andy, it's Gwen!"

For he hadn't answered her greeting. He was numb with disappointment.

He managed, "Stranger!"

"Andy, is it you? Your voice sounds queer."

"Cigarettes!"

"I've been up in the country this week end. With the Dunmans. I don't think you've ever met them. They're a new place—I was going to send you a postal but somehow there simply wasn't a minute. But I thought about you a lot, Andy. We'd have had fun, if you'd been there, Andy. I called—let's do something together, tomorrow. I think, now, it'd be safe, don't you? Let's drive down to Hideaway. I'll stop for you at one o'clock. Andy—are you there?"

"Yes. I'm here. I heard you. Yes—one o'clock's all right."

"You don't act awfully excited. But I am, Andy. It's been such ages since I've seen you."

He did not answer this. He hung up, went from the telephone to his window and stood staring down into the street, struggling with a strong withdrawing in himself from what he'd let himself in for.

He met it with all the answers. It was something to do. There'd be swimming, maybe tennis, maybe a sail. There'd be Gwen—and knowing where he stood with her, where she stood with him, there was no reason why each couldn't enjoy the other's company. He'd go.

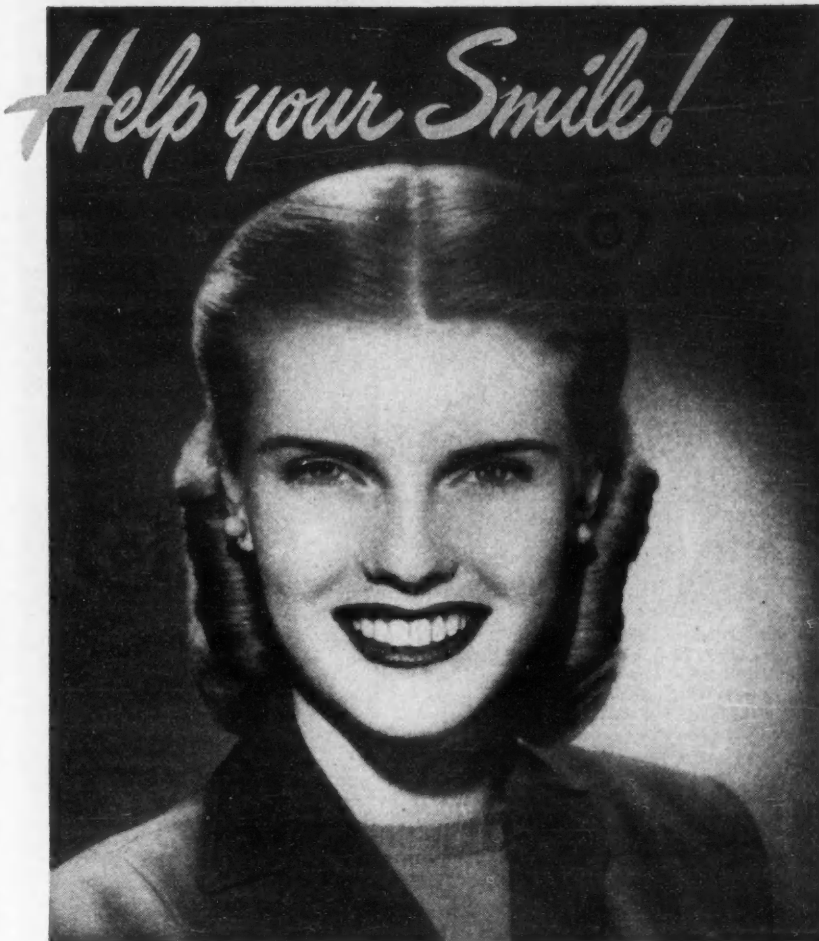
IT WAS a beautiful day, a touch of September gold in it. A few fallen leaves lay yellow over the grass of the little park. Returning from a late breakfast, Andy went into the park with his

Help your Dentist—



Working longer hours, treating extra patients, your dentist is guarding health on the home front — helping to carry on for the dentists who have gone to war. Help him by following these rules:

1. Make appointments well in advance.
2. Keep your appointments.
3. If you must break an appointment — do it promptly.
4. See your dentist regularly — don't wait until prolonged treatment is necessary.
5. Between visits — give your teeth and gums proper care at home.



Watch out for "pink tooth brush." Help keep gums firmer, teeth more sparkling with Ipana and massage.

TODAY more than ever before, proper home care of teeth and gums is most important. So in carefully choosing your dentifrice—consider Ipana Tooth Paste. For Ipana not only cleans teeth thoroughly but, with massage, helps the health of your gums.

And remember, regular care of your gums is as necessary as brushing your teeth. For sound, sparkling teeth—a smile of beauty—depend largely upon firm, healthy gums.

Don't ignore "pink tooth brush"

If you see a tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush, see your dentist! He may tell you your gums are tender because

today's soft foods have robbed them of exercise. And as thousands of dentists do, he may suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

For Ipana, when used with massage, speeds up circulation within the gums, helping them to firmer health. Every time you brush your teeth, massage a little Ipana onto your gums.

Help your dentist help your smile, with modern care of your teeth and gums at home. See how Ipana and massage can help you to have firmer gums, brighter teeth—a more appealing smile!



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PEP
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dress with an impudent little bolero in tangerine . . . and the white chesterfield with black velvet collar is something out of this world! (Grand for the trousseau, you lucky gal!)

In a Sportswear Showing I saw a trio that interested me. The knitted navy dress was pocketed in red fabric, matching the knitted "chignon" cap and a cute little "collar bag" as a purse. Now, if I could only knit!

The Collar Bag, by the way, is a new handbag version you'll like. Shaped just like HIS collar bag, the bottom is stiff so the bag doesn't collapse into a muddle every time you open the darn thing! Other new handbags feature this sturdy bottom.

Bare Midriffs now seen on the new nighties and pyjamas. Hollywood started the fad and, when seen in some of the current movies, the local ladies clamored for it—and there you are!

With Sheer Blouses, ultra ladylike with ruffles and such coming in, the "blouse" slip takes on new bodice detail. These slips are embroidered and lace trimmed with the thought in mind that they'll be seen both back and front.

Making Your Own Cotton Dresses? Try this trick—make a cute little pinafore of the same material. Fuss it up with lace and pockets. Saves your dress when you are doing a "messy" job—and the apron looks part of the dress, but you can whisk it off and wash it in a twink . . . Manufacturers are offering these duets in some new spring lines.

Strapless Bathing Suits feature a drawstring top that looks fairly secure and the new summer shorts feature much more fullness, which is flattering. So of course they call it the "Ballerina shorty"—awfully good-looking in white piqué. *

His Name Was Andy *Continued from page 29*

She drew it away with something frightened in the way she did it and in the lift of her head. Then, as quickly and with a little breath, she slipped it back into his hold.

"I came here to write short stories. I'd sold some the year after I was out of college. I thought, here, well, where I could see an editor sometimes—and I've worked but I haven't sold one! They've all come back! I haven't got what it takes!" She finished on a laugh that broke, in spite of her.

"Well, you're not giving up, are you?" demanded Andy.

"I haven't any choice," Mary Groben answered with a sigh. "If I'm going to eat. You see I took part of my father's life insurance to live on down here until I got a start. It's—almost gone. So I have to find just any sort of a job."

Now into Andy's concern rose a violent protest. She was so small—this city was so big. He didn't want her one of the crowds of girls you saw pouring into and out of the doors of office buildings and stores, crowding the buses and streetcars, looking all alike, as if some machine had worked them into a mold.

"If I'm going to stay here," finished Mary Groben.

At that everything went out of Andy's mind but the possibility that she might not stay. He swung around on the bench



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THEY'RE TALKING ABOUT ...

Our M.I.U.—(Men in Uniform) and the Canadian wife who, arriving at an English railway station, recognized her soldier husband in an inky blackout by the sound of his footsteps . . . after four years. Those lovely christening dresses and other embroidered small things coming home from service fathers in Italy for babies yet unseen . . . and the Toronto girl who hurriedly called in the Royal Canadian Engineers to make sure that a time bomb her husband sent as a souvenir was quite, quite harmless . . . Those bits of letters from our men in hospitals . . . "you'll be proud of me. Already I've learned to tie my laces with my one hand." The fact that General Guy Simonds, new Canadian corps commander, doesn't get letters written home as often as he expects to receive them, either.

Our Entertainment—The prediction that "Madame Curie" will win this year's "Oscar" as the best movie . . . and the fine personality portrayals by the Garson-Pidgeon team, in an exquisite but slow-moving study. And what it is "Lady in the Dark," with all its gorgeous color, clothes and Ginger Rogers' vitality, just misses . . . could be Gertrude Lawrence (of the stage play)? But a should-see nonetheless . . . especially if you like your psychoanalysis set to delightful music.

What We Eat—Those little packages of salted soya beans we keep mistaking for salted peanuts. (They just won't do, though we've tried, thank you.) Super as substitute in ersatz peanut butter, though . . . How you have to sleuth around shops to find chocolate bars behind the prunes or the bath salts; and the number of fighter-kin who keep overseas boxes "on the go" and are so grateful for gifts of same, or a can of peas or corn, the top-rating food gifts among recipients across the Atlantic.

Eggs—And the number of ways we've thought of using them, and how incoming passengers from Britain had forgotten they were originally compactly shell-packaged, instead of powdered. The no-butter-with-lunch custom across the border, and the pleasant unsweetened peach jam or cottage cheese with rolls instead; and *where* do you keep those vegetable waters we're supposed to save for soups, till soup time?

Our Changing Geography—The strange feeling of hearing Canada defined as a country situated between the two great nations of Russia and the United States; when we learned at school that it was bounded on three sides by oceans, period. And the fact that, come postwar aviation, a lot of Canadians will be satisfied to week-end in Jasper or the Bay of Fundy, and let the Orient and Paris rest for the nonce; the expanding Yukon, and the Whitehorse barber who protested, when the WPTB fined him for raising his prices, "But you should see the hair I have to cut!"

Odds and Ends—The girls' club that wrote a magazine (us) and asked for more handicraft patterns and a summary of what will happen to women when the war is over . . . the waitress who dutifully notes that you don't take sugar but brings it just the same, slightly dampened and useless for returning . . . the clever official who traced a falling off of Britain's salmon supply from Canada to a shortage of oilskin coats so that Pacific coast fishermen were staying home from the sea . . . and got the oilskins released by you-know-who and the salmon is again up to quota . . . the parents of teen-agers who stopped entertaining for their young after one experimental party, because of the wreckage . . . the khaki berets beginning to appear on the heads of our Canadian Army (they're regulation now) and the red, blue and green breast ribbons you see on their tunics, representing more than eighteen months' volunteer service (active). If there's a small silver maple leaf, too, that means more than 60 days' service outside of Canada . . . belated returns from the toy departments indicating that Commando toys topped airplanes and such this year. . . .



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"DO YOU KNOW what caused THAT spot? Guess we'd better pin a note to the dress and let the dry-cleaner know. It will certainly save him lots of trouble and time—and help him give you a better job."

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newspaper. Because it was pleasanter to sit there than in his room. Definitely that was his only reason.

He was reading the news when he felt a sniffing at his ankle, and dropped the paper.

It was Andy, the dog. But Andy's swiftly moving glance found Mary Groben nowhere in sight. He frowned at the dog. By every rule of the discipline he'd laid down for himself he should go on reading his paper—let the pooch go over to his hole. But he didn't; he picked the dog up. "I'll see you home, my laddie!"

As he settled the dog under his arm, his hand brushed the shaggy hair away from the nameplate on the collar. Andy read it—it was possible, considering everything, that Mary Groben wasn't Mary Groben!

She was, all right. But Andy's jaw set as he read the inscription on the disc. For the address was 96 Jane Street. Not the Grosvenor.

Now Andy did not have to trump up anger. "Let me drop her there under that awning, then sneaked off around the corner—took me for the sort who'd be impressed by swank."

He strode toward Jane Street, sputtering his indignation. He'd tell her.

He found 96 a narrow, dingy, brick front squeezed in by tall buildings. He stopped, read the collar again, unwilling in every bit of him to believe Mary Groben lived behind that scaly door.

The door opened; a middle-aged woman, looking much like the door, came out.

"You found him, eh? Bad dog! He's been gone since last evening. Slipped out and off, and he's so black there was no seeing him. Here, I'll take him."

"I'd like to see Miss Groben."

"She's off, hunting the dog."

"I'll wait until she returns." The woman eyed him a little suspiciously, and he added, "I'm a friend of Miss Groben's. That's the way I found Andy. He came up to me in the park."

"Well, you'll have to go up to her room and wait. There's nowhere else."

Andy followed the woman up a flight of narrow dark stairs, through a narrow dark hall to a door at its end, where she stepped back to let him pass through. "Leave the door open. And keep ahold of that dog."

Alone in Mary Groben's room Andy's horror of the place left him. It was so like her—its simplicity, its order. The two deep chairs, rockers, no less, the drop-leaf table between the windows looked as if they belonged in some small-town parlor. White ruffled curtains—he hadn't seen any since he'd left Upton. He saw a card table in a corner and a covered typewriter on it, remembered her rejected stories and was enjoying a strong desire to kill a few dumb editors when Andy, with a shrill bark, struggled out of his arms.

Mary Groben was running up the stairs.

She stopped short in the door, said sharply, "You!"

But Andy saw a gladness on her face that was like the gladness pouring through him.

"Me. And Andy, the dog." He took a step toward her, his hands out to take hers.

She eluded him by bending to pat the dog's head. "Thanks—for finding him! But"—she lifted her head, the light gone from her face, leaving it white—"I wish you hadn't come! Why—why did you?"

He forgot his reason for coming—that she was nothing to him. A very opposite

• Continued on page 48



NEW LIGHT ON A VITAL PROBLEM

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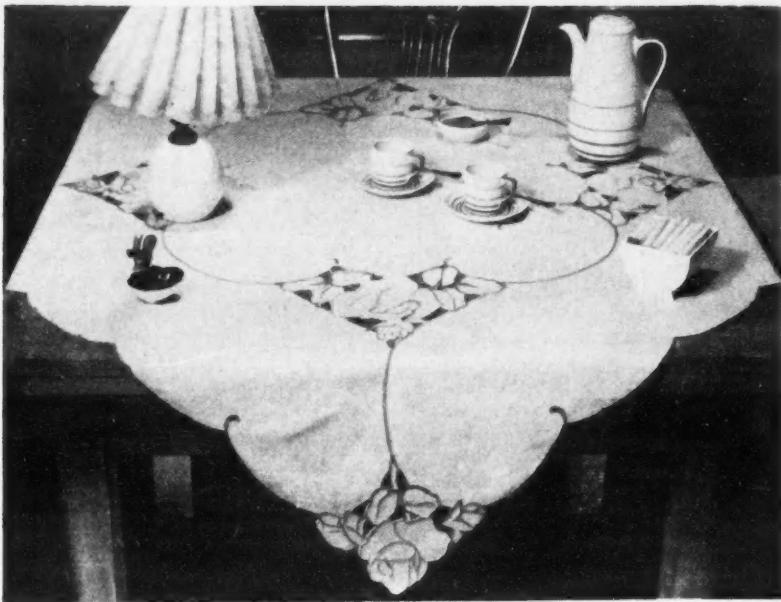


875 C—Whistle while you work . . . and you will if you tie yourself into this gay peasant apron, with its interesting design done in large cross-stitch. It's stamped on factory cotton . . . the kind that launders like a lamb, and comes out prettier for each ducking. Price, 50 cents. The cottons for working are in gypsy red and blue, 14 cents.

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47 C—You're lovely to lunch with, your friends and family will say, if you make yourself a beautiful luncheon set such as this. Modern in feeling yet timeless in its sense of the exquisite, this set is in cut-work with smartly stylized floral centre and corner motifs. Yet it's simple to work, having no bars. Stamped on heavy cream Irish linen in 45-inch only, with four serviettes, \$3.25. You can have extra serviettes at 20 cents each. The cottons for working are in rose shades, or to match the linen, so please tell us which you wish—50 cents.



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"Wait for me, sweet, you said"

I'd loved you, dear, since I wore pigtails. But I was always just "the kid next door".

And—now—there was to be a party to tell you "Goodbye".

I looked at my hands. Grubby, rough and chapped. My job takes the natural softeners from my hand skin.

At the office, one of the girls found me crying. "Use Jergens Lotion," she said. I never can thank her enough.

You held my hands at the party. "So soft," you whispered.

Come home soon, my darling. You'll find my hands soft. I'm keeping my hands nice for you by using Jergens Lotion.



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(Made in Canada)



If you punched a clock when you went to bed

I F YOU PUNCHED a time clock on going to bed, and again on arising, how many hours would your time card show?

Authorities say that adults need daily at least eight hours of sleep or rest in bed—children need considerably more. *This is especially true in these strenuous wartime days.*

Refreshing sleep comes more easily when you slow down and relax before bedtime. Try to forget your worries. They result in tension that defeats sleep. Try to have your bedroom dark, quiet, and well-ventilated. Bed clothing that weighs too heavily is an enemy of sleep. So is too much food, either solid or liquid, just before bedtime.

If you have difficulty getting to sleep, remember that complete relaxation is the next best thing. Relaxing physically means letting yourself "go limp all over". It is the exact opposite of tenseness.

You can teach yourself to relax. First, learn to recognize tenseness wherever it occurs in the body. Then, practice letting the tense muscles go limp. Try it at odd moments during the day—it is the secret of conserving energy.

Plenty of sound, undisturbed sleep is especially important to workers on a night shift. Someone—usually it will be the wife or mother—must take responsibility for planning the night worker's schedule on an orderly, regular basis. His bedroom should be away from family activity. A screen between window and bed will help shut out light. Some night

workers have found that they go to the job more refreshed if they take their hours of sleep just before their working hours, rather than just after.

Healthy, normal sleep permits your heart, lungs, and other vital organs to "loaf" along. The body can then mend its worn-out tissues and build new ones. Your full quota of sleep should give you the renewed energy to carry you through the next day feeling well, working efficiently, and in good spirits.

To help you meet the increased pressure and strain of these busy days, Metropolitan will send you, on request, a free copy of a folder, "Relax and Revive."

The need grows as Victory nears. Support the Canadian Red Cross Campaign February 28—March 15.

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desire wholly possessed him. He caught her by the elbows. "Where've you been? I wrote to you—did you get it?"

She struggled to draw away from him, but the door was behind her, the grip of his hands too strong.

"Yes."

"Then why—"

"I told you."

"You told me nothing! Molly, if there's a good reason, won't you—Is it—" he paused, shaken by a sickening dread, "is it that fellow from the West?"

She looked puzzled and he thought she was putting it on and added brusquely, "You know perfectly well whom I mean! Wasn't it he who wrote the letter you tore up in the park—that first afternoon?"

"Yes." She saw Andy's quick scowl, and an indignant spark came into her eyes. "And you've been thinking—" Then she began to laugh, weakly but heartily, even so. "He's sweet and he's awfully good to me, but—he was a friend of my father's and he's my god-father. And he's an important editor and critic. That letter advised me to give up trying to write."

Andy would not let her finish. He moved his hands from her elbows to her shoulders. "I didn't really think anything, Molly. I couldn't—not about you."

By a quick sidewise movement she escaped his hold. She drew a long breath. "I haven't been—honest with you, Andy. Not from the first."

"If you mean that apartment house business—" Andy's tone dismissed it as unimportant.

The color swept up into Mary Groben's face. "That was part of it. Pride, I suppose. I did live there until three months ago. No, what I didn't tell you, Andy"—she hesitated in the way she had, then threw back her head with some defiance—"I lived until I was 18—in Upton, N.B."

Andy cried, "You did?" He moved to take her hands, but she put them behind her. "Why didn't I recognize you right off?"

"You lived in the east end. I lived—my father—"

He did not see her eyes darkening with hurt. He was still puzzling over the fact that this girl had lived in Upton and he hadn't found her. "There's only the one school—"

"You were through High before I entered."

"But there were the vacations—all the things going on!" His tone implied he'd been outrageously cheated.

"I didn't go to them. It was then"—she turned her face from him, her head high—"that the town began to turn on my father. He was pastor in the West End Church—remember it, on Sycamore Street? He'd had the charge for 20 years. Then he began to preach things that weren't—well, orthodox. A creed that was simpler—bappier. Oh, you hear it now, from ever so many pulpits, but not then, not in Upton! He believed what he was preaching—he was an awfully honest man and he couldn't do anything but preach what he believed himself. And his people treated him as if he'd grown horns! They asked him to resign and we went to live with an aunt in Saint John. He was going to write what they wouldn't let him preach—but he died. I think his heart was broken. He'd loved his people—"

"That was a rotten deal," declared Andy with feeling. "But, Molly"—he swung her around joyously—"if that's all it is—"

Her lips quivered. "Oh, don't you

✦ Continued on page 50

"MY DAUGHTER FEELS SO SURE OF HERSELF"

NO BELTS
NO PINS
NO PADS
NO ODOR

DON'T spend time envying the younger set! Study them and learn, for they do seem to have the knack of discovering what's new and what's good in modern living. For example, it would surely surprise you to see the records of Tampax sales in women's college towns—not only the Big Five of the East but the huge universities of the Middle and Far West. And how the girls have introduced Tampax back home!

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Clothes, salad bowl and table cloth, courtesy The Robert Simpson Co. Ltd.

Beginner's Luck

by HELEN G. CAMPBELL

THE LUCKY thing for any beginner is to get a good start. So, while not wanting to rush in where angels might fear to give advice, I've a few suggestions for mothers who want their daughters to become good cooks and their sons to grow up handy men around the house.

The first thing to consider is that a little training is better than a lot of wishful thinking. Then remember that patience is a motherly virtue and diplomacy an equally important one; you've set out to teach your children to cook—and to like cooking.

Think back to the time when you were six, going on seven. Didn't you love to watch mother on baking day as she stirred up a cake or rolled out cookies? Didn't you beg to lick the spoon and wish that all

smells were just like gingerbread. There's your cue; take the kiddies to the kitchen and turn their interest to good account.

Begin by telling them what you're making and then, little by little, the names of the tools and ingredients you use. When they want to "help," let them; they might give the flour sifter a turn or two, grease the pan or cut a cookie and mark it for their very own. Of course it takes time and you're busy and they spill things and soil their pinnies—but what's the difference when it's all in a good cause!

While at first small daughter—or son—takes part

in only the simplest, briefest way, when she gets to be eight or thereabouts you might teach her to make a plain dish beginning from scratch and ending by serving it. Start, say, with cocoa—enough for the two of you at least. Figure out with her the ingredients and the proper amount of each as well as the utensils needed for making and the dishes for serving. Then gather them altogether—and now you're ready to begin. Teach her to measure, telling her why it's important to do this just so. Go over the directions with her one step at a time, until the cocoa is finally made. Now tell her that a good cook tastes everything and help her sample it. She'll love the role of hostess—pouring, passing and sipping ever so politely—and even the dishwashing + Continued on next page

“I'm so glad
I remembered
the doctor said
get Phillips'”



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for the most delicate system*

MOTHERS know best how careful you must be with any remedy a child takes internally. And for over 60 years, mothers have known what a comfort it is to rely on Phillips' Milk of Magnesia. They know it for a mild, gentle, thoroughly dependable product that brings kids up right—and takes care of them when they're grown-up too.

Phillips' gentleness is just as important to adults—it's a scientific remedy that makes you feel better without any sudden harsh effects. You will feel like a frisky kid, because Phillips' works *two ways* to accomplish its overnight wonders.

First—Phillips' Milk of Magnesia has always been rated one of the most effective alkalizers for uncomfortable excess

stomach acidity. It *alkalizes almost instantly* . . . sweetens acid sourness that causes stomach distress . . . heartburn . . . gas . . . and restless nights.

Second—Phillips' Milk of Magnesia is recommended as a mild laxative—so gentle that *without any thought of embarrassing urgency*, you can take it any time. And take a little friendly advice. Caution—use only as directed. You'll wake up feeling *alive* with glorious freshness!

● NOTE: For economy and convenience, get Phillips' Milk of Magnesia in the large size. You get 12 full ounces—50% more for your money. Of course, you can also buy Phillips' Milk of Magnesia Tablets to keep handy in your purse.

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*...Liquid or
Tablets*

MADE IN CANADA



see? I'd keep thinking of it—you're from Upton. My pride again. I was hurt—almost as much as my father! And when I knew I was beginning—to—to more than like you—”

Andy caught her shoulders again. “Are you saying you love me, Molly? Now, don't wait to think about it—answer me!” His hands pressed hard into her shoulders.

She did not hesitate. She met his eyes squarely. “Yes.”

“Then that settles everything!” In his jubilation he almost shouted it. “I love you. And that's all that matters. Say that it's all, Molly!”

“It's”—her smile came slowly into the corners of her lips, into her eyes—“all!” She put her face against him. “You win!”

Andy, the dog, barked at their heels. Without releasing Mary Groben, Andy gave him a pat on his head. “Jealous, pooch? Well, you'd better get over it! What say, Molly, we take him somewhere where he's never been? To celebrate. After all, I owe him a lot. How about a boatride around the lake—we spoke of it, once. Get a coat or something—”

“You think Andy will enjoy a boatride?” laughed Mary Groben.

“Meaning Andy, the dog, or Andy, your—” He kissed her instead of finishing his question.

They walked arm in arm out into the golden day, the dog on his leash at their heels. As they turned the corner to pick up a taxi, a blue open car came up the street toward them, a girl in blue driving it. Its wheels scraped as, on sight of Andy and Mary Groben, the girl brought it to a quick half-stop. At the same instant, and as quickly, Andy's step halted.

But the girl in the car changed her mind. She drove on with a careless, “Hi, Andy!” and a gay lift of one hand. A sound like laughter came back to Andy and Mary Groben.

Andy looked at his wristwatch, a funny half-smile pulling his lips.

Mary Groben was looking at him. She said softly, “Rosedale, Andy?”

“Yes.” He pressed Mary Groben's arm against him. “And we're Upton, wherever we are. Molly, we'll go there on our honeymoon!” He felt her hand move in protest and went on quickly, “The old trees are there and the big yards and the creek—all the things you said were nice. Remember? Some of the people are, too, and maybe you could forgive the others. Bet your father would've preached that! What say, Molly? Quick!”

“Y-yes.”

“Hi, taxi!”

Of Course I Believe in Discipline

Continued from page 12

There is no situation in which an adult cannot (a) find a relevant consequence or (b) arrange for an irrelevant consequence. In the first case the adult does not interfere, but permits the child to learn the hard way. In the second case the adult must consistently use isolation as a consequence so that the child can learn through this device a set of attitudes which later on will be called “morals.” There is no necessity for vindictiveness or for submitting the child to any personal indignity other than the dissatisfaction which he experiences in having offended a social group.

Third rule—Whatever form of discipline
+ Continued on page 65

Adelina Radziminiska
OF GERMAN & MILNE, MONTREAL



In her desk—Hand Cream

Hands at the Helm

Adelina Radziminiska was studying technical drafting at the Academy of Political Science in Warsaw at the time of the German occupation. She escaped from Poland in 1940—crossed on foot through Slovakia, Hungary, Yugoslavia, Italy, France, Spain, Portugal—arrived in Canada in September, 1943. Adelina's strong, capable hands, which won her a national rowing championship, now help to build ships for Canada's navy—Adelina is a draftsman in a naval architects' office, is eager to continue her technical career in Poland. Adelina keeps her hard-working hands soft and feminine—she always has Cutex Hand Cream in her desk, and smooths it in when she comes into the office, after washing.



CUTEX
HAND CREAM

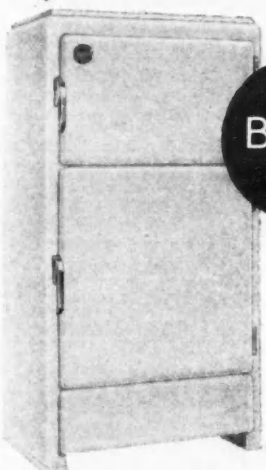


FOOD needs ICE Now!

Rapidly changing weather conditions and fluctuating temperatures during March and April are "danger signals" for meats, fresh vegetables and dairy products—unless they are protected with Ice.

ICE reduces spoilage!
ICE guards freshness!
ICE saves nutrition values!

If you are not taking ice regularly now, have your local ice company start service today! Higher food costs and scarcities make it imperative to get full value from the food you buy. Ice saves money—saves health—saves food!



Barnet

Model illustrated is built in Canada by Renfrew Electric and Refrigerator Co., Ltd., Renfrew

Plan to purchase a new Ice Refrigerator early this Spring. See the 1944 models now on display. Consult your local ice company regarding styles and sizes available.

Members of
CANADIAN ASSOCIATION OF ICE INDUSTRIES
serving Canada from Coast to Coast

Fill greased custard cups, cover with waxed paper and place in a pan of hot water in a moderate oven—375 deg. Fahr.—for 45 minutes. Unmold and serve with baked potatoes and turnip cubes baked in a covered casserole with a little water.

Steamed Puff

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 1 Tablespoonful of butter
- $\frac{3}{4}$ Cupful of sugar
- 1 Egg
- 1 Cupful of flour
- 2 Teaspoonfuls of baking powder
- $\frac{1}{4}$ Teaspoonful of salt
- $\frac{1}{2}$ Cupful of milk
- $\frac{1}{4}$ Teaspoonful of vanilla or lemon flavoring

Put the butter in a bowl and work it with a wooden spoon until soft and creamy. Add the sugar and egg and beat well. Sift the flour, measure and sift again with the baking powder and salt. Add about half of it to the creamed mixture, stir it well, then beat in half of the milk. Add the remaining flour, beat, and lastly stir in the rest of the milk. Add the flavoring.

Pour the batter into a greased mold, cover the top with waxed paper and place in a steamer. Let the pudding steam for one hour. Serve with chilled stewed rhubarb or mother's favorite pudding sauce.

Honey Baked Apples

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

Wash the apples and core them, then place in a baking pan or casserole, add a little water, and dot with butter if desired. Bake in a moderate oven—350 deg. Fahr.—until tender. Remove from the oven and pour honey over the apples. By the time you come to serve them the apples will have absorbed the honey and made a delicious flavor blend. Serve hot or cold with or without cream.

Lemon Bread Custard

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 6 Slices of bread
- 2 Eggs
- $\frac{1}{2}$ Cupful of sugar
- $\frac{1}{4}$ Teaspoonful of salt
- 2 Cupfuls of milk
- 3 Tablespoonfuls of lemon juice
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of grated lemon rind

Cut the bread slices in cubes and place in a greased shallow baking dish. Beat the egg slightly, add the sugar and salt and mix well. Stir in the milk, lemon juice and rind. Pour over the bread cubes. Place the dish in a pan of hot water and bake in a moderate oven—350 deg. Fahr.—for 50 minutes or until custard is nicely set. Serve warm or cold with thin cream. Six servings.

March Salad

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

You'll need chilled crispy vegetables for this salad, so be sure to have them well washed, drained and stored in a covered dish in the refrigerator a few hours before you start to cut them up. Shred cabbage as fine as you can to make about two cupfuls, snip four or five spinach leaves with the scissors and grate one large or two small carrots (scrape the carrots first). Put the vegetables in a big bowl and toss together with a fork. Mix lightly with a little French dressing and serve in a salad bowl which you've lined with crispy lettuce leaves. Sprinkle grated carrot over the top and garnish with parsley, green onions or radishes. Four or five servings.

French Dressing: Salad oil and half as much vinegar put in a bottle and shaken like anything. Add some salt and pepper for seasoning. +

More gravy today

Better left-overs tomorrow



YES, it may be the week's meat ration but you've started to stretch it by making lots of rich brown gravy with OXO. And with some left-overs try this "Victory" Hash on Wednesday. It's both delicious and economical. Easy to make, too, with OXO ready to help you.



"One of my favourites"
says the OXO Chef:

"VICTORY" HASH

- $1\frac{1}{4}$ cups cooked meat
- $1\frac{1}{4}$ cups mashed potatoes
- 2 teaspoons grated onion
- 2 OXO cubes or 2 tsp. Fluid OXO.
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup boiling water or hot milk
- $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt
- 2 tablespoons butter or dripping

Put meat through mincer. Mix with potatoes, onion, salt and OXO dissolved in boiling water or hot milk. Heat frying pan, add butter. When hot turn in mixture and fry until brown. Garnish with parsley or paprika.



$5\frac{1}{2}$ oz. bottle - 20 OXO Cubes
11 oz. bottle - 40 OXO Cubes

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TRENTON, CANADA



afterward will just be part of the fun.

Once she's mastered the making of this or whatever simple dish you use as a lead-off, let her advance to others of an uncomplicated nature. It's only a step from cocoa to a chocolate blancmange—and so beginneth the next lesson. Explain the similarities and differences, where they come from, what they do for the dish, how they should be handled and so on—then have her make the pudding family size and serve it for dessert. Give her credit when she's done well and prime daddy to praise her too.

Even quite a little girl can scrub and bake potatoes or apples, cook eggs in the shell or scramble them, make toast, squeeze an orange, cut up salad greens or grate a carrot. She'll learn a few tricks with leftovers by putting a casserole together, and you can teach her teamwork when you make the sauce for a scalloped dish while she prepares and arranges the solids—meat, fish, vegetables or whatever.

There is teamwork, too, in keeping the table tidy as you work, in washing up the dishes and putting things away neatly. Get some fun into the business, let her know the thrill of turning out a delicious dish, but give her to understand that cooking isn't altogether a bed of roses and that clearing up afterward is a necessary part of the proceedings.

Beginners are lucky these days—and so are you—for Home Economics as taught in schools is a practical course of study designed as preparation for homemaking. Emphasis is now put on the family meal, and cooking is dovetailed with other activities such as washing, ironing, cleaning cupboards, windows and tabletops, polishing silver, sewing and making a bed. The trend is to have classrooms designed and furnished to approximate a home with kitchen, dining room, bedroom and laundry section where children work in groups under the watchful eye of their teacher. Jobs rotate from time to time so that each youngster gets some practice with all. While one group prepares the dishes for a simple breakfast or supper another trio sets the table, and later the meal is served, the children acting as host, hostess, family and waitresses.

Miss Alice Hamill, Inspector of Vocational Education for Ontario,

thinks that more practice at home would be all to the good and more interest on the mother's part would make work at school much more effective. She believes, too, that boys as well as girls should be taught to cook, wait on table and do a little housework. And why not, I'd like to know.

Here are some recipes for young cooks. They're simple, short on time but long on flavor, so even if you haven't any children to train, you will like to make them yourself.

Cocoa

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 2 Tablespoonfuls of cocoa
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of sugar
- Few grains of salt
- 1 Cupful of water
- 3 Cupfuls of milk

Heat the milk in a double boiler until scalding (you'll see little bubbles form around the edge of the milk). Mix the cocoa, sugar and salt together in a saucepan. Add the water and let the mixture boil gently for five minutes. Stir this mixture into the hot milk and serve piping. For special occasions, pop a marshmallow into each cup after pouring. Five to six servings.

Devilled Eggs

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 6 Eggs
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of mayonnaise or cooked salad dressing
- ¼ Teaspoonful of salt
- 1 Tablespoonful of chopped parsley

Place the eggs in boiling water and keep just below the boiling point for 20 minutes. Cool the eggs in cold water, then peel off the shells. Cut in halves lengthwise. Remove yolks, mash well and mix with the salad dressing, salt and parsley. Refill the whites. Serve on lettuce.

Devilled eggs are good in the lunch box. Wrap each one in waxed paper.

Sausage Molds

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 1 Pound of sausage meat
- ¼ Cupful of chopped onion
- ½ Cupful of chopped celery
- ¼ Cupful of chopped sweet pickle
- ½ Teaspoonful of salt
- 1 Egg, beaten
- ½ Cupful of rolled oats
- 1 Cupful of tomato juice

Combine the ingredients thoroughly.

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A DISTINCTLY
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Most desirable for every Canadian garden. Distinctly new; combining the uses and flavours of celery and lettuce. Raw Celuce is used like celery. Cooked Celuce has attractive appearance and pleasant mild flavour suggesting celery, lettuce, asparagus, broccoli, or summer squash. Ready for use in 90 days. Easily grown everywhere. We send complete directions for culture and use. Do not miss this valuable new vegetable. Thousands of gardeners were delighted with the new Celuce in 1943. (Pkt 250 seeds 15¢) (2 pkts 25¢) (½ oz 70¢) (oz \$1.25) postpaid.

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New, Improved Ovaltine supplies concentrated nourishment, specially processed for easy digestion. This food-drink usually stays down when nothing else seems to agree.

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When in need of "building up", try taking *New, Improved Ovaltine* three or four times a day. Used warm at bedtime, it helps the body to relax and fosters refreshing sleep. Buy Ovaltine at drug or food store today.

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Please send me a sample of *New, Improved Ovaltine* and informative pamphlet on its nutritional values. (One sample offer to a person).

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**NEW, IMPROVED
OVALTINE**

138

Children's Chores

AN ENDLESS round of doing the supper dishes is a bugbear to any child. But taken in comparatively easy doses even dishwashing isn't half bad nor are any of the other little chores which fall to a youngster's lot. And not only in the maidless household either; why shouldn't the poor little rich girl have her chance?

Of course I know it's a lot easier to do things yourself than it is to show others how to do them. But that's not a good way to give your children a good start. All play and no work at all makes it harder for Jack and Jill later on.

Chores for children should be short and as sweet as you can make them by suiting the job to the age of the youngster and praising them for a good try even if the results are short of perfection. Some mothers contribute to the piggy bank ever so often or work out another system of encouragement. Virtue may be its own reward, but it's hard sometimes to make a child believe it. Whatever you do, be sure that jobs are fairly proportioned. It's a good idea to have a change about every week or two so that all share alike and have equal responsibilities.

What can they do?

Pick Up Books And Toys—Even the Youngest Member can be taught to pick up blocks and picture books. While stooping to do it yourself may be good for your figure, the habit of neatness is more important to the child.



Set the Table—Teach them to lay the silver in trim rows, arrange the dishes neatly and make the table attractive. They'll love this job and take a pride in it.

Hang Up Their Own Clothes and keep their room tidy. Some mothers spend their lives picking up after their children and no one gives them any thanks for it. They don't deserve them either.

Clean Their Own Bathtubs—Not a lick and a promise either, but a proper wash ready for the next bather. Hanging up towels and wash cloths is another part of bathroom care.

Make the Beds—Older children can be taught to tuck in sheets, mitre corners, fluff up pillows and put on the spread evenly and smoothly.

Wait On Table—Boys as well as girls take their turn at this.

Wash Dishes—Back to that again! Don't ask them to do great stacks

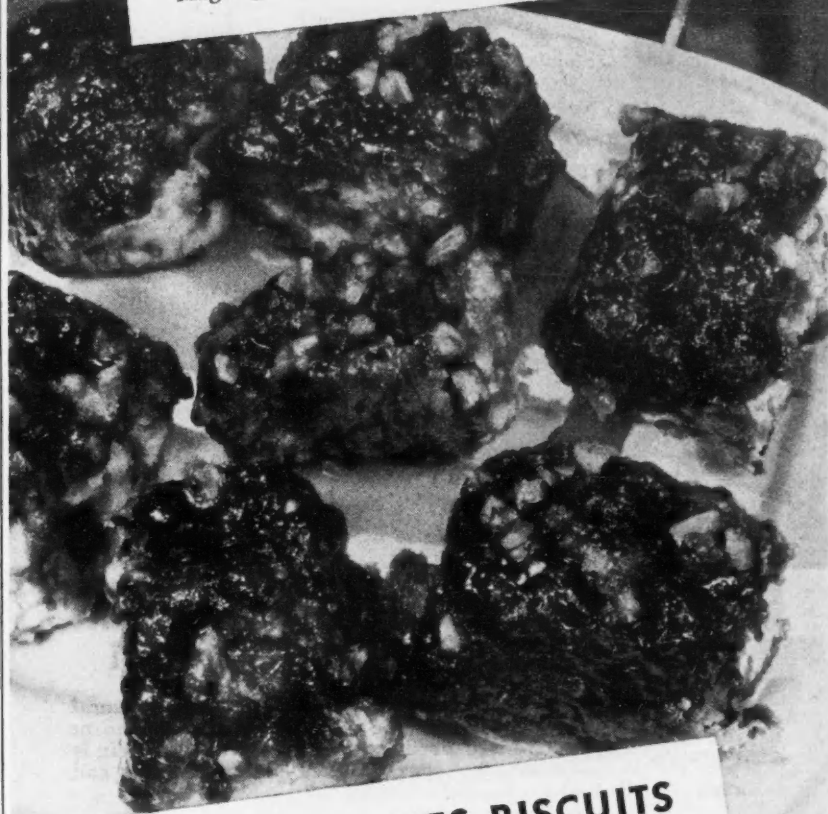
Biscuits that melt in your mouth... WITHOUT BUTTER

Don't like biscuits without butter? Try these! Magic's keyed-to-the-times Molasses Biscuits call for no butter inside or out. So luscious, flavor-rich and moist—your family will never think of buttering them!

And don't knock wood when you pop them into the oven, either—because Magic guarantees sure-fire

baking success. Three generations of Canadian Home makers have found that baked dishes made with dependable Magic just can't help having finer, lighter texture—delicious flavor.

Magic costs less than 1¢ per average baking. Get Magic today—and have delicious homemade biscuits tonight.



MAGIC MOLASSES BISCUITS

2 cups sifted flour
4 tspns. Magic Baking Powder
½ tspn. salt
2 tspns. sugar

½ cup chopped nuts, any kind
4 tspns. shortening
2/3 cup milk (about)
1 cup molasses
¼ cup water

Mix, sift first four ingredients. Cut in shortening until mixed. Slowly add milk to make soft dough. Roll ½-inch thick on lightly floured board; sprinkle with ¼ cup nuts. Roll as for jelly roll. Cut in 1-inch slices. Mix molasses and water and pour into well-greased layer cake pan. Sprinkle with remaining nuts. Place biscuits on top, cut side down. Bake in hot oven (425°F.) about 35 minutes. Turn out immediately. Makes 10.



MADE IN CANADA



Meals of the Month for MARCH



	BREAKFAST	LUNCHEON or SUPPER	DINNER		BREAKFAST	LUNCHEON or SUPPER	DINNER
WED 1	Sliced Oranges Cereal Pancakes Coffee	Pea Soup Potato and Green Pepper Salad Stewed Prunes Oatmeal Bread Tea	Baked Fish with Top Dressing Mashed Potatoes Green Beans Harvard Beets Lemon Pudding Coffee	FRI 17	Cold Tomatoes Cereal Pancakes with Honey or Syrup Coffee	Broiled Smoked Fish with Lemon Sections Sliced Onion in Vinegar Spiced Prunes Tea	Clam Chowder Biscuits Vegetable Plate (Stuffed Potatoes, Parsley Carrots, Broccoli with Cheese Sauce) Lemon Bread Pudding Coffee
THU 2	Tomato Juice Cereal Toast Coffee	Curried Kidneys and Vegetables on Toast Sweet Pickles Mince Tarts Tea	Grilled Small Steaks Mashed Potatoes Buttered Carrots Boiled Rice with Syrup Coffee	SAT 18	Grapefruit Cereal Toast Coffee	Cream of Tomato Soup Cottage Cheese and Raw Vegetable Salad Chocolate Rennet Custard Icebox Cookies Tea	Sausages Fried Apple Slices Mashed Potatoes Green Beans Prune Pie Coffee
FRI 3	Orange Juice Cereal with added Wheat Germ Toast Coffee	Spinach with Poached Eggs Brown Bread Canned Peas Doughnuts Tea	Cream of Tomato Soup Baked Fish Loaf Duchess Potatoes Shredded Cabbage Apple Upside-down Cake Coffee	SUN 19	Tomato Juice Cereal Toast Coffee	Vegetable Soup Fruit Salad Cream Dressing Bran Nut Bread Pumpkin Tarts Tea	Short Ribs of Beef Hot Mustard Sauce Browned Potatoes Creamed Turnips Chocolate Ice Cream Coffee
SAT 4	Apples Cereal Toast Coffee	Scalloped Potatoes With Parsley and Cheese Carrot Sticks Bran Muffins Honey Cocoa	Sausages Buttered Macaroni Stewed Tomatoes Fruited Jelly Cream Coffee	MON 20	Sliced Oranges Cereal Popovers Coffee	Cheese and Bean Loaf Lettuce Salad French Dressing Toasted Nut Bread Jam Cocoa	Clear Tomato Soup Cold Roast Beef Lyonnaise Potatoes Corn Gingerbread Maple Syrup Coffee
SUN 5	Half Grapefruit Parsley Omelet Brown Toast Coffee	Clam Chowder Rolls Celery Radishes Gherkins Ice Cream Icebox Cookies Tea	Rolled Shoulder of Veal Browned Potatoes Parsnips Relishes Chilled Grape Pudding Coffee	TUE 21	Stewed Rhubarb Fish Cakes Tomato Sauce Toast Coffee	Fresh Bologna Sauerkraut Oatmeal Muffins Blanchmange with Sliced Oranges Tea	Shoulder Lamb Chops Creamed Potatoes Ginger Carrots Coleslaw Apples Cooked in Syrup Gingerbread (leftover) Coffee
MON 6	Stewed Rhubarb Cereal Toasted Rolls Coffee	Liver and Onions Lyonnaise Potatoes Chili Sauce Sliced Oranges Tea	Asparagus Soup Cold Sliced Veal Mashed Potatoes Peas Steamed Raisin Cup Cakes Brown Sugar Sauce Coffee	WED 22	Grape Juice with Lemon Cereal Toast Coffee	Fried Smelts Lemon Slices Parsley Potatoes in Cream Sauce Floating Island Cocoa	Noodle Ring with Creamed Peas and Carrots, Scalloped Tomatoes, Parsnips Steamed Fruit Pudding Coffee
TUE 7	Prunes Bread and Milk Corn Meal Muffins Coffee	Stuffed Eggs in Tomato Jelly Head Lettuce French Dressing Caramel Rennet Custard Cocoa	Beef Stew with Vegetables Boiled Potatoes Coleslaw Apple Crisp Coffee	THU 23	Orange Halves Brown French Toast Syrup Coffee	Jellied Veal Molds Shredded Lettuce Potato and Carrot Salad Spice Cup Cakes Fruit Sauce Tea	Steak and Kidney Pie Spinach Maple Bread Pudding Coffee
WED 8	Tomato Juice Cereal Toast Coffee	Grilled Sardines on Toast Lemon Wedges Carrot Fingers Stewed Rhubarb Cookies Tea	Fish and Potato Pie Sauerkraut Barley Pudding Plain Cream Coffee	FRI 24	Cereal with Added Wheat Germ Toast Coffee	Creamed Eggs on Parsley Muffins Raw Beet Salad Sliced Oranges Filled Cookies Tea	Fried Halibut Steaks Mashed Potatoes String Beans Steamed Fruit Dumplings Coffee
THU 9	Orange Halves Cereal Toast Coffee	Bean Soup Toasted Bread Cubes Apple Cottage Cheese Coleslaw Tea	Meat Loaf Baked Potatoes Braised Celery Cottage Pudding Chocolate Sauce Coffee	SAT 25	Orange Juice Cereal Kippers Coffee	Peppercorn Soup Biscuits Vegetable Salad Raisin Bran Muffins Jam Cocoa	Breaded Veal Cutlets Parsley Potatoes Braised Celery Baked Chocolate Custard Coffee
FRI 10	Grape Juice with Lemon Soft-cooked Eggs Bread or Toast Coffee	Cheese and Vegetable Casserole Canned Plums Bran Muffins Tea	Tomato Cocktail Steamed Cod Parsley Sauce Potatoes Boiled in Jackets Deep Apple Pie Coffee	SUN 26	Rhubarb Juice Cereal Toast Coffee	Potato and Egg Salad Radishes Toasted Muffins Canned Berries Doughnuts Tea	Tomato Cocktail Stewed Chicken Dumplings Salad Greens French Dressing Deep Apple Pie Coffee
SAT 11	Half Grapefruit Cereal Creamed Leftover Cod Toast Coffee	Cold Meat Loaf Potato Salad Hot Biscuits Maple Syrup Tea	Veal Curry Boiled Rice Parsley Carrots Mixed Fruit Cup Cake Coffee	MON 27	Tomato Juice Cereal Brown Toast Coffee	Chicken and Rice Croquettes Mushroom Soup Sauce Rhubarb Orange Coffee Cake Cocoa	Minute Steaks Fried Onions Mashed Potatoes Diced Turnips Johnny Cake Syrup Tea
SUN 12	Orange Juice Cereal Buckwheat Griddle Cakes Syrup Coffee	Chicken Noodle Soup Biscuits Green Salad Bowl Berry Cobbler Tea	Mushroom Soup Sliced Jellied Tongue Potato Soufflé Green Beans Butterscotch Pudding Coffee	TUE 28	Half Grapefruit Cereal Toasted Coffee Cake Coffee	Stewed Spareribs Dumplings Diced Vegetable Salad Fresh Pineapple Cookies Tea	Boiled Brisket of Beef Horse-radish Sauce Mashed Potatoes Cabbage Brown Betty Tea
MON 13	Tomato Juice Cereal Bran Muffins Coffee	Scrambled Eggs with Chopped Onion and Parsley Toast Diced Fresh Pineapple Tea	Swiss Steak Boiled Potatoes Mashed Turnips Fruit Shortcake Coffee	WED 29	Orange Sections Cereal Soft-cooked Eggs Toast Coffee	Corn Custard Brown Rolls Baked Apples Gingersnaps Tea	Haddock Baked in Milk Oven-fried Potatoes Buttered Parsnips Almond Blanchmange with Cream Coffee
TUE 14	Cereal with Raisins Toast Honey Coffee	Savory Noodles Carrot and Turnip Fingers Brown Bread Baked Apples Doughnuts Tea	Stuffed Spareribs Franconia Potatoes Spinach Orange Spanish Cream Tea	THU 30	Prune Juice Bread and Milk Brown Toast Jelly Coffee	Shepherd's Pie (leftover Brisket) Mustard Pickles Head Lettuce Salad Canned Plums Tea	Hot Tomato Juice Dressed Tenderloin Potatoes Boiled in Jackets Creamed Carrots Baked Indian Pudding Coffee
WED 15	Orange Juice Poached Eggs Brown Toast Coffee	Toasted Cheese Sandwiches Sweet Pickles Lettuce Salad Canned Berries Drop Cookies Tea	Baked Fish Loaf Scalloped Potatoes Sliced Beets Rhubarb Crisp Cocoa	FRI 31	Rhubarb Cereal Toast Coffee	Celery Soup Sardine Sandwiches Rennet Custard with Orange Slices Cocoa	Cheese Omelet Parsley Potatoes Spinach Baked Grape Juice Pudding Tea
THU 16	Stewed Apples Cereal Toast Coffee	Baked Beans (precooked) Beet and Celery Salad Brown Rolls Boiled Grapefruit Tea	Dressed Heart Baked Potatoes Cabbage Sliced Bananas and Oranges Fruited Rolls Coffee				

BUY WAR SAVINGS STAMPS

TOP DRESSING FOR FISH

Season soft bread crumbs with salt and pepper. Add a little minced onion and parsley, a dash of lemon juice and a sprinkling of grated rind. Spread over fish fillets before baking.

MARCH 1

RAW BEET SALAD

Combine grated raw beet with a suspicion of onion juice. Moisten with French dressing and serve with salad greens. Gives a fillip!

MARCH 24

Split and Butter

by GERTRUDE CRAWFORD



SHORTCUTS to the heart of the man who heads the table and foots the bills. He's bound to admire the taste of these quickies and the way you can dish them up in next-to-no time for next-to-no money. Orange coffee cake, hot muffins, fresh biscuits or a toasty flavored bran bread—any of these on the table is a feather in your cap.

Orange Coffee Cake

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 1½ Cupfuls of all-purpose flour
- 2 Teaspoonfuls of baking powder
- 1 Teaspoonful of salt
- ½ Cupful of sugar
- 1 Egg
- ½ Cupful of milk
- 3 Tablespoonfuls of melted shortening
- 2 Teaspoonfuls of grated orange rind

Sift the flour, measure and sift again with the baking powder and salt. Combine with the sugar. Beat the egg, add the milk, shortening and orange rind. Add to the flour mixture, stirring just enough to blend the ingredients. Pour into a greased cake pan (8 x 8 x 2 inches). Sprinkle with a topping of 3 table-spoonfuls of sugar mixed with 2 tea-spoonfuls of grated orange rind and bake in a moderate oven—400 deg. Fahr.—for 25 minutes.

Bran Nut Bread

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 1 Egg
- ¾ Cupful of sugar
- 1 Cupful of milk
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of melted shortening
- ¾ Cupful of ready-cooked bran
- 2 Cupfuls of all-purpose flour
- 1 Teaspoonful of salt
- 3 Teaspoonfuls of baking powder
- ½ Cupful of chopped nuts

Beat the egg and sugar until light. Add the milk, melted shortening and bran. Sift the flour, measure and sift again with the salt and baking powder. Add to the first mixture with the nuts, stirring only until blended. Bake in a greased loaf pan (4½ x 9½ inches) in a moderate oven—350 deg. Fahr.—for about one hour and 10 minutes.

Parsley Muffins

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 2 Cupfuls of all-purpose flour
- 3 Teaspoonfuls of baking powder
- ½ Teaspoonful of salt

- 1 Egg
- 1 Cupful of milk
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of melted shortening
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of chopped parsley

Sift the flour, measure and sift again with the baking powder and salt. Beat the egg, add the milk, shortening and parsley. Add to the dry ingredients, mixing only until the flour is moistened. Fill greased muffin tins ¾ full. Bake in a moderate oven—425 deg. Fahr.—for 20 minutes. Makes 10 medium muffins.

Crusty Fruit Squares

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 2 Cupfuls of flour
- 4 Teaspoonfuls of baking powder
- ¾ Teaspoonful of salt
- 5 Tablespoonfuls of shortening
- 1½ Teaspoonfuls of grated orange rind
- ½ Cupful of seedless raisins
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of corn syrup
- ½ Cupful of milk

Sift and measure the flour and sift again with the baking powder and salt. Cut in the shortening, then add the orange rind and raisins. Combine the milk and syrup and add to the other ingredients, blending well. Turn out on a floured board and knead for 30 seconds. Roll out to ½-inch thickness and cut in squares. Brush lightly with syrup. Bake on a greased cookie sheet in a hot oven—450 deg. Fahr.—for 12 to 15 minutes.

Ginger Carrot Gems

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 2 Cupfuls of all-purpose flour
- 3 Teaspoonfuls of baking powder
- ¼ Teaspoonful of baking soda
- ½ Teaspoonful of ginger
- ½ Teaspoonful of salt
- 1 Egg
- ½ Cupful of milk
- ½ Cupful of corn syrup or molasses
- 6 Tablespoonfuls of melted shortening
- ¾ Cupful of grated raw carrot

Sift the flour, measure and sift with the other dry ingredients. Beat the egg, add the milk and syrup or molasses. Stir into the dry ingredients, mixing only until blended. Add the melted shortening and carrot. Fill greased muffin tins ¾ full and bake in a moderate oven—350 deg. Fahr.—for 20 minutes. Makes one dozen muffins. +

These Are Swell Beans Mom!



Let's have them often!

AN ALL-TIME FAVORITE

Real Home-Baked Beans with Tomato Sauce

- 3 slices bacon or 2 tbsps. bacon dripping
- 3 ½ cups boiling water
- 1 to 2 teaspoons dry mustard
- 3 tablespoons white or brown sugar
- 1 ½ teaspoons salt
- ¼ teaspoon pepper
- ¼ cup catsup
- 1—12-oz. pkg. Van Camp's Quick Serve Beans

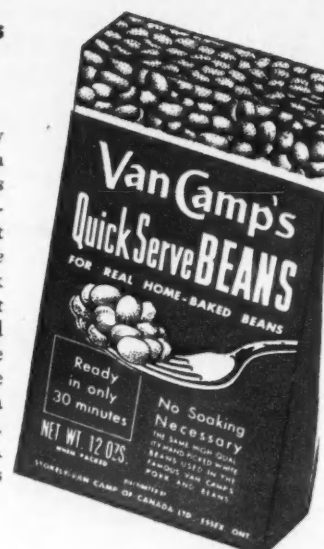
METHOD: Fry bacon, and remove from pan. To the bacon fat, add water. Blend mustard, sugar, salt and pepper in catsup. Add to boiling water and fat and bring just to the boiling point. Turn beans into casserole dish, pour in boiling hot liquids and stir. Arrange cooked bacon over top. Cover and bake in a slow oven, 300° F. for 25 minutes. Remove cover and cook an additional 5 minutes. (Remove cover earlier, if you prefer beans with less sauce.) For a meatless dish, omit bacon and bacon dripping.

READY in 30 MINUTES!



Now you can have home-baked beans —to your own taste— in just 30 minutes!

Van Camp's Quick Serve Beans are specially processed to save you time and work. You can serve hearty, rich brown, baked beans with the satisfying old-fashioned home-baked flavor, in 30 minutes. No overnight soaking—or hours of cooking! Quick Serve Beans are not a substitute for canned pork and beans. They are an entirely new product made to give you the most delicious baked beans you ever tasted! Ask for a package or two at your grocer's. You can make many other tempting bean dishes—in a hurry—with Van Camp's Quick Serve Beans. See the easy recipes with every package. A Canadian Product made only by Van Camp's in Essex, Ontario.



ECONOMICAL! 6 TO 8 SERVINGS IN EVERY PACKAGE

LOOK! MY Growin's Showin'

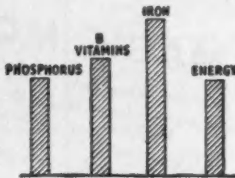


And Here's What Those Vitality Elements in Quaker Oats Help Do for Us Kids!

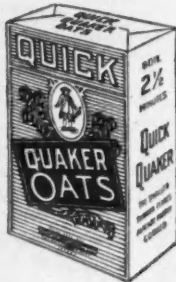


Whole-grain oatmeal surpasses all other natural cereals in protein—the great natural vitality element that children need for normal growth. Protein is necessary for sturdy bodies—straight backs and limbs—healthier babies.

Richest, too, in vitamin B₁ of all natural cereals. Babies and growing children must have this vitamin, or irritability, nervousness and constipation may result. Recently, 504 out of 514 food authorities recommended a HOT breakfast for every growing child and working adult. Many physicians recommend oatmeal for babies as early as the 4th or 5th month!



So serve tempting, whole-grain Quaker Oats daily to all your family. It's your economical, healthful, delicious breakfast treat! Be sure to ask your grocer for Quaker Oats today.



Delicious! Whole Grain
QUAKER OATS
Truly Canada's Favourite Breakfast Food

The Quaker Oats Company
of Canada Limited

Be sure to listen to "That Brewster Boy" every Friday Night—9.30-10 p.m. E.W.T.—Fun for the whole family!

without any help and never a letup. But when they're about it, insist on a good job—dishes rinsed and neatly piled to begin with and everything put away in its place at the finish. Dishcloth and towel hung up neatly.

Dust—Still the bane of my life, but it has to be done. I'd give a special prize for this one—blessed if I wouldn't!

Clean Stairs—Not such a bad one; they can tick them off one by one and slide down the banisters when they're finished.

Answer the Telephone—They love this. But do teach them to speak up clearly and have their wits about them.

Answer the Door—Another nice one; you never know just who's there and it might be somebody awfully nice.



Clean the Silver—Good Saturday morning's chore if it isn't too big. It's nice to see bright, shining pieces when they're done, but little fingers get tired with too much rubbing.

Put Baby to Bed—Depends, of course, on how old they both are. Use your judgment here.

"Mind" Younger Children—But don't let the toddler be forever tagging along. Older youngsters have a right to their playtime, too.

Take Care of Pets—If they've begged for a dog or a pussy or some other pet, see that they take some responsibility for its care and comfort.

Pack Lunch Boxes—Any girl—boy, too—can learn to take care of her own or her daddy's lunch box by washing, airing and fitting it with lining paper. She can help with the packing, too, or do it all on her own.

Shop—A lot of shopping is done by boys and girls after school and on Saturday mornings. Teach them to be businesslike about this, know how to handle coupons, take care of change, get the parcels home all in one piece.

Store Food—Here's a chance to teach a little about food values as well as neatness. Those greens, you know, lose vitamins fast if they're allowed to hang round the kitchen.

Take Care of Flowers—Give the plants a drink, change water on cut flowers.

Clean Shoes—A daily dust-off and an occasional hard polish.

Fill the Woodbox—Takes me back to my childhood—and that "Happy Thought" was an awful eater! Regular job if you use a cookstove, but not so frequent if it's merely a fireside box. ♣

28 COOKIE RECIPES

Chatelaine Service Bulletin, No. 2200.

Price 10 cents.

Order your copy today from Chatelaine Service Bulletin Department, 481 University Ave., Toronto, Ont.



THIS TWIN BAKER SEAL
OF APPROVAL IS MY
GUIDE TO NUTRITIOUS
DELICIOUS CAKE
DONUTS

You'll always get cake donuts high in food value and tops in taste when this seal is on the package. It guarantees donuts made according to a scientifically controlled formula. Look for it.

GOOD NUTRITION Plus EATING PLEASURE



DON'T SCREAM
Your busiest day—and the sink drain stops up entirely! Don't cry. Just pour in Gillett's and the messy accumulations that were clogging the pipe clear right out. Water flows freely again.

First thought whenever a dirty job comes up should be this grand all-round cleaner. Leave it to Gillett's to keep drains running freely, to flush away ugly brown stains from toilet bowls—to get the garbage pail clean and sweet in a jiffy. Get some today.

*Never dissolve lye in hot water. The action of the lye itself heats the water.

LEAVE THE
DIRTY WORK
TO
GILLETT'S



MADE IN CANADA

**SHINES
UGLY SCRATCHES
AWAY!**

**Saves
Precious Furniture**

Wipe this miracle polish on and thrill to the ease with which ugly scratches disappear—to make your furniture look like new. At leading stores everywhere.

**Old English
Scratch Cover
POLISH**

Made by the Makers of Old English Wax



TODAY the Canadian Beauty organization is almost 100 per cent devoted to war production—making vital equipment to help hasten Allied Victory.

TOMORROW, the knowledge gained of new materials and new methods will provide even finer—even more efficient—Canadian Beauty Electrical Appliances than those serving so faithfully now in Canadian homes.

IRONS
TOASTERS
HEATERS
RANGES
RANGETTES

Canadian Beauty
ELECTRICAL
APPLIANCES

**EYES
WORKING
OVERTIME?**

DO THIS! Put 2 drops of Eye-Gene in each eye. See how quickly it washes away that bloodshot look...brings soothing relief to tired eyes!

GET EYE-GENE... today! It's the only eye lotion on the market containing the exclusive ingredient that gives such effective relief... so fast! Safe, stainless.



EYE-GENE
2 DROPS CLEAR, SOOTHE IN SECONDS

Women Are Disappointing :: Continued from page 9

usually do more about it than smash a plate, as many a husband can testify.

Here, then, are the three indictments which emerge from the records of the Institute, and point the finger at Woman:

1. Women, who fought so valiantly and hard for the right to vote three decades or so ago, are not using their hard-earned franchise.

2. With the few exceptions noted below, they are altogether too content to parrot the opinions of their menfolk, in which they resemble the four-year-old who will throw a purple tantrum to get a toy away from a playmate, and then lose interest in it immediately he has obtained possession.

3. They seem to have lost much of the militant crusading spirit of their mothers and are far too diffident and self-deprecatory in expressing, or even forming, an opinion on important matters of the day.

Remember, please, this is not the writer speaking. It is the record. Let's look at it.

Before the introduction of modern opinion polls, no reliable or nationwide record was kept as to what percentage of the total vote cast represented women's vote. Up until the outbreak of the war, however, the polls showed that women cast only between 43% and 45% of the total vote cast. With the absorption of millions of men into the armed forces, the balance shifted. In the 1942 Congressional elections in United States, for example, women for the first time in history cast more votes than the men—53%. The same thing was true in the Ontario election last August. But this change is the result of no lessening of apathy on the part of women voters, but results from circumstances entirely beyond their control.

Most readers will have seen newspaper reports on the number voting in recent elections. Seldom does it reach 70% of the total eligible voters, and in some municipal elections last year it was under 20% of the eligible voters.

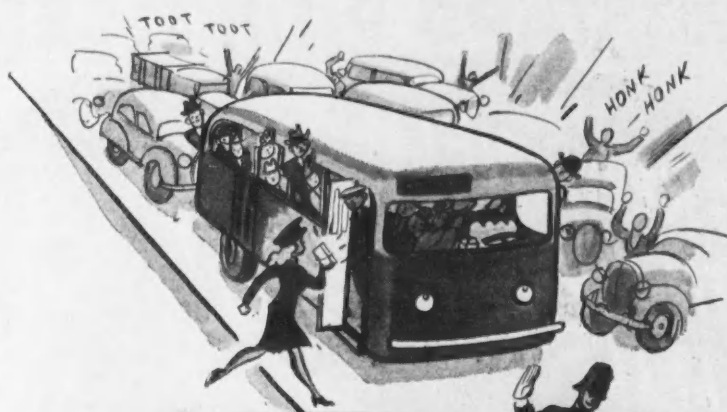
First indictment, then, is that women have done nothing to rectify the decline in the use of the franchise.

The second indictment is broader than election turnout. In between elections, as well as at elections, women are far too prone to take their cue from their husbands' opinions and prejudices. They don't seem to be doing any appreciable original thinking. When a Gallup interviewer asks a woman her opinion on an issue, particularly in the realm of politics, economics or world affairs, a common reply is: "Well, I'm not quite sure on that one. I haven't talked to my husband about it."

There are, of course, a few issues on which women do think differently from men. Notable example is on the issue of complete prohibition, which women support to a much greater degree than do men—about 10 or 15% more. Women are also more inclined to support restrictions of all kinds on beer and liquor than are the men.

Examples could be multiplied, but let's move on to the third indictment—that women have lost the crusading, militant, "equal-right-or-bust" spirit of their forebears.

Even on issues where you would expect some of this spirit to appear, the



**SHE JUST STOPPED
FOR A PACKAGE OF
CARAMEL DESSERT.**

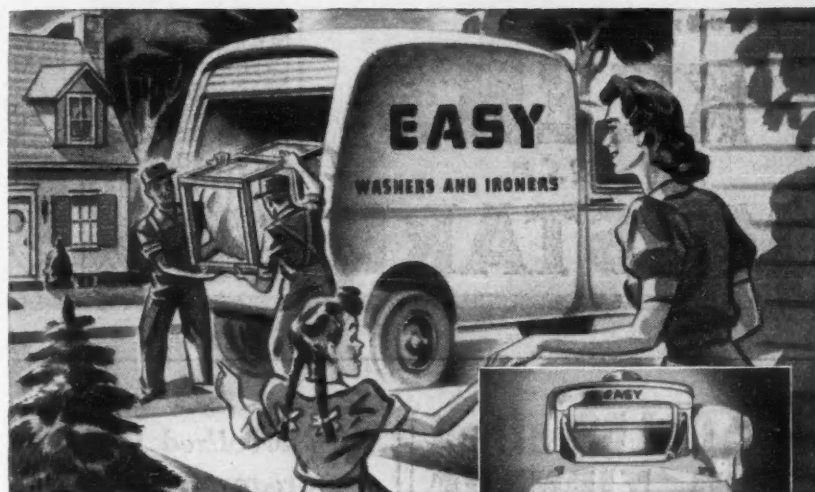


BERTHA, the beautiful bus driver may be a glamour girl behind the wheel, but junior is in the driver's seat at home—and how he loves Caramel pudding. Small wonder she tied up traffic when she heard the corner grocer had some Shirriff's New Desserts. Shirriff's New Desserts are a rare treat these days; because of limited wartime production we can't supply the full demand. You will understand if your grocer is temporarily out of stock.

**SHIRRIFF'S
NEW DESSERTS**

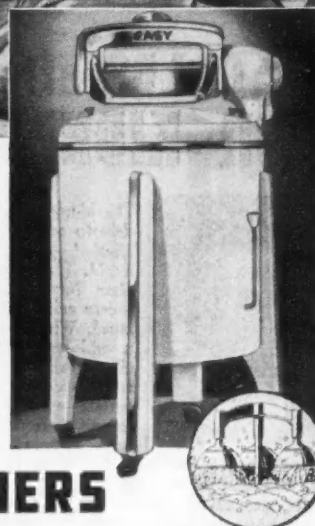
Made by the makers of Shirriff's MARMALADE and Shirriff's LUSHUS

There's a Great Day Coming



Some day, not far distant we hope, the truck will roll up to your door with the new and finer EASY Washer that you've been waiting for so long. And it will be the kind of washer you've always dreamed of owning... smart, modern... designed and built by the EASY engineering genius that pioneered the famous Vacuum-cup principle, the Spin-Drier and other notable washer advancements.

EASY
Vacuum-Cup WASHERS



THE EASY WASHING MACHINE CO. LIMITED • TORONTO (10) ONTARIO

A "good morning" treat!

KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN MUFFINS

2 tablespoons shortening $\frac{3}{4}$ cup milk
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sugar 1 cup sifted flour
 1 egg $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt
 1 cup Kellogg's All-Bran $2\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons baking powder

Blend shortening and sugar thoroughly; add egg and beat well. Stir in All-Bran and milk; let soak until most of moisture is taken up. Sift flour with salt and baking powder; add to first mixture and stir only until flour disappears. Fill greased muffin pans two-thirds full and bake in moderately hot oven (400°F.) about 30 minutes. Yield: 8 large muffins



Mmm! They're so tempting they'll melt in your mouth! Crisp, crunchy and really distinctively flavored! You'll cheer, too, at the way the regular use of KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN helps keep you free from the common type of constipation due to lack of dietary "bulk"! ALL-BRAN gets at the cause and corrects it. Get KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN at your grocer's. 2 convenient sizes.

**Helps keep you
 "REGULAR"
 naturally**



MADE BY KELLOGG'S IN LONDON, CANADA

HOME FRONT

Chatelaine's Ottawa correspondent brings you facts and forecasts concerning the changing picture of wartime living

NO AUSTERITY about hats. They're gay as ever, in straws, felts and fabrics, heaped with flowers and ribbons. Priorities are not involved in the scrap of this and dab of that, which the milliner's skilled fingers turn into your Easter bonnet.

Pay no attention to gloomy prognostications about cottons. At Ottawa the word is that the supply of cotton fabrics will be about equal to last year's, which means a good range of colors and designs. As for rayon, the amount available will depend on how much of the stuff is required for that new category of essential user, the synthetic tire—it's lined with rayon—and the imports we can get from the United States.

There's no reason why you can't get a new pair of gloves for Easter if you need them. The supply is adequate. The same thing is true of rayon and lisle hosiery—but in wartime don't be above lengthening the life of stockings and gloves with your needle.

Women's shoes are being manufactured only in black, light and dark brown, and white. Some stores still have odd lots of other colors, left over from the time when the approved range of shoe shades was wider.

It looks as if the shortage of such things as children's footwear, underclothing and dresses experienced in some localities is unlikely to recur. The WPTB has taken "very positive action" to ensure adequate production.

About labels. Women's, misses' and juniors' coats, suits and sports jackets made in Canada since last October are required to carry the name or WPTB license number of the manufacturer, or his registered trademark. This applies to work clothes too.

Curves controlled. Supplies of metal to make steel boning for girdles have been released. More hairpins, bobby pins and safety pins are being manufactured too.

Platinum is something we can't get at present, because it is an important war metal. Its first cousin, palladium, has been released from military service, however, and you'll be seeing it in jewellery store displays.

Don't worry if your furnace pipes or stove pipes look as if they wouldn't last through the remainder of the winter. Restrictions on the manufacture of these articles have been lifted.

Order of the Bathtub. A Prices Board order on bathtub manufacturing has been modified, allowing various specified types of tubs to be made in limited quantities. This range includes a five-foot "recess" model. The restriction on production of septic tanks has been withdrawn.

Food choppers may appear presently, if the manpower needed to make them can be secured. Metal is available.

Bad News for Mosquitoes. Simplified types of wire screening in either grey enamel or galvanized finish will be obtainable.

Paint Job. Horsehair brushes which won't shed are being produced.

More films for camera fans are in prospect, as time goes by. A larger supply of film base material is expected.

When planning your victory garden, as you should be doing now, file this tip for future reference. Such things as carrots, onions, etc., will keep better and longer if stored in wide mesh sacks suspended above the floor so that the air can get at them.

The Queen in Wartime :: Continued from page 5

the dove-grey outfits which Her Majesty wore during the royal tour of Canada are still on active service. And with almost all her costumes, indoors or out, she wears her three strands of pearls, and the familiar diamond maple leaf pinned to her lapel or upswept hat. The Queen has never worn a uniform, and, contrary to what might have been expected, the men and women who must wear regulation dress for the duration, and who line up in stiff rows for her inspection, are grateful to her for this decision to remain her own distinctive, feminine self.

Because of the blackout and the suspension of social activities, the King and Queen spend many of their evenings quietly at home, reading, listening to the radio and playing games with their daughters in the manner of happy families everywhere. But their wartime days are crowded with duties and engagements far beyond the demands on Royalty in peacetime. Whenever possible they go together—to blitzed areas, hospitals, servicemen's clubs. When the King is detained on State business, the Queen goes alone, accompanied by an aide or lady-in-waiting. Because her interest never flags and because she has the special gift of making people feel completely at their ease with her, she has absorbed more knowledge and understanding of the multitudinous war activities of the British Isles than probably any other person. She never pretends to be an expert, however. Once when she bought a model destroyer, the work of a disabled Dunkirk veteran, there was some discussion in the group at the hospital as to whether the guns were properly mounted. "They look all right to me," said Her Majesty, "but I'll take it home and ask the King. He'll know."

Her concern for the welfare of women in industry and in the Services has had specific results in improved canteen arrangements and other facilities. The old snobbish attitude which sought to protect Royalty from reality, and which argued that a prince or a queen should see only what was "nice," could never survive in the presence of this 20th century Elizabeth. She has seen the sufferings, the hardships and the grimy monotonous jobs of wartime at close range. Recently she spent an afternoon with the "boiler girls" of the ATS. Their work, admittedly the heaviest and dirtiest, consists of shovelling coke and tending the furnaces which provide power and heat for a huge ordnance depot—a job formerly done by the Pioneer Corps or by civilian men. The next day she went far underground to a modern concrete fortress where girls of 19 and 20 operate the highly technical predictor gear which is a vital part of London's anti-aircraft defenses. She goes everywhere, this charming larkspur-eyed Queen, and she leaves behind her a new sense of confidence in the importance of the task in hand.

While every good cause is bound to have the approval and sympathy of Her Majesty, she is the active head of her own special groups, comprising the staff women and wives of all officials and employees at the several Royal residences. These are known as the Queen's "working parties," and they have turned out thousands of knitted articles for the Services, pyjamas for hospitals, sheets and assorted supplies

for nurseries and war orphanages, and the like. Whenever possible she presides at the weekly meetings, and at all times keeps in touch with each little organization—checking on supplies of wool, the state of the treasury for further purchases, and balancing the stacks of finished products with the requests that come to her from a hundred directions. Her phenomenal memory comes into full play here. When the lady-in-waiting presents the suggested list for distribution, H. M. will frequently put her finger on one line and say, "But we sent 200 hospital comforts there last month. This time I think we should send our shipment to such-and-such a place at Liverpool." Or, when the report of work under way comes to her desk, she may say, "Ask Mrs. Jones" (the wife of a chauffeur or gardener probably) "if she could possibly finish up the dozen pyjamas this week. When I visited St. X's hospital they told me they had almost exhausted their supplies, and we must try to help them."

Gifts sent direct to the Queen are distributed with the same thoughtful care. The morning I visited Buckingham Palace a large brown paper parcel, containing a complete layette, had just been received from a woman in Port Arthur, Ont. It was waiting for the Queen's return to town before being passed on; for every gift of this kind is brought to H. M.'s personal attention and awaits her decision as to final destination.

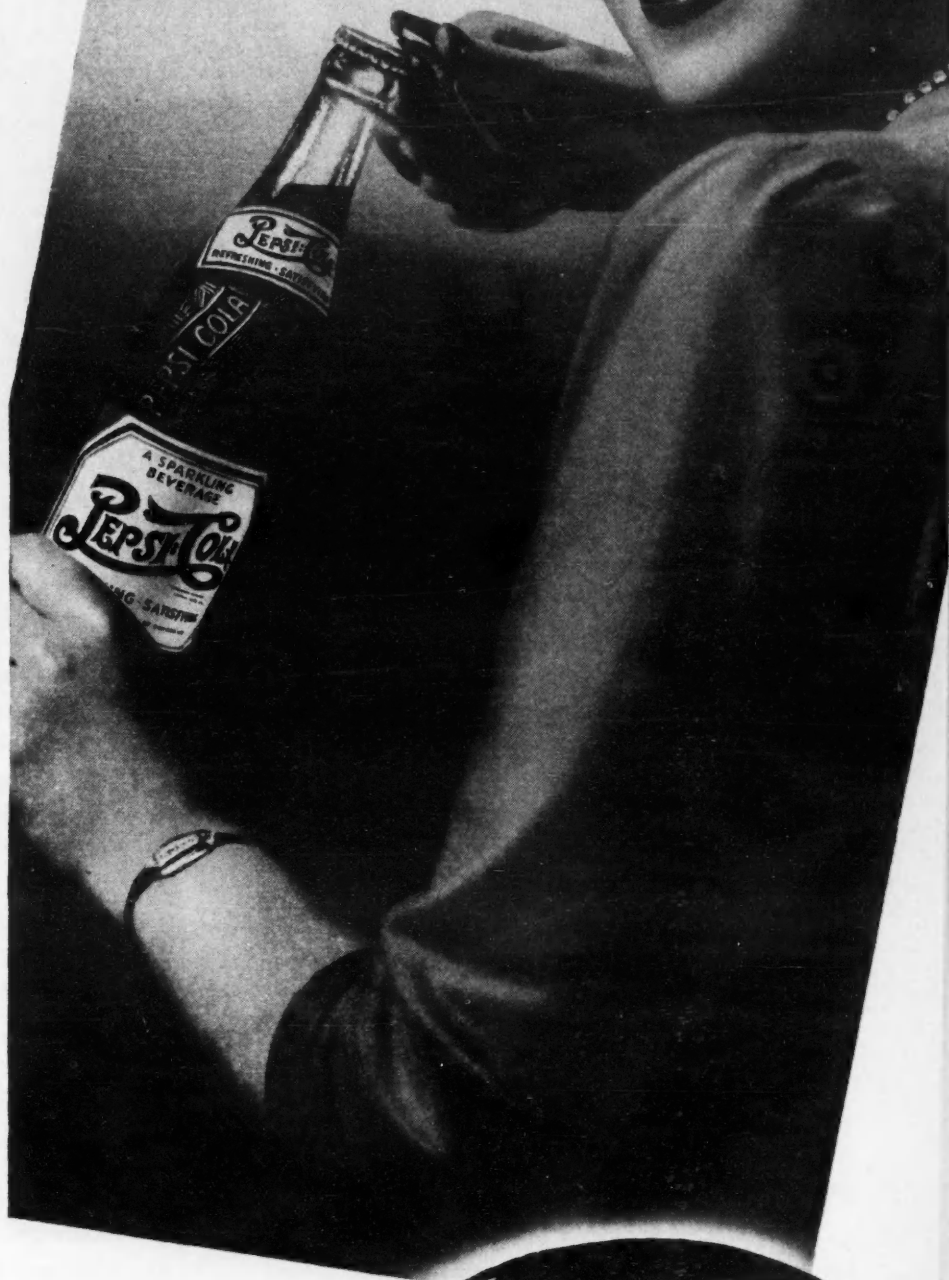
The Queen's correspondence bulks larger year by year. People write to her when worried or in despair. There was the case of Mr. Joseph E. Martin, Kansas City, Mo., who wrote to Her Majesty in a final attempt to get news of his grandson, an American on duty overseas. Within a few weeks he received the reply: "The lady-in-waiting is commanded by the Queen to let you know that your grandson, Luther James, is well and safe," and the letter went on to give the new address in London where the lad was on duty with an RAF ground crew. A grateful acknowledgment came back from Mr. Martin, and it started off this way: "Dear First Lady, I address you thus as I would our own First Lady, both you and she being so thoroughly human."

He was right of course—the Queen is thoroughly human in her every interest and sympathy. Even formal occasions are relieved of their stiffness by her presence. There was the historic occasion during the King's absence in North Africa when Her Majesty held an investiture—the first time a Queen had so presided since the days of Victoria. Naturally the ceremony of pinning on the decorations took much longer than ordinarily, and afterward the Lord Chamberlain happened to remark that this investiture had lasted two hours. The Queen said, "Oh dear, I do hope those people weren't too tired out, standing so long."

The Queen herself seems never to tire, no matter how arduous her day. People who know her well put it down to the fact that she never fusses beforehand, never indulges in "nerves." She has been able to meet any demand with composure, and with the sympathetic interest that comes from a clear, fresh mind which reaches out instinctively to the hopes and concerns of others. Truly, she is, as all her people say, a wonderful woman. +



Say Please!



**NO
FINER
CARBONATED
BEVERAGE
GOES INTO
ANY BOTTLE**



MUSTARD POULTICES

**GREAT HELP
IN NURSING
LITTLE KIDDIES**



ORIGINALLY of Lancashire, England, Mrs. W. A. Potter, now of Swift Current, Saskatchewan, says that in her estimation, there is no household remedy that takes the place of mustard. She has used mustard in many ways to help combat various ailments among her own six children and always with good results.

Chest and Bronchial Colds

"I have used mustard frequently," said Mrs. Potter, "to help relieve chest and bronchial colds in the case of adults, both men and women. These troubles can be very aggravating but I have always found that relief comes much more quickly if mustard poultices and foot baths are used. I can say quite definitely that the use of mustard helps to make all such troubles much less formidable." Mrs. Potter concluded by saying, "I would never think of being without a can of mustard in my home."

Free Booklet Shows How to Use Mustard Medicinally

Write Reckitt & Colman (Canada) Limited, Station T, Montreal, for handy free booklet, "The Mustard Treatment for Rheumatic Pains and Other Disorders," describing the medicinal uses of mustard and the standard methods of using this reliable remedy.

KEEN'S
D.S.F.
MUSTARD



Always Buy Pure Mustard

No better proof of the fine medicinal properties of mustard exists than the fact that thousands of people like Mrs. Potter use it year after year with excellent results. Keep mustard in your home—always handy for foot baths, complete baths and mustard poultices or plasters to relieve chills, colds, or when you feel depressed by Grippe or some other winter infection. Use it to help relieve pains of Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Arthritis, Neuritis, over-tired muscles, etc. Call a doctor promptly if symptoms are serious.

Be sure that you get famous Keen's D.S.F. Mustard, made entirely from mustard seed of highest quality, and packed to preserve its uniform quality and full, medicinal strength. Sold by grocers and druggists everywhere.

sex which 20 or 30 years ago was throwing itself in front of horsecars for equal rights, is amazingly nonmilitant and docile. When the Poll put the issue about whether women should be allowed to sit on juries, there was no sweeping demand on their part, and little difference between the majority support of the two sexes. In French Canada, in fact, the Poll found a majority of women opposing the idea of permitting their sex to sit on a jury.

"After the war," the Gallup Poll recently asked representative Canadians, "do you think women should be given an equal opportunity with men to compete for jobs, or do you think employers should give men the first chance?" Here is a comparison between the way men and women answered:

	Men	Women
	%	%
Should have equal chance	21	27
Give men first chance	75	68
Undecided.....	4	5

Some will say that this is realism on the part of women—that it merely shows their common sense. Perhaps, but all we are saying is that it doesn't show the same spirit of "Up, Girls, and at 'em" which startled the early 1900's.

On the question as to whether women should be paid the same wages as men for similar jobs, the women are only slightly more emphatic than the men. The actual question put was, "If women take the place in industry, should they be paid the same wages as men?"

	Men	Women
	%	%
Should get same pay ..	73	86
Less pay	20	11
Undecided	7	3

The above issue, incidentally, was one of the very few in which women were not more undecided than men.

Your typical Canadian woman thinks no differently on the divorce question than does your typical Canadian man. In both cases a slight majority thinks there is something wrong with divorce laws, but splits almost 50-50 on whether these laws are too strict or not strict enough.

One of the most experienced interviewers on the Institute's staff—a woman, incidentally—told me recently: "When a woman answers the door and I ask to interview her, she will try to pass the job of answering on to her husband if he is home—but having done so, will often try to take the interview away from him when a question interests her.

"When I am interviewing a woman," says another interviewer, "I always dread the first question which deals with the war. I know from experience that my respondent is apt to jump up, dash to the piano, or the wall, or both, and shove framed and unframed pictures on me—and if bad luck will have it, snapshots of a son or sons in the armed forces. When a woman gets to this point, although she will be more reticent than a man in answering questions of a personal or business nature, such as whether they own a telephone, a car, or what her husband's occupation is, or which way they voted in the last election, she will throw all reserve to the winds, and deluge me with much more personal things—her troubles, fears, heartaches and so forth."

Women, you are disappointing us. Up and at 'em. ♦



JUMBO CABBAGE

Largest Cabbage grown, some weighing 30 and some even 40 lbs. Unsurpassed for Kraut and table use. Very interesting to watch these monsters develop. Our sales of Jumbo Cabbage last season exceeded all others. (Pkt 10c) (oz 80c) post-paid.

FREE — OUR BIG 1944 SEED AND NURSERY BOOK—Best Yet 41W
DOMINION SEED HOUSE, GEORGETOWN, ONT.



YOU'LL find it pays to keep several packages of Cow Brand Baking Soda always on hand... it costs only a few cents a package and has many important uses in the home. Here are a few:

CLEANS TEETH—Brushing teeth regularly with Cow Brand has an effective cleansing action and leaves a pleasant, clean after-taste... helps to restore natural colour of the teeth, too.

A RESTFUL BATH—Pour a half-pound package of Cow Brand Baking Soda into a tub of warm water. Brings rest and relaxation after a strenuous day of wartime activity.

FIRE EXTINGUISHER—Tear top off package of Cow Brand and sprinkle contents over the fire. Never throw water on burning oil or grease—Baking Soda is safer and prevents splattering.

FOR COOKING—You will need Cow Brand Baking Soda for many of your war-time recipes.

SEND THE COUPON below for FREE folders giving Sugar-Saving recipes and medicinal uses of Cow Brand Baking Soda.

COW BRAND
BAKING SODA



PURE BICARBONATE OF SODA

CHURCH & DWIGHT LIMITED,
Dept. U-70,
2715 Reading St., Montreal, Que.

Name.....

Address.....

(Please print name and address) (148)

How COLDS affect YOUR KIDNEYS



The kidneys are very delicate organs, easily affected, especially by a cold. Their duty is to filter impurities and excess acids from the blood. When you have a cold—or any other ailment which creates added poisons in the system—extra work is thrown upon your kidneys. To help keep the

kidneys in good order, to help clear your system of excess acids and poisons caused by colds or other ailments, use Dodd's Kidney Pills, a favourite remedy for more than half a century.

Dodd's Kidney Pills

Use Mercolized Wax Cream the Skin Conditioner

Distinguished for its beauty-giving qualities for a third of a century, Mercolized Wax Cream today still carries on its aristocratic tradition. Just pat on face, neck, arms as well as upper arms and elbows, at night before retiring. Wonderful for a makeup foundation also.

When the skin is clean, healthful and glowing a woman's attractiveness and poise is greatly enhanced. She has the appearance and feeling of being well-groomed, ready to meet and compete with other beautiful women. So in your quest for beauty remember to

Choose Mercolized Wax Cream;

Use Mercolized Wax Cream;

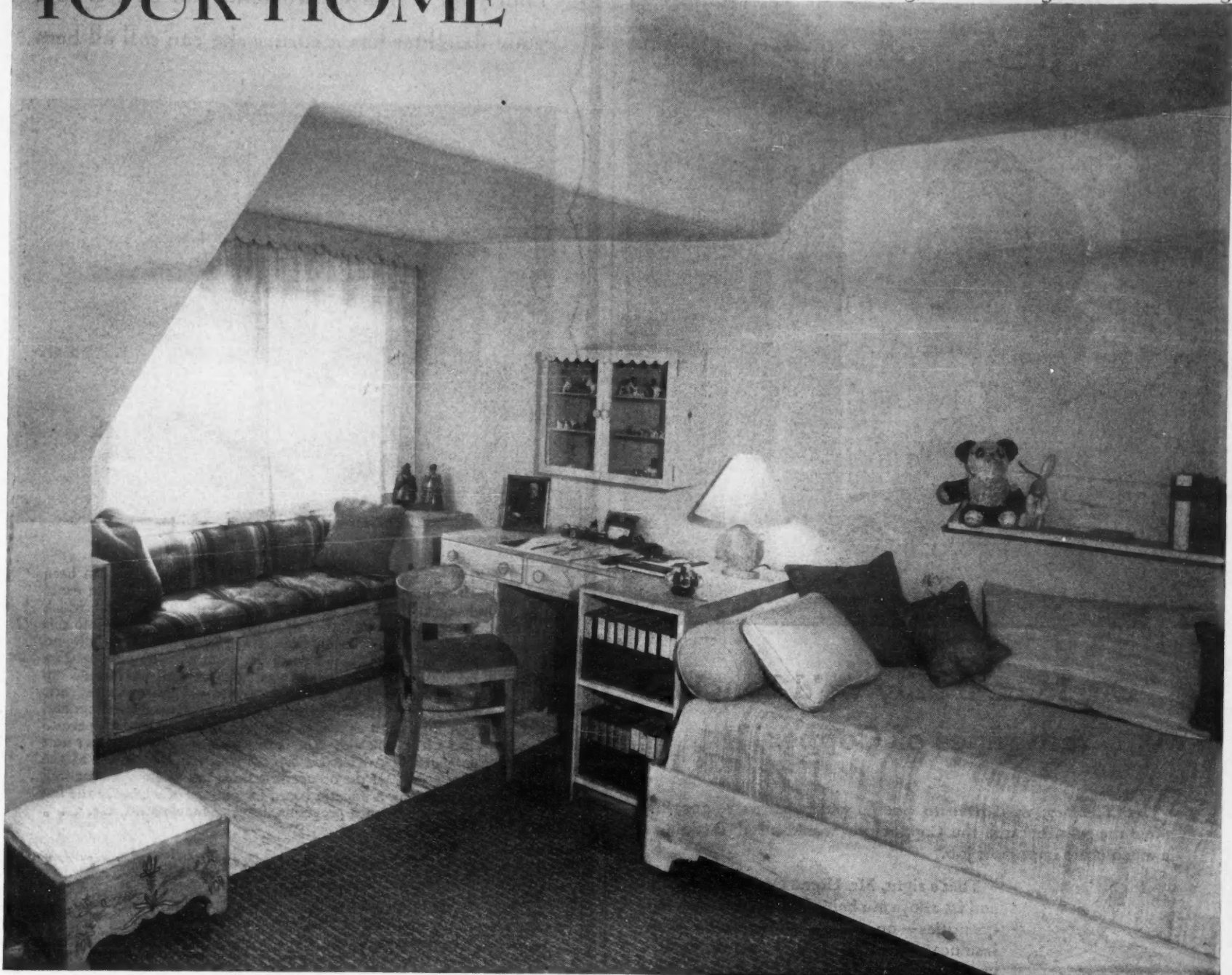
Then enthuse over your complexion.

Use Saxolite Astringent. Dissolve Saxolite in one-half pint witch hazel to make a beneficial astringent lotion for daily skin care.

At all drug and department stores.

YOUR HOME

A Department for House Planning, Decorating and Furnishing

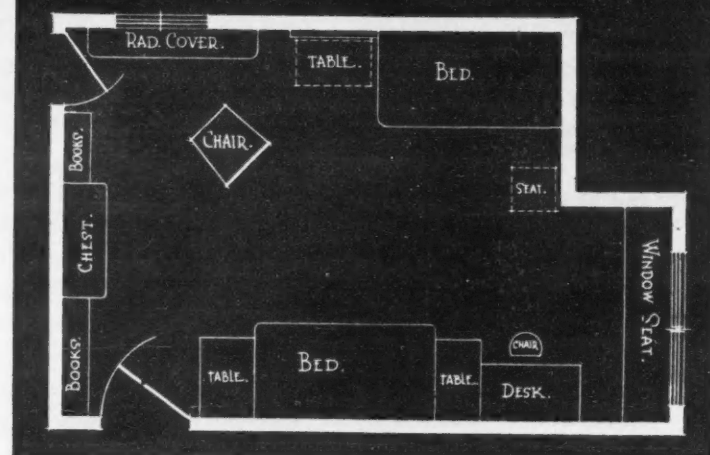


Room for a Young Girl

by FREDA JAMES

HOBBIES, books, room for the overnight school friend and working space for studies are amply taken care of in this "built-in" third-floor room for a 13-year-old. Irregularities of wall line have been cleverly overcome by using a fine English wallpaper in light beige on both ceiling and walls. Lopsided windows have been hung in such a manner that they appear to have perfect balance and have been given added height by putting the narrow cornice boards at the ceiling. The owner of the room is interested in art and music. That meant carefully measured space for records and good working surfaces for art problems. Sturdy enough to take plenty of wear, yet done in light colors so that it doesn't fail to have a feminine touch. Natural pine rubbed in white has been used throughout for the built-in units. The little hanging cupboard of pine over the desk, specially designed to contain a collection of porcelain animals, is lined in turquoise, which color is picked up in small cushions.

A built-in window seat not only helps bring balance to the off-centre window, but gives a friendly feeling to the room, and makes a cosy corner for reading. Each end has been used for cupboard space and there are three pull-out drawers under the padded seat. The bed, complete with box spring and mattress, is easily rolled out and can be placed endwise against the wall if so desired. Large end tables containing records, books, games and a small radio complete this right-hand wall.



In the plan above we see how spaciousness has been preserved in a room which serves as bedroom, study and recreation centre for its young occupant and a possible overnight guest. Every available inch of wall space has been made use of, but light toning of background and furniture prevents any feeling of crowding or heaviness. The off-centre window, which was formerly an eyesore, has been brought into balance by extending cornice box and window seat beyond the end of the window. Glass curtains are drawn over the wall space.

How about post-war jobs?

(Bill buttonholes the boss)



"DON'T worry," said the Boss. "We're going to have plenty of work to do after this war.

"The construction industry will boom, hundreds of thousands of new homes are needed and will be built in Canada. There's a big deferred demand for our products and new uses for linoleum will greatly expand our markets. The post-war period will offer plenty of opportunities."

Down through the years the employment record of the Dominion Oilcloth & Linoleum Company Limited has been excellent. Through the depression the welfare

of the employees was protected and employment was maintained at an exceptionally high level. But that is only half the story. Over twenty-five years ago this company introduced a pension plan securing the worker against the worry of want in the future. Other benefits have since been added improving working conditions and giving greater security to Dominion employees.

Confidence in the future of Canada reigns high with this company and the executives are busy now with plans to provide continued employment for its workers after the war.



Hundreds of thousands of aluminum, steel and steel alloy parts for aeroplanes are being shaped on the huge hydraulic linoleum presses.



Millions of yards of army duck and anti-gas fabrics have been proofed against water, flame, mildew, gas and the arctic weather.



Huge quantities of linoleum have been supplied for naval vessels, Air Force schools, administrative establishments, munition plants and hospitals.



**DOMINION
OILCLOTH
AND
LINOLEUM**

**COMPANY LIMITED
MONTREAL CANADA**

*Manufacturers of Dominion Battleship Linoleum
and Marboleum*

BUILDING FOR WAR • PLANNING FOR PEACE



"Yes, sir,
that's all
he did"

—and we've just
got to have a Liv-
ingston Stoker just
as soon as we can—
and that won't be
too soon."

George got his
stoker before the
war, and what lucky
folk they were. He's
been on easy street
for coal supply. And
it has cost him far
less than it cost us.

All George did was to set that thermostat
for the night—and "There," he said, "my
furnace work is done." . . . and did you
see how clean their basement is?

LIVINGSTON STOKERS

Livingstone Stokers are not
available now for home heat-
ing, but a good many are
planning to make it their
first investment when they
can be had.

Hang on to your war sav-
ings now and re-invest
in more savings through
economical, convenient
heating.



LIVINGSTON STOKER SALES CO. LIMITED
HAMILTON, TORONTO, MONTREAL AND PRINCIPAL CITIES

WOMEN OF TODAY WANT THE FACTS



A SIMPLE SAFE METHOD OF FEMININE HYGIENE

Every married woman needs a practical
solution to the problem of feminine cleanli-
ness and protection. The use of Rendells—
the dainty pure suppositories—means quick
germicidal action and positive protection.
Yet Rendells are harmless as purest oils and
cannot injure or irritate the most delicate
tissues. Stop wondering about and worrying
about this most intimate and important of
women's problems. Depend on Rendells, the
safe and healthful way. Thousands of other
women do. No muss, no fuss but each
Rendell means thorough antiseptic cleansing.

Nurse Drew, c/o Lyman Agencies, Ltd.
286, St. Paul Street West, Montreal, P.Q.

☐ Please send me copy of the Free Booklet
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☐ I enclose \$1.00 for full size carton of
Rendells and Free Booklet, to be mailed,
prepaid, in plain wrapper. D-43

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

Just say "Rendells please" to your druggist.
In packages of 12—each individually foil
wrapped. If you prefer send the coupon for
Nurse Drew's sympathetic explanatory
booklet. It explains many things.

RENDELLS

feminine, by painting the furniture and
lightening fabrics in texture and color.
The room has a small bit of pattern
brought in by a pair of pine lamps



whose whimsical design was inspired
by an old water bottle. The prominent
colors are lime, turquoise and coral. +

Discipline : from page 50

is employed, it must be consistent. Only
in this manner may the child learn to
adjust. Since a plan of discipline in the
home is a 24-hour-a-day task, it is
difficult for the average adult to know
whether he or she is consistent or not.
The following suggestions may be
readily employed by anyone who is
seriously interested. For one week,
every six months, the parent should keep
a record of the technique of discipline
employed—a running diary of how
the parent is dealing with the child. It
must be kept faithfully and fully. Each
time the parent finds it necessary to
introduce a consequence of some sort
the incident should be recorded. The
time of day, the social group, whether
others are present or not, the apparent
cause, the child's behavior, and the
adult treatment and the ultimate
result, should be set down.

A scrutiny of such a carefully kept
record is the only safeguard against
inconsistent discipline. These records
are most revealing. After the week is up
and the record completed, it may be
found, for example, that most of the
incidents occur between four and five
in the afternoon. This is an indication
that either the parent or the child is
fatigued. Again, it may be learned from
a chart that disapproved behavior
patterns occur only in the presence of a
maid or of a certain companion. Investiga-
tion will suggest some method of
alleviating the behavior caused by this
particular social grouping. An intelli-
gent interpretation of such a chart may
indicate that unimportant details are
being stressed too much. In one such
chart the parent demonstrated to herself
that she nagged at her child 47 times
during one mealtime. Obviously, the
child was paying no attention to such
oft-repeated chidings, and hence the
prestige of the parent fell to zero.

IN ORDER to check whether your
method conforms to the above rules or
not, the following situations are cited
and the treatment which the adults
employed is appended. Write out your
own criticisms of these treatments and
check with the suggestions which are
made on page 70.

1. At 5.45 in the afternoon a child of
four is making a good deal of noise
hammering on a book with an empty
tin. The father, who is reading the
paper, yells at him to stop making so
much noise. The child does not obey and
so the father picks him up rather
roughly, hands him to his mother and

BREEZE THROUGH
your next menstrual period
with...

Midol

MADE IN CANADA



Dreaded days ahead? At first sign of
discomfort, take Midol—see how
these tablets help you breeze
through your period by relieving all
three kinds of functional suffering!

CRAMPS: One ingredient of Midol
rapidly soothes functional spasmodic
pain, the typical pain of the men-
strual period.

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is quickly relieved, too, as Midol's
second ingredient begins its com-
forting action.

"BLUES": Midol's third ingredient,
a mild stimulant, reduces menstrual
"blues"—helps you snap back to
cheerfulness!

Try Midol; it contains no opiates. If you have no
organic disorder calling for special medical or
surgical care, it should give you welcome relief.
At all drugstores.

RELIEVES ALL 3 KINDS OF FUNCTIONAL MENSTRUAL SUFFERING

1
POLISHES
AND
2
PROTECTS!



TWO
MINUTES
A DAY!

Really a
2 IN 1
SHOE POLISH

YES, folks—2 IN 1 does
more than keep shoes
brighter, more attractive.
The special 2 IN 1 blend of
waxes gives shoes longer
life. No wonder the armed
services use so much 2 IN 1.



BLACK, BROWN, TAN **10¢** A TIN



"Oh, John, if only we'd bought rain pipes of Copper!"

"WELL, Mary, we'll have to put up with what we've got till after the war, because the Copper we would need is doing a much more important job."



That's right, Mr. Home Owner! Copper and its alloys are being used in tremendous quantities—on every fighting front. For instance, a single fighter plane could use 280 pounds of Copper in its machine guns—in just 60 seconds! And to build that same plane would require a half ton of Copper! In guns, tanks, ships... in practically every weapon our boys use, Copper is helping to protect their lives... helping to speed Victory. Good reasons why no Copper can be spared for *your use!*

But, when the war is over, there'll be plenty of Copper, Brass and Bronze for weatherstripping... rain disposal and plumbing systems... hot water tanks... hardware and lighting fixtures... and for all the other products... made of Anaconda metals... that save you money because they last so long.

Meantime, we're praying for Victory... buying Victory Bonds to our very limit... and working harder than ever turning out the Copper and Brass our boys need to finish the job. Your turn will come, with Victory.



ANACONDA AMERICAN BRASS LIMITED

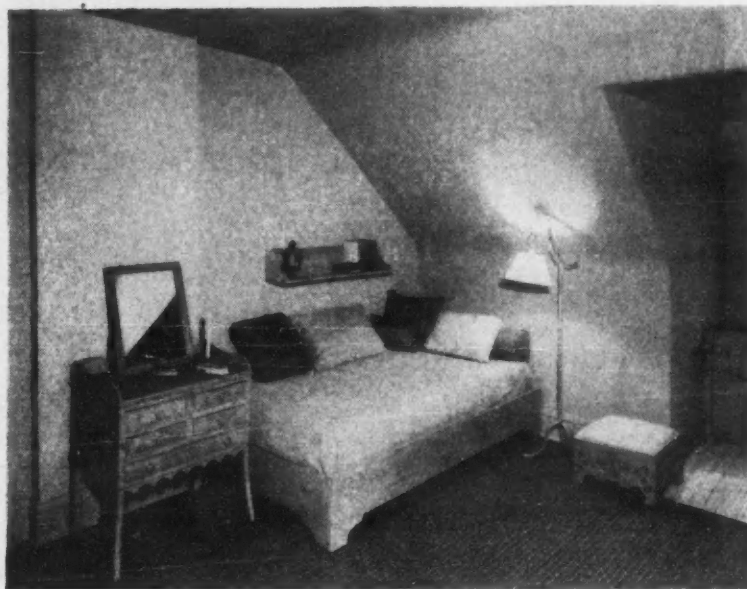
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New Toronto, Ontario

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939 Dominion Square Building

Support the Red Cross in Their Appeal for Funds

Half your teen-ager problems will be solved if your daughter has a corner she can call all hers



IN THE midst of this modern so-called built-in room has been placed this little dressing table made from old pine and an exact reproduction of an early French Provincial piece. The bed, which matches the one on the other side of the room, fits snugly into this corner with its sloping ceiling lines. Gay pillows in coral, yellow and turquoise match the other side of the room and the pine hanging shelf takes care of books for the overnight guest. An old floor lamp repainted the color of the walls gives adequate light for that corner, and a small pine ottoman decorated in the colors of the room and upholstered in white catalogue carpet is a popular seating space to use when friends drop in. The drawn plan allows for another unit on this wall space—a record cabinet which will be added as the collection grows. If the occupant desires, the chimney breast wall is a good spot for a bulletin board for pin-ups of whatever the fad of the moment—dance programs, favorite movie stars, etc. . . .



IN THE designing of the chest and bookshelves at this end of the room, the wood was carried right through, giving a continuous line to the top of the unit. There is ample space for a growing collection of books and by giving greater depth to the chest, as shown in the plan, it takes care of as much if not more than the usual chest of drawers, without seeming to protrude into the room. Collections of costume dolls and modelled animals appear on the "shelf" as this teen-age girl fits herself and her hobbies into her new room. The large upholstered chair has been reclaimed from red maple to a lovely bleached finish which tones with the rubbed pine of the units and is upholstered in the same stripe as used on the window seat. At some future day this tailored room can very easily be made more

Twin Appeal
with
Twin Gripper
CAT'S PAW
Rubber Heels
and Soles
Twin Grippers
Stop Slipping
Double Fast

GERANIUMS 18 for 15c

Everyone interested in houseplants should plant a packet or two of our Geranium Seed. We offer a gorgeous collection containing Dazzling Scarlet, Flame Red, Brick Red, Crimson, Maroon, Vermilion, Scarlet, Salmon, Cerise, Orange-Red, Salmon-Pink, Bright Pink, Peach, Blush Rose, White, Blotched, Variegated, Margined. Easy to grow from seed and bloom 90 days after planting. **SPECIAL OFFER:** 1 pkt as above and 5 pkts of other Choice Houseplant Seeds, all different and easily grown in house. Value \$1.25, all for 60c postpaid. Order direct from this advertisement. **FREE — OUR BIG 1944 SEED AND NURSERY BOOK — Best Yet** 24W
DOMINION SEED HOUSE, GEORGETOWN, ONT.

How to Relieve 'PERIODIC' FEMALE PAIN



And Help Build Up Resistance Against It!

If you, like so many women and girls suffer from cramps, headaches, backache, weakness, distress of "irregularities", periods of the blues—due to functional monthly disturbances—

Start at once—take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. This well known liquid not only helps relieve monthly pain but also tired, weak, nervous feelings. This is because of the soothing effect of its effective roots and herbs on ONE OF WOMAN'S MOST IMPORTANT ORGANS.

Taken regularly — Lydia Pinkham's Compound helps build up resistance against such symptoms. Thousands upon thousands of women have reported many benefits. Also a fine stomach tonic. Worth trying! Made in Canada.

aged actress in the part of a young, reckless, passionate adventuress?"

My question remaining unanswered, I arrived at Brian's house one Sunday morning for the first rehearsal. And sitting cross-legged on the floor in blue flannel slacks and a white shirt open at the throat, a shimmering shock of red hair like a living flame, large green eyes under heavy lashes, and unbelievably beautiful white skin, with an unconscious arrogance sat Greer Garson.

As we were introduced I burst out, "Heavens, you're not Mrs. Chips! I thought your hair was grey." And there began my friendship with this loveliest of persons.

Greer had been in the theatre on tour in England and Ireland, for she is Irish, and then got one good part in London with Laurence Olivier in a play that didn't run . . . which was the extent of her career until she went on from one star part to another in London without any thought of pictures until "Goodbye, Mr. Chips" came along, and after that her contract with M.G.M. Since then she has been known as "Long Run Garson" because her pictures run on for record time.

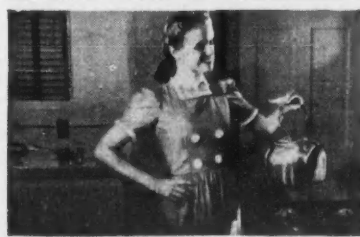
She arrived in Hollywood with her mother, and for one year sat at home tearing out that red hair by the roots, dying to get into the harness. But nothing happened until "Pride and Prejudice," where she made an instantaneous hit, needless to say. After that came "Blossoms in the Dust," "Mrs. Miniver," "Random Harvest," and now "Madame Curie," and the movie world is at her feet.

ONE OF my favorite friends is the British star, Cary Grant. Cary, as you doubtless know, started life by being a stilt-walker at Coney Island. Cary is very proud of this and doesn't mind in the least being reminded of it—for he thinks it's rather "nifty," I believe, for a man to start at fifty cents a day and his keep, and end up with \$150,000 a picture every two or three months.

I don't know of a nicer person. He has a refreshing manner, is a fine sportsman, a great golf player, swims, is an omnivorous reader and is extremely intelligent. I knew him long before he met, and fell in love with, Barbara Hutton. I don't know what first threw these two opposite people together. I have known Barbara since she was a child. When she married Cary she had already been the victim twice of unhappy marriages and had ample proof in both cases that her husbands had not been uninfluenced by the Woolworth millions.

They are happy and absolutely devoted. They manage to live quite quietly in Hollywood, apart from the usual "hullabaloo" that goes on. They live in the Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., house on a cliff overlooking Santa Monica beach and the ocean. I think Cary would welcome the time when he could retire and enjoy a life in the English countryside with his beautiful wife and son. He is still young enough to make the grade, for he works very hard and takes the picture-making part of his life very seriously.

Cary is a fine musician. He plays the piano beautifully, though by ear. I played the whole score of "Oklahoma" for him when I had dinner at their house a few months ago. Three nights later Cary and Barbara came to dine with me. He sat down at the piano and played back the whole score to me, though he had never seen the music nor "Oklahoma," nor heard the score before!



Even your dullest kettle shines again, after one S. O. S. treatment.



S. O. S. shines them outside for pride's sake—inside for food's sake.



You can add years of life to your prized aluminum. Keep it clean with S. O. S.



New? Mercy no!

SEE HOW EASILY YOU CAN
KEEP YOUR ALUMINUM
SHINING LIKE MINE.



Watch S. O. S. get into tight corners where food tries to hide.



Easier to use S. O. S.—because "the soap is in the pad." Try it. You'll like it.

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S.O.S. KEEPS YOUR POTS AND PANS shiny bright outside— wholesome clean inside—



St. James

Silvo revives the full beauty of your silverware treasures

Who knows nowadays when, or if, you will be able to replace such lovely silverware as this example of International Silver's art? All the more reason, therefore, to renew its lustrous sheen and bring out the full grace of its design by following the maker's advice to polish it with Silvo—safe, gentle and reviving as a breath of spring.



Stretch Clothing Dollars

15¢ OFTEN PUTS A GARMENT IN SERVICE AGAIN

Don't discard your favourite garments because they are faded. You can tint or dye them—save them—make them look new again. Diamond Dyes in the white envelope colours any material—cotton, linen, rayon, silk, wool, or any mixture. Sixteen smart colours to select from.

DIAMOND DYES

MADE IN CANADA

EYES TIRED?



TWO DROPS



QUICK RELIEF

Eyes tired? Do they smart and burn from over-work, sun, dust, wind, lack of sleep? Then soothe and refresh them the quick, easy way—use Murine. Just two drops in each eye. Right away Murine goes to work to relieve the discomfort of tired, burning eyes. Murine is a scientific blend of seven ingredients—safe, gentle—and oh, so soothing! Start using Murine today.



MADE IN CANADA

MURINE
FOR YOUR EYES

SOOTHES • CLEANSSES • REFRESHES

says, "Put him to bed," although his usual bedtime is at 6.15.

2. Two children, brothers, aged six and eight, on a rainy Saturday morning are heard fighting by the parents. The mother goes to their playroom and finds the older boy astride the younger one and holding him to the floor. She slaps him and takes him by the hand to her bedroom and lectures him on brotherly love.

3. A seven-year-old boy, seeing his mother's purse lying on the dining room table, extracts 25 cents and spends it on candy. The mother finds him in the living room with a bag of candy from which he is eating. She asks where he got the money and he says he found it. She goes to her purse and discovers that 25 cents is missing and accuses him of stealing, which he denies. She badgers him until finally he admits it and then she spansks him and bursts into tears herself. That night at the dinner table she tells the father of the heinous crime which his son has committed. He, too, delivers a sermon to his son.

(See page 70 for suggested treatment.)

Hollywood Holiday

Continued from page 9

genius of the theatre, so I really hate to see him in Hollywood unless he discovers the fourth dimensional attack in motion pictures—which will give the real essence to the screen and is just waiting around the corner.

I asked Orson when he telephoned me the next day after he had married Miss Hayworth why he had done it. "Well," said Orson, "she's a very nice girl. She has no vanity." Which is one of the strangest reasons for marriage that I ever heard.

After a pause I said, "But Orson, she's a lovely girl with glamour, beauty and everything—but she can't act, can she?" He nearly jumped down my throat over the phone. "Can't act!" he barked. "Why, woman, she's a wonderful actress. I never noticed her at first until she was engaged to co-star with me on a radio show. That night on the air she was so much better than I was! She topped every line. Just took it right away from me on a platter as if I were a hungry boy. I made up my mind to marry her right then and there."

LOOKING BACK on the Hollywood scene in retrospect I am suddenly amazed to realize the important part that British stars are playing in the greatest city of make-believe in all the world.

It would take a year to relate the charming, sad, or gay times I have enjoyed with these British friends of mine. As for example just as David Selznick had settled on Paulette Goddard to play Scarlett O'Hara in "Gone With the Wind," and she was being trained for the part by that fine old trooper of the British stage, Constance Collier, with George Cukor, the director, supervising the streamlining of Paulette for Scarlett—Vivien Leigh, that dark delicious beauty, floated one day into David Selznick's office. She had just arrived in Hollywood to see Laurence Olivier, to whom she was devoted—in fact, to put it bluntly, they were both madly in love and they both were waiting for their divorce in order to marry each other. Vivien, who was unknown in this country, was longing to get some work, as "Larry" Olivier was busily occupied in co-starring with Merle Oberon in Sam Goldwyn's production of the Emily Bronte book,

This

Cream Deodorant Stops Perspiration

SAFELY Doesn't irritate skin or harm clothing.

QUICKLY Acts in 30 seconds. Just put it on, wipe off excess, and dress.

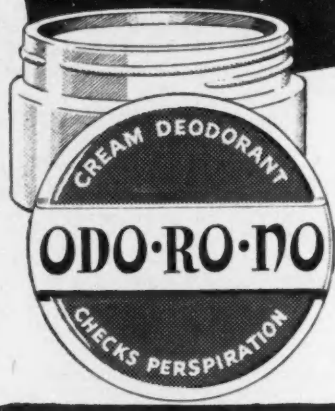
EFFECTIVELY Stops perspiration and odour by effective pore inactivation.

LASTINGLY Keeps underarms sweet and dry up to 3 days.

PLEASANTLY Pleasant as your favourite face cream—flower fragrant—white and stainless.

AND doesn't dry up

The big jar contains 21 more applications for 39¢ than other leading deodorants—and the entire contents are usable because it doesn't dry up.



I HATE GRAY HAIR!



Of course you do! You know tell-tale gray hair kills romance, that it can cause a hundred little heart-breaks, and yet for years you have hesitated to do anything about it! Has fear held you back—fear of dangerous dyes, fear that it is too difficult, that people will know your hair has been dyed?

These fears are so needless! Today at your drug or department store, you can buy Mary T. Goldman Gray Hair Coloring Preparation. It transforms gray, bleached, or faded hair to the desired shade as quickly or as gradually as desired. Pronounced harmless by medical authorities, no skin test needed. It's so economical, so easy—if you can comb your hair, you can't go wrong! But don't take our word for it! Prove it for yourself—at our risk! Buy a bottle of Mary T. Goldman's in a shade to match your hair—use as directed—and if you are not DELIGHTED with results, we will refund the full purchase price! If you can't get your shade at your local store write direct to Mary T. Goldman Co., Dept. 35, St. Paul, Minn., U.S.A.

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NEW British Remedy!

When you suffer from Catarrh get New British 'NOSTROLINE' Nasal Remedy at once! 'NOSTROLINE' opens breathing passages. Soothes. Lubricates. Disinfects. Protects you from Colds and Grippe. Acts instantly. Safe for young and old. Endorsed by users the World over. 50c. all Druggists.

'NOSTROLINE'
CLIFTON, BRISTOL, ENGLAND

"Wuthering Heights," in which he played the dark, strange, unhappy Heathcliff.

David Selznick had tested every well-known and unknown star for the part of Scarlett before he had given the contract to Paulette. But when he saw Vivien Leigh he realized at once that here was his Scarlett O'Hara and nobody else. What a shock this was to Paulette Goddard, who had been heralded as the choice for the part! Extensive publicity had been going on for a year before they turned the camera, and I was present at a party at David Selznick's the night Vivien Leigh came to make her bow into what would be called "Hollywood society." Paulette was there that night also. She had only been told that morning that she was not to play the part and asked what recompense she wanted for giving it up to Vivien.

"Nothing," Paulette remarked briefly. "She's a better man than I am, that's all. And I wish her all the luck in the world."

Paulette first made her debut as the guttersnipe in Charlie Chaplin's "Modern Times," and when I saw her greet her successful rival for this coveted part with such warmth and sincerity, it was evident that Paulette Goddard was a real sportswoman.

These kinds of crises go on all the time in Hollywood. Another incident which bears repeating is when ballet dancer Vera Zorina was engaged and groomed for the part of Maria in "For Whom the Bell Tolls." Her beautiful blond hair was cropped short to her head like a boy's, and she was up in the Sierras with Gary Cooper and Sam Wood, the director, actually beginning the opening sequences of F.W.T.B.T., when that great actress, Ingrid Bergman, stepped into the picture and was selected over Zorina's shorn head to do the part.

I must say it's awfully hard on a star when these things happen, but they do behave well. And just as Paulette accepted her fate in the matter of Scarlett O'Hara, so did Zorina about the part of Maria. The public does not realize how these girls sometimes have to take it on the chin.

WHEN I SAW "Goodbye, Mr. Chips," featuring Robert Donat, the British star, I so loved the picture and the theme that I didn't give Mrs. Chips more than a passing pat of approval. So thrilled was I over the performance of the wonderful Mr. Donat that I really thought Greer Garson was the age of the woman whom she was impersonating in the film.

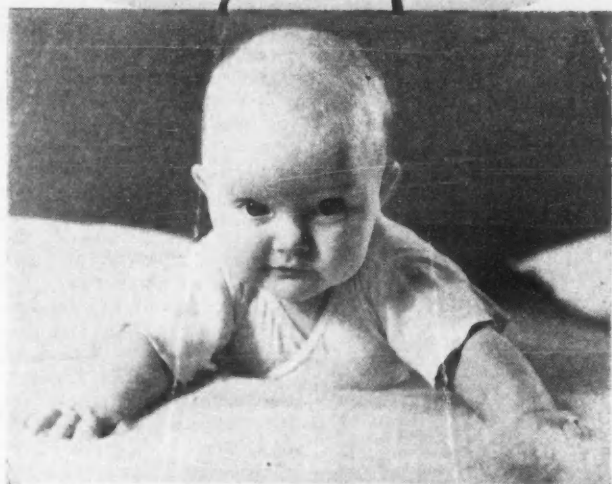
Then in Hollywood early in 1940, I was asked to join the all-star cast in a production by Mr. Alan Mowbray at the Capitol Theatre in Hollywood, for the benefit of the British War Relief. Noel Coward was in town and phoned me to say I had to play some part in a play of his, if only once, so he could have a good laugh. I told Noel I thoroughly appreciated the joke, but would still prefer to leave the part I played to Mr. Mowbray, the producer.

"Tonight at 8.30," the collection of nine wonderful little plays written by Noel and played so beautifully by Gertrude Lawrence and himself a few years before, was being put on, so I was cast in the part of the hostess in a wicked little comedy called "Ways and Means," which doubtless you remember. Brian Aherne was to be the leading man and the heroine Greer Garson, so I was told. I remember remonstrating bitterly, "Why do they put a middle-



Give Your Child a Place in the Sun

by ELIZABETH CHANT ROBERTSON, M.D.



IT'S NICE to feel the sun getting stronger—the thought that winter won't last much longer makes us all more cheerful. If you have a baby in your house, it should also make you think of giving him regular sunbaths, because these help to keep him healthy. How does sunshine have this effect?

Besides the light that we see and the heat that we feel, the sun gives off invisible ultra-violet light. Summer sunshine is much warmer than winter sunshine, and it also contains far more ultraviolet light. In fact in November, December, January and February the sun in the north temperate zone gives us only about one eighth as much ultra-violet light as it does in the summer. But by March it begins to give us more—so it's high time to start baby's sunbaths.

When ultra-violet light falls directly on the skin, it changes a substance called cholesterol, which is always present there, into Vitamin D. Our body can then make use of it. This is the vitamin that a baby must have if he is to produce hard and perfectly formed bones. If he doesn't get enough of it, his bones remain soft and then they may become deformed when he crawls or walks. This trouble is called rickets. This same Vitamin D is also present in fish-liver oils and that's why we give these foods to baby. It also helps him to grow well-formed teeth, and as both teeth and bones are developing before baby is born, it is extremely important for every expectant mother to take Vitamin D in either liquid or capsule form regularly. It's a great boon both for the mother and for the baby. Be sure to buy products which are up to the accepted standard in strength and which are made by reputable firms. In older babies and children the consistent use of this vitamin in moderate amounts results in less tooth decay. Babies are

usually first given fish-liver oil at the age of two weeks. Many physicians advise that this be continued even through the summer in the first year. This is more often the case in large cities where the dust and smoke reduce the ultra-violet light considerably. Other physicians stop the fish-liver oil during the three summer months. After the first year it is usually given during the nine colder months of the year.

If you give your baby cod-liver oil or one of the other fish-liver oils, is there any advantage in giving him sunbaths too? There certainly is, because sunshine has other beneficial effects besides this. Both sunshine and fresh air are stimulating. They make us feel more energetic and whet our appetite. Witness the way we can eat and play at a picnic. There is some evidence too that sunshine helps to keep up our resistance against infections.

How old should baby be before you start his sunbaths? If he is a normal baby of six weeks of age or more, you can start his sunbaths now. Later on, when the weather gets warm, he can have his first sunning at a younger age, say at three or four weeks.

How to give baby a sunbath. The best time of the day now is when the sun is at its highest in the sky—in other words, at about one p.m. Turn his carriage so that the sun shines on his face—it definitely will not hurt his eyes. Do not turn him so that he looks directly into the sun, because that is uncomfortable for him. If you have your own lunch at about twelve-thirty, you can be ready to give baby his sunning at one p.m. if he is awake. If he isn't, you can postpone it until he does wake up or you can give it to him just before his two p.m. feeding. It's a very good idea for you to take the sun with him, especially if you are nursing him. + Continued on next page

"Next thing you'll be tying pink ribbons in Bobby's hair!"



1. Granny's a pretty good mother-in-law, but there are times when she simply can't resist interfering with the baby's upbringing. I don't mind if she *thinks* Jim and I are a pair of fuss-budgets about Bobby, but when she said that about "pink ribbons," I got a little mad.



2. So I had it out right there. "After all," I said, "you wouldn't want me to neglect the baby, would you?" "No," replied Granny, "but all this special business. Special *this* and special *that*! And now even a special laxative! Well, I never!"



4. "You see," I went on triumphantly, "Castoria is the laxative made especially for children from babyhood to 10 years. Castoria is safe and mild, yet it's effective. There's not a harsh, griping drug in it, so it won't upset the baby's stomach."



6. Next time Bobby needed a laxative, I asked Granny to watch the way he'd take it. She was amazed at the way Bobby really seemed to *enjoy* Castoria! "That settles it," Granny said. "You'll hear no more about pink ribbons from me."

CASTORIA

The SAFE laxative made especially for children.



3. "And why not?" I said. "My doctor says that babies *should* have special things. They can't be treated like grown-ups. Their systems are much more delicate and easily upset. That's why I give a special laxative to the baby—Castoria."



5. "My druggist recommends Castoria, too. He says I should always have it handy, particularly when colds are prevalent and there's likely to be more need for a laxative. So I bought the money-saving Family Size bottle."



As the medical profession knows, the chief ingredient in Castoria—senna—has an excellent reputation in medical literature.

Research has proved that senna works mostly in the lower bowel, so it rarely disturbs the appetite or digestion. In regulated doses, senna produces easy elimination and almost never gripes or irritates.



An *Extra* mealtime Thrill



Include Weston's
SODAS in your next
shopping list.



THE tasty freshness of
WESTON'S GOLDEN BROWN
SODAS just "hits the spot"
when served with your favorite
soups. They're delicious with
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What's Wrong with Our Educational System? *Continued from page 16*

acquainted with their responsibilities as citizens and given the special knowledge they must have if they are to discharge these intelligently. There are a few precious years in every Canadian's life when this could be done. We have compulsory education. We have modern schools. But our curriculum is not so modern. In many respects it is an adaptation from those that existed when education was a luxury for the few, and when the fate of a country did not depend upon the average citizen possessing special knowledge and being able to think unemotionally and logically on complex issues. We still waste a lot of this precious time teaching subjects of little value to the average future citizen. This is often excused by saying it "teaches students to think." This is doubtful. Why not give students a course on how to think, clearly, logically and unemotionally? It would achieve better results in much less time and be infinitely more entertaining. Such a course could contain much valuable mental hygiene; this is badly needed. And why shouldn't every future citizen be given a good grounding in economics? Almost every issue he will be called upon to decide deals with this subject. And last, democracy will remain as our form of government only if enough of our citizens have a passion for all the personal liberty that is possible in a complex social organization. Let us teach our future citizens to love liberty.

Henry F. Munro, superintendent of the Department of Education, Halifax, N.S.:

"Basic to any system of education should be public and personal health, with emphasis on nutrition and physical fitness; larger units of school administration and finance; salaries and pensions commensurate with higher standards of training and increasing community demands now made upon the teaching profession; curricula adapted to the interests, aptitudes and duties of the individual pupil, education being regarded as means to an end, namely the complete and harmonious development of "the whole man in a world of whole men."

Hon. H. G. T. Perry, Minister of Education for British Columbia:

We have been giving special attention to improving rural education, and, in addition to all other grants, \$180,000 was provided specially to assist rural schools this year and further assistance is under consideration. We have also effected consolidation of many rural school districts into larger areas and units for improved administration and the provision of better educational facilities. We have established minimum salary schedules for rural school-teachers—\$840 for a beginner, \$900 with one year experience, \$960 two years. An actuarially sound scheme of pensions to which the Government and school boards contribute has been established. School boards are empowered to establish dormitories for the benefit of children living outside the district or great distance from school where transportation is not feasible. Boards of school trustees have been empowered to prepare and adopt salary schedules applicable to all classes of teachers in

✦ *Continued on page 71*



No More Scolding About MILK

Mothers don't scold the children if they rebel at drinking milk. Make them rennet-custards with either "JUNKET" RENNET POWDER (six flavours) or "JUNKET" RENNET TABLETS (flavour to taste). These delicious desserts will be liked by the whole family. So easy to make, too. No cooking as they do not contain eggs or gelatin. Simply stir into lukewarm milk.

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YOUR BABY TO
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REMOVES
A CAUSE
OF TOILET ODORS

should not accuse a child unfairly of having stolen, nor, if one is not sure, place the child in a position where he will add lying to stealing. In the army, officers are warned to avoid situations where other ranks may be tempted to commit offenses against officers which might otherwise be avoided. In the same fashion, parents should avoid making it difficult for the child to admit a fault. If the mother had suspected that the child had taken the money, she should have first investigated her own purse, then with the certainty in her own mind that the child had taken the 25 cents, she should have said, "There is 25 cents missing from my purse and I have an idea that you have taken it. I shouldn't have left my purse lying around and I'll have to be more careful in the future. And in the meantime, until I discover whether I'm correct or not, I'll have to take care of the candies you have left." In a household in which the discipline is of a consistent sort, the child will invariably acknowledge his guilt. Nothing further need be said or done. The child has learned that such misdeeds are invariably discovered, that he has earned and deserved your disapproval, and will be inclined when the next incident is impending to think of your disapproval rather than to think up a more skilful method of avoiding discovery. +

What's Wrong?

Continued from page 68

the board's employ. With the approval of the department, boards may now establish and maintain classes for part-time instruction of persons over the age of 15 years, and may make such regulations regarding teaching personnel, school hours and courses of study as best suit the needs of the teacher. School boards are constantly encouraged to improve their school libraries. We make annual grants to school boards for this purpose. We have encouraged boards of school trustees in rural schools to provide hot lunches for pupils, and have sent them a suitable booklet dealing with the matter."

Maxim Raymond, Member of Parliament for Beauharnois-Laprairie, Que., and leader of Le Bloc Populaire:

"Let us not forget that education according to constitution is amenable to provinces. Bloc Populaire will oppose any attempt to withdraw from provinces that right guaranteed by constitution. Everyone admits that things are improvable. So education. Improvement of education largely depends on a question of money. Let us affect a considerable amount for improving organisms in the service of education and the results will be magnificent. One of the purposes of education is to form good citizens. The vast majority of Canadians belong to two great races. Desirable Canadian unity will be attained by the culture of our specific geniuses through sound emulations and mutual respect." +

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How's that for a
Pin-up Girl, Buddy?

She's the one with the Campana hands!"

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COUGHING SPASMS—To relieve distress, melt a spoonful of VapoRub in a bowl of boiling water. Inhale the steaming, medicated vapors. Feel relief come right with the first breath!



Nothing Better
OF ITS KIND For Children **VICKS**
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Mothers know that only the best is good enough for baby. That's why they choose Baby's Own Soap. Pure, gentle and soothing, it's especially blended to safeguard baby's tender skin. For generations, mothers have had confidence in this fine quality soap. They know that when they buy for baby—the best is always an economy.



CONTAINS LANOLIN

Baby's Own

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On the first day he should have only 10 minutes of sun—lay him on one cheek for five minutes, then turn him and lay him on the other for five minutes. Increase the length of his sunbath three to five minutes each day, until he is getting one hour of it or even two. As the days become warmer shove back his bonnet so that more of his head and face are exposed. Ultra-violet light cannot get through clothing or ordinary window glass. To have its beneficial effect therefore it must fall directly on the skin. As it becomes warmer still, his mittens should come off, then his booties and finally it will be warm enough for him to lie in the sun with only a diaper on. Expose each new area gradually, so that he never becomes sunburnt. The temperature of the air is at least 20 degrees warmer in the direct sunshine than in the shade. If baby is given his first sunbath in the summer, make it only five minutes in length as the sun is so strong then. Then increase it at the rate of two minutes a day until you reach a period of one hour. Older babies and children should play as much as possible in the sun. In the warm weather, sunsuits are excellent.

Sunbaths in the summer. Although summer isn't here yet by any means, it will soon come around. Perhaps you could cut this out and save it for future use. In the warm weather the sun at noonday produces a great deal of heat. We must not expose baby directly to this, as it is bad for him. Therefore on ordinary summer days he should receive his sunbath between eight and ten o'clock in the morning and he should wear a bonnet. Even at these early hours summer sunshine contains plenty of ultra-violet light, but it is not too hot. On very hot days he should not be put in the direct sun at all. Instead he can be given a skyshine bath. To do this, you put him in the shade of a building where the light from as much of the blue sky as possible can reach him. Of course, no tree, or gable or veranda roof should intervene between him and the sky. The light from the blue sky is about half as rich in ultra-violet light as the direct sun. Consequently exposing baby to the skyshine is certainly worthwhile. Get baby tanned as early in the spring as you can and keep him tanned as late in the fall as possible. A well-tanned baby is most attractive and shows that you are on your toes as a mother.



Your Question Box

Question—My young daughter (aged 10) had whooping cough vaccine five years ago and none since. Would you advise that she have the three inoculations again or just the reinforcing dose?

Answer—Your daughter should receive only the reinforcing dose of whooping cough vaccine.

Question—Could you recommend a good book on child psychology? I would like to teach my children not to be selfish and help them to overcome quarrelling while playing. I have known so many families where the children seem to be always fighting and bickering.

Answer—An excellent book on child psychology is "Parents and the Pre-school Child," by Blatz and Bott, published by J. M. Dent and Sons, Ltd., Toronto. +

I need a Change
and some
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Z.B.T. RESISTS MOISTURE BETTER! Mother, Z.B.T. Powder contains olive oil—gives baby extra, long-clinging protection against wet diapers and perspiration. Z.B.T. is superior in "slip"—an ideal baby powder for the care of tender, easily chafed skin.

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**BLUE JAY
FOR CORNS**

Discipline — from page 66

Suggested Treatments

1. If a child is permitted to play in the living room at this time of the evening, the father should either desist from reading and play with the child or take it for granted that the child will make a noise and he must read if he wishes in spite of this distraction. If the child is to learn that no noise should be made when the father is in the house, then either the father or the child must be removed or remove himself to another part of the house. If one expects the child to play quietly, then he should be provided with materials that do not make a noise. At any rate, the treatment which this father handed out would only teach the child that father is a very incomprehensible and unreasonable person.

2. When two children are fighting, it is a courageous adult indeed who will constitute himself a judge as to the merits of either combatant. It is seldom that one can learn the true beginnings of such a quarrel. This parent judged that the older boy was taking advantage of the younger boy and meted out a sentence which was thought adequate to this situation. In a good many cases, the younger boy, knowing that the older boy will always be blamed, will start to aggravate his older brother, knowing that before any serious consequences may befall him, his mother will interfere on his side. If the mother had overheard the younger lad after she had departed saying to his older brother, "Yah, that'll teach yuh!" she would have been dismayed. The proper treatment in such circumstances, if interference is necessary, is to separate the two and send each to his own room or to separate rooms. They could then contemplate whether they were having more fun alone or whether it would be more pleasant to be together and refrain from physical attack upon each other.

3. It is well to remember that the handling of money is one of the most difficult aspects of child training and cannot be adequately covered here. There are very few children, if any, who get beyond their eighth year without having taken something that does not belong to them. The utmost care should be taken by the parents not to leave money carelessly lying around on tables or in purses or banks. After all, if the parents are careless, why should not the children also enjoy such privileges? One

ITCH STOPPED in a Jiffy -or Money Back

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Join the
CWAC

Canadian Women's Army Corps

As the Editor Sees It

THINK of the largest barn you've ever seen; double it. Imagine you're entering through the high doors at one end and gazing down the length of the building. Your eye will travel along a narrow centre aisle between stacks of packing cases rising to within a few feet of the rafters far above. When you get accustomed to the dim light, you'll notice that those tiers stretch back in solid phalanxes to the outer walls of the barn; and as you move closer you can see the mark and name stamped plainly on each box: "Canadian Red Cross."

And although you may have traversed an unfamiliar part of rural England to view this sight, you should certainly feel at home, as I did, because those 5,000 crates of rolled bandages, operating sheets, pyjamas, socks, sweaters, quilts and afghans derive direct from Canada. You can, if you wish, trace their history back to a busy church group in Medicine Hat or a business girls' club in Montreal or a hundred other such—and beyond that even to the Red Cross dollars which we the people have invested in the raw materials year by year.

Item: For hospital supplies and comforts for the armed forces the Red Cross needs \$3 millions during the next 12 months.

☆☆

THERE ARE 13 Canadian Red Cross warehouses in England. In 12 of them there is a constant flow of materials, incoming from Canada and outgoing to camps and hospitals in Britain and in the Mediterranean theatre. The 13th is at the moment "static," and for a good reason: every carefully allocated crate within it is marked "S. F."—Second Front. The Red Cross is prepared, as in the past, to accompany our fighting men to every battle zone, and it never travels empty-handed.

Here are some interesting figures which I selected at random from the list of estimated overseas needs for 1944, as prepared by Canadian Red Cross headquarters in London:

Hot chocolate mixture, 50,000 packets; sweetened fruit juices, 120,000 tins; soups, 120,000 tins. Every hospital patient listed "seriously ill" or "dangerously ill" receives such invalid delicacies regularly—a gift from the Canadian people through the Red Cross. Tomato soup or grape juice from home has been found to be a wonderful revitalizer of spirit, as well as body, when a soldier lies ill and helpless in bed.

Handkerchiefs, for hospital issue, 400,000; soap, 100,000 tablets; pyjamas, 100,000 pairs. Pyjamas are not a government issue, thus the Red Cross supply, made up by sewing groups across the Dominion, is an exceedingly important contribution to hospital comforts.

Cigarettes, chocolate bars and chewing gum are required in astronomical totals. Every week without fail a gift of these three items goes to every Canadian service man or woman in hospital. It's the Red Cross way of saying, "The people back home haven't forgotten you."

☆☆

The blood bank—this modern miracle by which a civilian in Winnipeg can save a fighting man's life in Italy—is now averaging 20,000 donations a week, considered the highest known record in the world, on the basis of population. There are 71 permanent clinics in operation across the Dominion, and outlying districts are being reached by mobile units.

Item: For its blood donor service the Red Cross needs \$750,000 during the coming year.

☆☆

IN LONDON a few weeks ago I met two "repats."—Dieppe veterans who had spent a year in a German prison camp hospital. (One walks on crutches, lacking his right leg; the other was blinded by shrapnel.)

"What sort of food did you get in prison camp?" I asked.

They laughed, but not happily. "It was always the same sort. Terrible. Potato peeling soup three times a day."

"What about your Red Cross parcels? Tell me about that."

"There's really only one thing worth mentioning," said the younger one, "and I can tell you very simply. Without them we would have died."

Item: Of the ten million dollars which the Red Cross needs for its work of mercy and relief, more than half is earmarked for prisoners-of-war food parcels.

Remember, when your canvasser calls, that somewhere behind barbed wire and guard towers there are men who fought your battles and who now live from week to week on the 11-pound food parcels which your money buys. "Without these they would have died."

Mary-Elle Macpherson

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H. NAPIER MOORE
Editorial DirectorBYRNE HOPE SANDERS
Editor (on War Service)ALMEDA GLASSEY
Associate EditorMARY-ETTA MACPHERSON
Managing EditorADELE WHITE
Assistant EditorLOTTA DEMPSEY
Feature EditorFRANCIS CRACK
Art EditorHELEN G. CAMPBELL
Director Chatelaine InstituteM. LOIS CLIPSHAM
Technical AssistantFREDA JAMES
Home Editor

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N. ROY PERRY
Business ManagerNOEL R. BARBOUR
Advertising ManagerG. V. LAUGHTON
Circulation DirectorPrinted and published by
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Founder and ChairmanHORACE T. HUNTER
PresidentFLOYD S. CHALMERS
Executive Vice-PresidentB. G. NEWTON
Vice-President

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...or welcoming home a sailor son

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